

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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April 10, 1963

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KNITTING
PATTERNS**

Royal Hat Contest

**ENTRY
COUPON**

The £5000
dress →
See page 2



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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 10, 1963

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Shorthand—discussed in our feature "How to Be a Career Secretary" (see page 24)—has been traced back to the 4th century B.C.

AN inscription on a marble slab found in Athens suggests that Greeks used a system of shorthand 2400-odd years ago.

Ancient Roman writings, too, show that a system existed there in 63 B.C.

Marcus Tullius Tiro, a friend of Cicero, devised a system used to report the speeches by Roman senators—just as Hansard reporters today record in shorthand British parliamentary business.

The Romans used a system of simply abbreviating conventional spelling.

Englishman William Tiffin in 1750 invented the first published system of phonetic—representing sound—shorthand.

It has been, however, the phonetic system developed in England by Isaac Pitman in 1837 that has played the greatest role in the history of shorthand.

Credit for inventing the first typewriter is given to Henry Mill, of England. Mill's 1714 machine was never manufactured.

In 1833, Xavier Progin, of Marseilles, invented a machine regarded as the prototype of modern typewriters.

The first practical typewriter, and one that went into mass-production, was developed by three men in Milwaukee, U.S., in 1867.

Many pioneer inventors did not plan their machines for the use for which typewriters were eventually found most valuable.

Early typewriters were often intended as writing aids for the blind.

MAGAZINES, television, frozen and "instant" foods enable a housewife in

Alaska to serve the same food, if she wants to, as a housewife at the other end of America, in Florida or Phoenix.

But hotels, restaurants, and housewives are now boosting their "regional" dishes based on the local products of each area, says our Assistant Editor, Adele Shelton Smith, who collected the recipes for this week's cookery feature (page 41) during her tour with the U.S. Travel Service.

She sampled many of these dishes in varied places:

● In the Hidden Harbor restaurant in a Seattle waterfront marina containing millions of dollars' worth of luxury modern cruisers.

● At the beautiful Broadmoor Hotel near Mt. Cheyenne—roast leg of Colorado lamb, 35/- (including vegetables and salad); 5/- for the pie-of-the-day.

● The Black Hawk restaurant in Chicago, where the salad is served from a dizzily spinning bowl.

● Rather smoky instant coffee for a few cents round a log fire in a souvenir shop cut into the rock on the edge of the Grand Canyon.

● For another few cents a king-size hot dog dripping with tomato sauce at a convention in Las Vegas.

★ ★ ★

AN interesting thing about the author of the Reader's Story "Don't Pity the Poor Stammerer" (page 47) is that she is so cheerful about her day-to-day problem of stuttering.

● Dorothy Drain is on holidays. Her column will resume next week.

Our cover

● Fashion model Margot Greenfield arriving at the Odeon Theatre, Hammersmith, London, recently wearing a dress made of 1000 £5 notes. Designed by Royal couturier Norman Hartnell, the dress was the prize in the final of a nation-wide house competition which took place at the theatre. Margot arrived in an armored car with an escort of three security guards. After the presentation to the winner, the dress was delivered back to its secret destination, dismantled, and the money returned in a more orthodox manner.

"One day I have found a low, slow voice will get me along nicely. Another day a quick, clipped speech will do," she wrote.

"In fact, the more affected the voice the easier it seems to get out sometimes. People might think I'm 'turning it on,' but I don't care.

"I remember when I was about 18 and had just started my first job.

"I had been invited to a friend's home. She was still a schoolgirl and I a very new woman of the world, and all the more anxious to prove it with no shattering stammer to mar my aplomb.

"I can see her mother now coming down the staircase to meet me; she still had a long vestibule to traverse, but her smile of welcome was showing, and my breath and confidence welled up together.

"How do you do?" I said, clearly and concisely.

"I can still see her tottering back on her high heels."

THE GOLDEN GIRL MAKES A COMEBACK

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Betty Cuthbert, "The Blonde Flash" who won three gold medals at the 1956 Olympics, has the world's fastest women on the run after a sensational comeback.

FOR Betty, who missed out on the golden loot at the Rome Games in 1960, has hit form again, and looks like being a winner in Tokyo next year.

When Betty returned from Rome, she decided to hang up her track shoes, and most people thought they'd heard the last of the "golden girl."

But the sports fans didn't count on the Cuthbert courage to make a comeback.

Though Betty won selection in the Perth Commonwealth Games team, her early performances were disappointing.

Then on the final day of the Games, Betty turned on an amazing sprint in the last lap of the women's relay final—a sprint which, in the best "golden girl" tradition, won unexpected victory for the Australian team.

Since then Betty—a blue-eyed girl with a faun-like charm and modesty which makes her one of the most popular sportswomen in the world—hasn't looked back.

Her recent amazing run in Melbourne, when she broke the world 400 metres and 440yds. records, and her 440yds. victory in the Australian Championships in Brisbane, when she set a new record, have brought her right back into Tokyo Games calculations.

Missed friends

When I called to see Betty just before the Australian Championships, she was on the job as a horticulturist at her father's nursery in the Sydney suburb of Ermington.

"My failure in Rome had nothing to do with my retirement," she said. "It was just that I was sick and tired of running, and I didn't want to see another sports arena as long as I lived."

"I'd been running competitively for nine years, since I was 13, and long before I went to Rome I'd made those Olympics my goal."

"After that I thought it was time to stop worrying about training and to start enjoying myself like any ordinary girl of my age."

"So for 18 months I did just that. I went to parties, learned to water-ski, and met lots of boys."

"But before the 18 months was over I began to feel something was lacking. I was just wandering around, with no real goal."

"I spent a few sleepless nights just wondering where I was going. Then suddenly one day I knew I just had to take up athletics again. I missed the life, the friends, and the purpose that running gave me."

"Somehow I just knew that I could come good again. I had the right mental approach. I felt as though I was about to run the first important race in my life."

"When my first runs weren't starting I wasn't upset. It didn't worry me that many people were saying I was washed up and should have stayed in retirement."

"I had the will to win, and it was just a case of hitting form."

Betty says she has never felt fitter, keener, or happier, and her appearance bears this out. She has never looked more glowing and attractive.

"People say I should find a nice boy and settle down," said Betty with one of her becoming blushes. "And since my twin sister, Marie, got married about a year ago, it's their favorite subject."

"But the right man will come along when he's ready. After all, I won't be ready for the wheelchair for a while yet. I'll only be 26 after the Tokyo Games, by which time I'll have satisfied all my athletic and travel ambitions. Then I'll look around for Mr. Right."

Meanwhile, the purpose in her life is to lead the field in her events at the Tokyo Games—and if possible to crack more records along the way.

She has now held every world record from 60 metres to 440 yards, but it looks as though future triumphs will be over longer distances.

Betty admits that whatever distance she's contesting, however small or important the race, she's always nervous.

"I'll be worried if ever I'm not," she said. "It's best to be nervous, because then you're toeing at the line, and you get away to a much better start."

Betty, who is 5ft. 6in. and weighs 9st. 4lb., makes all her own clothes and wears them to advantage.

Unlike many athletes and swimmers, she has no diet problems. "I eat anything good—lots of steak, fruit juices, salads, and raw vegetables. I keep off a lot of sweet things, not because I have to but because I don't like them," she said.

Betty's gentle nature belies the "killer" instinct she shows when at her best on the track.

The only time this same fierceness is shown off the track is if you try to suggest to her, that many Australian women athletes aren't feminine.

Pointing a long tapered fingernail in emphasis, Betty said: "Coach Percy Cerutti has been blamed for saying we were all unfeminine. This wasn't true."

"What he actually said was that girls should be girls before they're athletes. And I agree with him. What girl doesn't like make-up and pretty clothes? I certainly do."

BETTY CUTHBERT, starting blocks in her hands, smiles happily after a good training run before her recent triumphs on the track. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.





ROYAL HAT CONTEST

● Here is the entry coupon for our £1000 Royal Hat Contest, plus complete how-to-enter details.

WE announced the £1000 contest in our issue dated February 27.

In that issue, and for the following five weeks, our Royal tour coverage included many color pictures of the Queen wearing a hat.

We asked you to cut out and keep those pictures because they are essential for your contest entry.

The final pictures of the contest were published in last week's issue (dated April 3).

Check your color-picture collection of Royal millinery with the 18 sepia "reminder" pictures on this page.

Discard color pictures of any hats not shown here. The 18 hats here are the ones from which to make your selection.

All you have to do is choose the ten most becoming hats. In order of preference, list your "top ten" on the numbered entry coupon with the appropriate alphabetical letters to identify the hats of your choice.

Then tell us — in no more than 30 words, and using the space provided on the coupon — why you chose Hat No. 1.

Attach the color-picture cuttings of your ten chosen hats to the completed entry coupon. **THIS IS IMPORTANT.** A coupon without pictures or with any of the ten pictures missing will disqualify the entry.

The contest closes on Friday, April 19.

After all entries have been received, we will appoint the panel of judges, who will include millinery and fashion experts.

In this contest, remember that you should consider each hat only as it appears in the photograph. (For example: if you saw the Queen in one of

the hats try to forget any special memories.)

The reader whose selection is closest to the 10 hats listed by our panel of judges will be awarded £1000.

If any readers make the same winning choice the prize will go to the entry which — in the judges' opinion — gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.

The winner will be announced early in May.

TO ENTER

1. All entries for the £1000 Royal Hat Contest must be received by midnight on Friday, April 19.

2. Entries should be addressed: ROYAL HAT CONTEST, THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

3. Each entry must be on the coupon cut from the paper. The coupon MUST be accompanied by ten color pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly showing the hats chosen.

4. Any entry with an incomplete set of color pictures will be disqualified.

5. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate coupon and must be accompanied by its own set of ten color pictures.

6. The £1000 prize will be awarded to the contestant whose selection of hats is closest to the list provided by the panel of judges.

7. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the tied entry which, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.

Contest rules, page 69

ENTRY COUPON

£1000 Royal Hat Contest

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

In order of preference, I think the ten most becoming hats are:

1	6
2	7
3	8
4	9
5	10

I chose Hat No. 1 because

.....

.....

.....

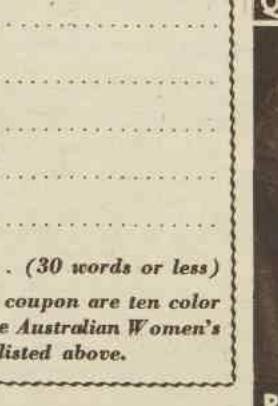
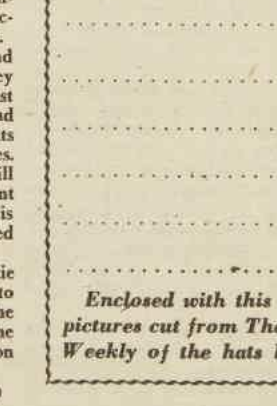
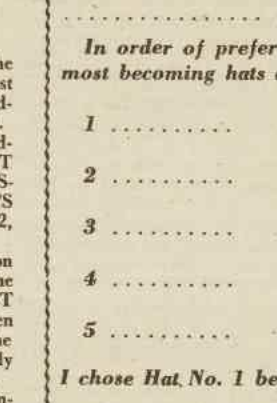
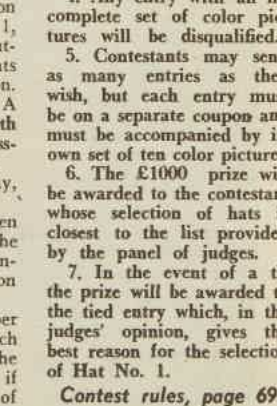
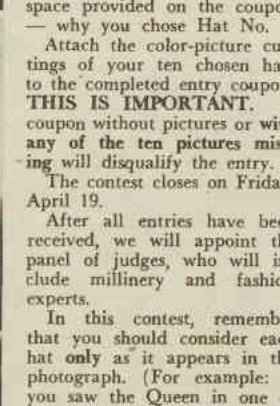
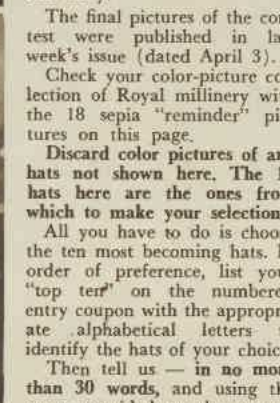
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..... (30 words or less)

Enclosed with this coupon are ten color pictures cut from The Australian Women's Weekly of the hats listed above.



A star called Soraya

● Ever since young peers took Gaiety girls from stage-door to altar, and Prince Rainier made Grace Kelly of Hollywood Her Serene Highness of Monaco, the transition of entertainer to a titled role has become the world's favorite story.

NOW ex-Queen Soraya of Persia has reversed the plot by signing a rich film contract with an Italian movie company.

She has been called "the most exciting star since Garbo."

The 31-year-old raven-haired beauty, who for seven years shared the Peacock Throne of Persia, has a true-life story which reads like the most fantastic script of all time.

Soraya has spent five years mixing with the international set since her failure to produce an heir for the Shah of Persia led to their divorce.

Tragic queen

When the sad Soraya had to build an entirely new life following the divorce, she had no financial worries.

The Shah gave her a lump-sum settlement of £A62,500 and a monthly allowance of £A1875, to continue till she remarried.

But even such princely sums could not ransom her from loneliness.

Almost immediately she became the world's most publicised gipsy.

In Bermuda, London, New York, Biarritz, Madrid, St. Moritz, and a dozen-or-so resorts she was photographed incessantly.

Interest in her activities increased when only two weeks after her divorce the Brazilian millionaire "Baby" Pignatari began to besiege her hotels with giant red roses and scented telegrams. And in Spain two Spanish bullfighters fought for her attentions.

Both dedicated bulls to Soraya and both were gored a few minutes afterwards.

Headlines screamed that tragedy always followed "the queen who never smiles."

Before long, Baron Dieter von Malsen-Pinckau came into the picture as one of Germany's most eligible bachelors.

He took Soraya to his Bavarian castle and immediately received a letter which threatened him with death.

Once again papers all over the world saw Soraya as a jinx.

Soraya gave up her Roman home and renewed her travels.

Wherever she went a stream of photographers followed, and now they had new bait. Prince Raimondo Orsini, whose ancestors have included 21 saints, 40 cardinals, five popes, and 11 queens, took Soraya to Capri.

When they returned to Rome he threw a vast party for her at Orsini Palace.

The Catholic Church was scandalised and pointed out Soraya was still a Moslem.

There were reports that she would be converted so that they might marry. But all hopes of new happiness were killed when a French model cited Orsini as father of her two-year-old child—even though the court didn't give a ruling on the paternity case.

Then Soraya's name was linked with German Harald

From
BETTY BEST
in London

Krupp Von Bohlen, member of the armaments family.

He and Orsini had long been friends, but rowed over Persia's ex-Queen until Orsini, with alarming lack of Latin gallantry, announced "for me she was just a flirtation."

Whereupon Herr Krupp married someone else.

One of the last big names to be coupled with Soraya's was TV actor Hugh O'Brian, better known to fans as cowboy Wyatt Earp.

After nearly a year of constant companionship from Hollywood to Kitzbuehel, Las Vegas to Cannes, the indomitable wild-Westerner broke his leg on a skiing jaunt and stated he would from there on concentrate on learning French and wood-carving.

Soraya's lack of outward sorrow at this break-up was labelled "brave, stoical, regal."

Later came her engagement, soon broken, to Gunther Sachs von Opel.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA, Soraya's former husband, shown with his family, Empress Farah, their son, Crown Prince Cyrus Resa, aged 2½, and baby daughter, born in March.



Soraya had by then already developed a new interest.

This time it did not depend on an escort or the attractions of cosmopolitan playgrounds.

But so well was her secret kept that no one realised what she was planning.

Dino De Laurentiis, an ex-studio worker and film extra who, by sheer hard work and canny business sense, has become one of Italy's richest producers of post-war films, first met Soraya at a party on the French Riviera.

With 100 films behind him and the example of his own wife, Silvana Mangano, as proof of his star-making ability, he told Soraya he wanted to sign her as a star.

Soraya's reaction was much the same as that of any beautiful young woman in any walk of life.

She was flattered by the compliment. But, unlike others, she could not snap it up without careful thought.

To fail the test would for her be publicised purgatory.

She left Monte Carlo and Signor De Laurentiis without even discussing a contract, but last November they met again in Hollywood.

"Why don't you take a screen test in secret?" he asked. "You have nothing to lose."

PRINCESS SORAYA, who has signed a starring contract for Italian film producer Dino De Laurentiis, pictured (above) on the phone during her screen test, and with De Laurentiis (right).

Soraya then admitted she had always had a secret ambition to work before movie cameras.

De Laurentiis now had his chance. He promised her that nothing would leak out until both she and her mother had seen the test.

They made final arrangements in Munich in January.

Only the most reliable technicians would be allowed to work on the set.

Soraya would be smuggled into the studios at midnight.

Although De Laurentiis had not directed a film since his famous "War And Peace," he would direct this test. His assistant director would feed her the lines.

Soraya agreed, and with her mother slipped out to the studios outside Rome.

A skeleton staff worked on her make-up and hairdo.

With her usual informality and ease, she chatted to everyone on the set while the cameras were readied.

"She showed no nerves or sign of temperament we get



from lesser stars," said publicity man Lon Jones later.

"I think it was then we all realised we had a great potential on our hands."

"Then when she stepped in front of the cameras without a single line of rehearsed dialogue the transformation was astonishing."

"The regal aloofness disappeared. She became the warmest, most natural performer I have ever seen."

"She responded to questions on a telephone about all manner of subjects like 'What kind of music do you like?' as if she were a veteran actress with a polished, well-learned script."

"No one present had any doubts from that moment except Soraya herself."

"She did not leave the studio until 3 a.m. Next day when we all looked at the test, both De Laurentiis and I were astounded."

"Neither of us had seen anything so dynamic since Garbo."

"But with her usual reticence, Soraya said, 'I don't know whether I look good or not.'"

"Then her mother stepped in and clinched the deal; 'You look beautiful.'"

"That settled it. The gipsy princess had found a home."

Film history

The rest is already fast becoming movie history.

De Laurentiis agreed his new star would be billed simply as "Soraya" and he would never reveal details of any money she earned.

"After all, it is rather like signing up Princess Margaret," Lon Jones told me.

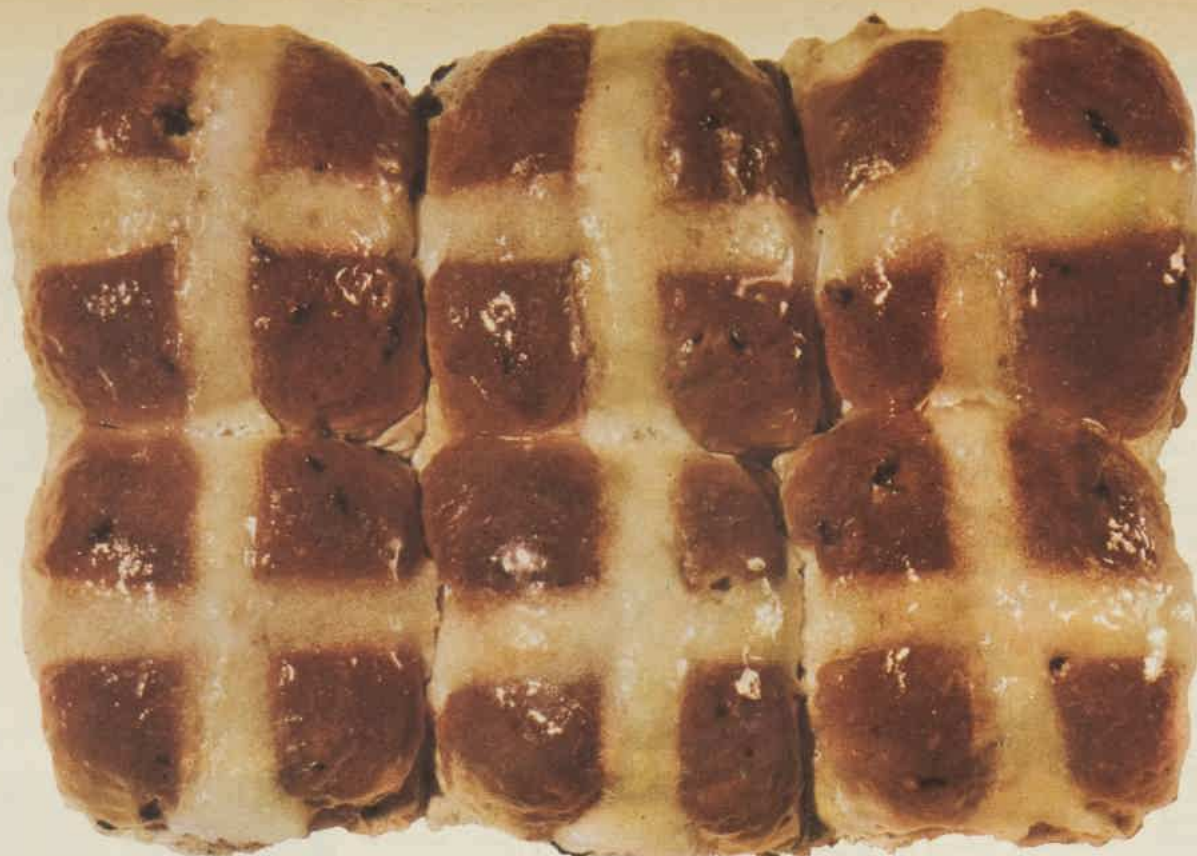
"We must always respect her privacy and dignity."

Soon Soraya, who will make her films in English, will return to Rome for make-up tests and script conferences.

De Laurentiis will not give her any speech or drama coaches, because he believes her talent lies in her own natural personality.

After the years of boredom and loneliness, disappointment and heartbreak, the idea of work is like a haven to Soraya—the only Cinderella who was grateful when her coach turned into a pumpkin.





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Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 10, 1963

Bridge: A new-again craze

NOT since the 1930s, when bridge became the popular game of the depression, has there been such a boom," said Mr. Frank Cayley, president of the N.S.W. Bridge Association.

In the cities, "Do you play bridge?" is not the party conversation-killer it was a decade ago. Rather, it is the "new" way of winning friends and meeting people.

But the swing to bridge is most remarkable in the country districts. For instance, in Tenterfield recently 58 players rallied for the first Northern New South Wales Bridge Congress, which hereafter will be an annual event.

In fact, so keen are the country players that it pays city teachers to make frequent flying teaching trips round the countryside.

This boom is due simply to the fact that contract bridge — auction bridge went out 30 years ago — is enjoying a world-wide revival. Australians are just catching up with it.

From France

The origin of this universal card game is clouded in doubt. The Russians, Turks, French, and Americans all claim to have invented it.

The fact remains that bridge is an off-shoot of whist, which was played in England for three centuries before the advent of bridge.

Bridge made its first appearance in England and America in the mid-1890s, introduced by players who had learned the game in France.

In about 1905 the old bridge underwent a radical change. The story goes that three British civil servants found themselves without a fourth player and decided to bid for the fourth hand and to play it face up. This adaptation of the game swept England and America and was known as auction bridge.

Meantime the French had been experimenting with the theory of contract bridge—the idea that the bidder only counts toward game what he "contracts" to make.

This theory made scoring extremely complicated and difficult. It wasn't until 1925, when American mil-

● Much to the delight of the diehards and the fascination of beginners, bridge is back in fashion.

lionaire Harold S. Vanderbilt devised a simplified scoring table, that contract bridge became a game in itself.

With the appearance of American Ely Culbertson on the world bridge scene in the 1930s, the game became "playable" by the masses.

At the time that Culbertson was king of bridge, a young American, Charles Goren, started writing books and offered a more natural system than Culbertson's.

The war came, and bridge was temporarily killed. When it revived, people took up the Goren system, with which beginners can play quite well in a few sessions.

With Goren's system and similar simplified ones, interest in bridge fast revived. In Britain, America, and on the Continent, it is now not only a "players' game," but with the invention of the "bridgetrama" it is becoming a popular spectator game.

Via the "bridgetrama," spectators can watch hands being played in major tournaments without looking over the players' shoulders.

The hands and cards are flashed on to a screen in a special darkened room as they are being played.

Television programmes of bridge are also popular in Britain and America.

Undisputed masters of the bridge Olympics are the Italians, who decorate their champion bridge players with high State honors, in much the same way as an outstanding cricketer is knighted in the British Commonwealth.

Australia has not yet entered a team in the bridge Olympics, but hopes to send a team to New York for the next Olympic tournament, in 1964.

How does one start to play bridge?

I asked Mr. James Borin, a member of the New South Wales open bridge team, which won the Australian championship, to answer some basic questions.

● Must you have a special "card sense" to be able to play bridge?

"It helps if you have played card games before," he said. "Intuition plays a part at the bridge table. But



THIS is the sort of hand every beginner dreams about picking up. With a straight point count of 25 in high cards, not counting points for distribution, you are more than half-way toward a grand slam.

intuition figures less in bridge than, say, poker, in which card sense is of tremendous importance."

● Do you have to be clever to play well?

"Not necessarily. As bridge is based on logic, there IS a right move for every situation, and it does help if you have a logical, analytical mind."

How to learn

● What is the best way to learn bridge?

"There are any number of good books for beginners, but it's much easier to have lessons from an experienced teacher. In six lessons you can grasp the fundamentals of the game, and then you may never need another lesson. The easiest way to learn from there is by playing regularly."

● How long does it take to become a good bridge player?

"It takes about three or four years to become competent, generally. But this, of course, depends on the standard of the people you play with."

● Are women as competent at the game as men?

"Men tend to have greater powers of concentration than women, but some women have risen to great heights in the game. Ely Culbertson is recognised as the father of modern contract bridge. But his wife, Josephine, was a better player."

● Is it a good idea for husbands to partner wives—or even play at the same table?

"There has only been one case of a husband murdering his wife at the bridge table — and that probably had nothing to do with the game. Generally, though, a husband-wife combination is likely to be stronger than a partnership of two strangers. There is often psychic communication between husband and wife, which can be useful, besides the obvious advantage of each knowing how well, or badly, the other plays and being able to adjust his or her own game."

● Does psychology have much to do with bridge?

"Indeed it does. You must play the players as well as the cards. If you've read Stephen Potter's "One-Up-

manship" or "Gamesmanship," you'll have a start in this approach. Cards being equal, you are more likely to beat your opponents if they are nervous and unsure than if they are relaxed and confident. You must sum up the potential of the three other players at the table. With a weak partner and good opponents, you are especially vulnerable and should not play too aggressively. Conversely, with a good partner and weak opponents, you should venture a little more than your cards warrant."

● Are "bridge manners" important?

"They tend to make the game more pleasant. Small talk — especially when your opponent is about to make a tricky decision — is definitely not done. Neither is a puffed 'What on earth possessed you to play THAT card?' to your partner."

● Can you lose a lot of money at bridge?

"It is one of the few games which doesn't rely on big stakes for its thrills. Most people, though, like to play for something. The commonest stakes are threepence per 100 points gained, so

that in an evening's play it is rare to win or lose more than £1. There ARE high-stake games, but since bridge is a partnership game it does not appeal to the professional gambler."

● Can you cheat?

"Blatant cheating, such as marking aces or signalling your partner, can be easily detected. However, many players do indulge in 'unethical practices.' Glaring at partner if he plays a wrong card is, in effect, telling him to play another suit next time round, and this can materially affect the result."

"Misleading comments and unnecessary hesitation are also examples of unethical play."

Draw trumps

● What are the most common mistakes of beginners?

"Failure to draw trumps." (Failure for the person playing the hand to lead trumps.) There's an old saying, 'There's many an Englishman walking the Embankment who failed to draw trumps.'

"Another mistake is to listen to too much advice from the other players. Quite often they are wrong, and, in any case, you will become very confused. There is also a tendency for beginners to play too slowly. Many of them go into a trance and think about nothing. This is boring for the other players. If you're going to make mistakes — and you're bound to at first — it's better to make them quickly."

● Is bridge fun?

"Like any worthwhile game, the better you understand it the more you enjoy it. Experts play a very light-hearted game — on the surface — but beginners are usually a bit miserable and serious about it."

"But there are perks for the beginner — the first time you take a trick, the first time you 'finesse,' and the first contract you make. But wait till you bid and make your first grand slam. That is enormously satisfying and great fun."

NEXT WEEK

● Special Easter holiday fiction

★★★ Full-length suspense novel

"The Mirror On the Bridge," a complete pull-out novel by Charlotte Armstrong, top Australian mystery writer, is a feature of this issue.

A strange dream about a car accident on a narrow bridge foreshadows a real accident . . .

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 10, 1963

from here Charlotte Armstrong builds up tension and suspense to a dramatic climax which will grip readers to the very last line.

★★★ Romantic serial—part 1

Read the first instalment of our new two-part romantic serial, "The Day of the Wedding"—a bitter-sweet story of star-crossed sweethearts by Margaret Cousins.

★★★ Special short stories

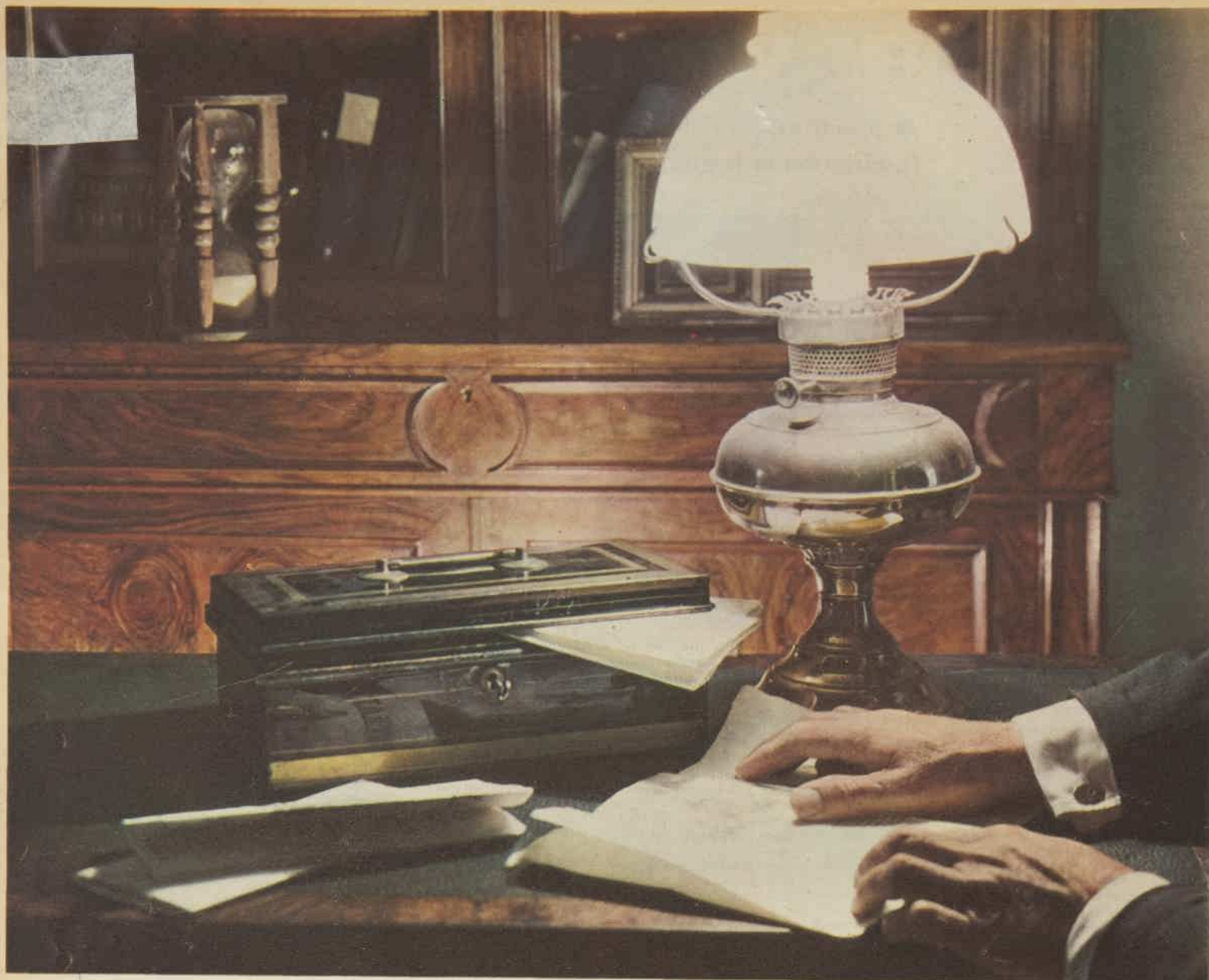
"A Sunday Visit," by Anne Sayre, is an appealing tale of a crippled girl whose spirit of independence has been killed by kindness — until a strong-willed friend helps her to make more of her life. With the pull-out novel is a suspense story with an ingenious plot, by Ursula Curtiss.

● The magic of color

A three-page special feature tells how you can be your own home decorator and achieve fascinating results, just by following a few simple rules for using colors.

● New look 'at (and 4 patterns for) shifts

With Paris eagerly greeting it again, the shift enters another season of popularity and can now be called a classic. Next week see in color a selection of Paris shifts—and there are four shift patterns to buy.



How long since you looked at your Insurance Policies?

What about those insurance policies? Are they arranged to the best possible advantage. Do they cover every important need? When, and under what circumstances, will they be paid?

Above all, are they suitable as to size and type to do the job you want them to do?

It's not hard to find the answer to these and other related questions. Ask for an A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP.

4

FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

- 1 Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.



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AT FIRST I TRIED TO "CHAIN" DONALD DOWN

By **TONIA BERN** (Mrs. Donald Campbell)

● I had been married to Donald for six months, and for the first time in my life I was jealous.

I HAD forgotten that jealousy and possessiveness are two facets of the feminine character that no man really admires.

While men like their lives to be as simple as possible, without problems and without complications, women don't. I feel that women like their lives to be as complicated as possible, because this gives them a sense of importance.

Donald did nothing wrong, but like most men—possibly more than most men—he cannot bear to feel that he is "chained." He would disappear for a day or so on business and would not ring or let me know where he had been.

When he returned I would try to find out from him and would only receive vague and, I thought, unsatisfactory answers.

I tried to be glamorous Tonia Bern by night and Mrs. Donald Campbell by day. I tried hard to be both people, and the result was that I was neither.

Things drifted from bad to worse, and about six months after our wedding I wondered whether I could go on with it.

Then something happened that changed all this. One day I was in a room in our home in Surrey that has an extra telephone extension. I picked up the phone and heard my husband talking on the line to someone else.

Shocked anger

Usually I would have replaced the receiver at once, but in the first few words of overheard conversation my own name was mentioned, and so I listened for a bit longer.

A friend was telling Donald that I was possessive and jealous and career-mad. I know why he said this, because I had just been offered the chance to star in a cabaret in Venice and I wanted to take it.

It was as though someone had slapped my face. I could hardly contain my anger and shock, and resentment, although, of course, what had been said was true enough at

the time. Possibly this knowledge made it all the harder to bear.

I stamped downstairs to see Donald replacing the receiver.

"If this is what you think of me, I'm off," I told him, and didn't bother to wait for a reply. I crammed as much as I could into a suitcase and left for Venice.

But as so many wives discover when they leave their husbands, it is almost impossible to return to their single life again. Not only have they moved on in years and experience, but so have their friends. You can never go back and pick up all the old threads; most of them are cut.

It took me three weeks to realise that my marriage was more important than my career, and that I could be

that no one woman could hold his interest.

Nevertheless, on my return I was determined to show him that I was not possessive.

One day he announced that he wanted to go to the south of France with some friends. I guessed that this was a throwback to his carefree bachelor days, but I was determined not to show my true feelings about this trip. In fact, I told him that he ought to accept the invitation. I even insisted he went.

Reunion

After three days the telephone rang. He had reached Paris on his way home, and wondered whether I would fly over at once and have lunch with him there.

Our reunion marked the beginning of our wonderful happiness together. I gave up my ambition to be Tonia Bern, cabaret star, and became Mrs. Donald Campbell.

Today Donald and I discuss his projects together. If he is away on business he always phones me. If he has been unexpectedly delayed, for even an hour, he lets me know that he will be late.

I realised that I had been handling him quite wrongly—and how many other young wives make the same mis-

SINGER Tonia Bern, Belgian-born nightclub star, five years ago married Donald Campbell, holder of the world water speed record. He will soon try for the land speed record in his car Bluebird on the salt bed of Lake Eyre, South Australia.

happier married than single—if only I could plan my life in a different way. I telephoned Donald to tell him this.

There were no recriminations, no harsh words on the phone. I simply asked him: "Would you like me to come home?"

"Yes," he said.

"If I come home now, I really come home," I went on. "I want to be your wife in every sense of the word."

I flew back on the night plane. Donald met me. His first words were: "I was glad to see you go, but I'm even more glad to see you come back."

I knew before I married Donald that he had the reputation of being a playboy, a bon viveur, and it was said



GEORGINA (Gina), Donald Campbell's 16-year-old daughter by a previous marriage, in a recent photograph with her father and step-mother. "I've given her elegance . . . once she was like a tomboy," Tonia writes. The small bear is Donald's mascot, "Whoppit."

take! I had to give up my career and my work—as do so many girls on marrying, and now I was wanting his life in exchange. But of course his life is not really his own; no one's is. So how could he give it to me?

I became aware, almost too late, that I was on the wrong track entirely for happiness. Instead of growing closer we were drifting farther apart. Fortunately I found my mistake in time, and have tried to make his home the place where he most wants to be. Unfortunately, far too many wives never realise what is going wrong until it is too late to put it right. I was one of the lucky ones.

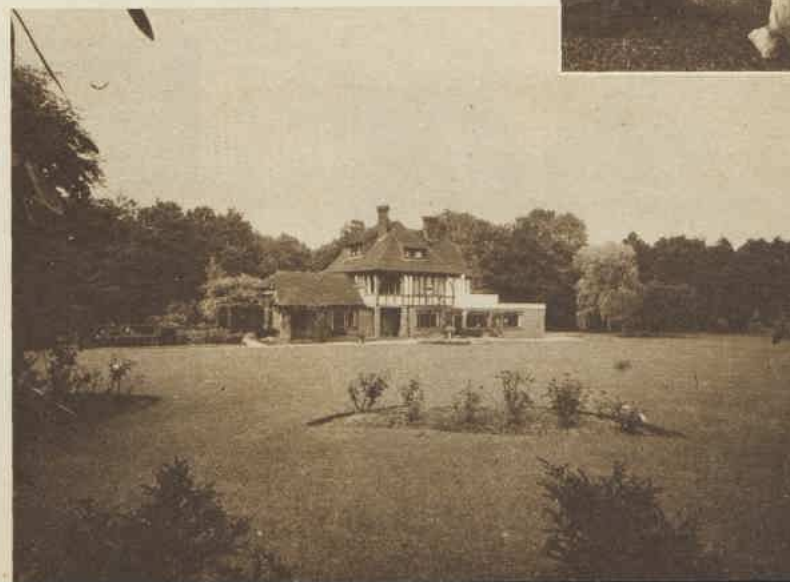
I am still drawn to show business, of course, for this was my life for so long. People ask me now whether I miss the thrill of opening in a new show, the satisfaction of applause, the feeling that you are the most important person in the room.

Naturally I missed it at first, but now I am happy in my new role, although I say

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ABOVE: The Campbells at home. Like the old teddy bear in the top picture, the dog is called Whoppit, a name its master considers lucky.



LEFT: This picture of "Roundwood," their large house in Surrey, England, was taken by Donald. He turned 42 last month.

THE ROCKS—END OF AN ERA



THE ROCKS AREA as it is today (above and below) and as it will be in about 10 years (model at right) when it is rebuilt by James Wallace Pty. Ltd. in a £30,000,000 redevelopment scheme. The scheme provides for a 100-bedroom hotel, residential accommodation for 3500, and commercial space for 6500. The Maritime Services Board building, foreground above and at left of model, in George Street North, will be retained in the scheme. Color pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



CADMAN'S cottage (below), built in 1816 for the Government coxswain and reputedly the oldest existing house in Sydney, is the only old Rocks building to be incorporated in the new scheme.



● The Rocks, an approximate 26-acre area looking east across Circular Quay, is only a small slice of Sydney, but to the people who live and work there it is the most beautiful place in the world.

OVERSHADOWED by the mighty sweep of the Harbor Bridge, which vibrates to the roar of the traffic overhead, it is an old-world jumble of small shops, bond stores, pubs, a meat works, terrace houses, Government offices, pint-sized parks, and tree-lined streets.

Here you are in the heart of Sydney, but half a century away from city bustle.

The streets are comparatively empty. Parking is easy. Birds sing.

And to the stranger in the street there are no signs of life within faded Victorian houses and offices built of sandstone hewn from the original Rocks. Nothing here is new.

In short, the area is ripe for redevelopment. Even the locals see that.

"We can't block progress," said Mr. Lou Rees Phillips, standing squarely behind the counter in his George Street North tobacconist shop.

"All the same, we'll be sorry to move. We've been here more than 30 years, living on the premises.

"Nothing much has changed since we first came. A few pubs have closed down, the sailors don't buy as much snuff now as they used to, and prices for everything have gone up. Why, the place next door to here used to have a sign, 'Clean beds. 9d a night.'

"In the Depression a shave cost 6d and you could get a haircut for a shilling. But if you couldn't afford it, the old barber, a Jew, halved the price."

Mr. Phillips was shaving when photographer Keith Barlow and I called.

His wife, a Frenchwoman, was attending to the customers and everyone was on Christian-name terms.

They came in for lottery tickets, shaving-soap, cigarettes—and for a chat.

"We know everyone," said

Mr. Phillips. "Of course, a lot of people have just disappeared. Gone the way of all flesh—to the grave."

"But for living, there's not another part of Sydney that'd come up to The Rocks. This is the spot we care for."

Another local identity who is loath to leave The Rocks is Samuel McMahon, wine and spirit merchant, who has offices and cellars in the convict-built Argyle Bond Stores.

"I've got 92,000ft. of perfect cellars here, the most perfect in the world," he said,

leading down worn stone steps into white-washed coolness that smell sweetly of rum.

"These cellars are only 10ft. below the ground. But feel how cool they are. There's only a ten-degree variation in temperature between summer and winter. Perfect."

"And look at those heavy beams. They're just rough tree trunks, but they've held the place up for more than 150 years—since the Rum Rebellion."

Does The Rocks still live up to its colony-old reputation as a rough and tough area?

"Good heavens, no," said Mrs. R. T. Meiron from the door of her sandstone terrace house in George Street North.

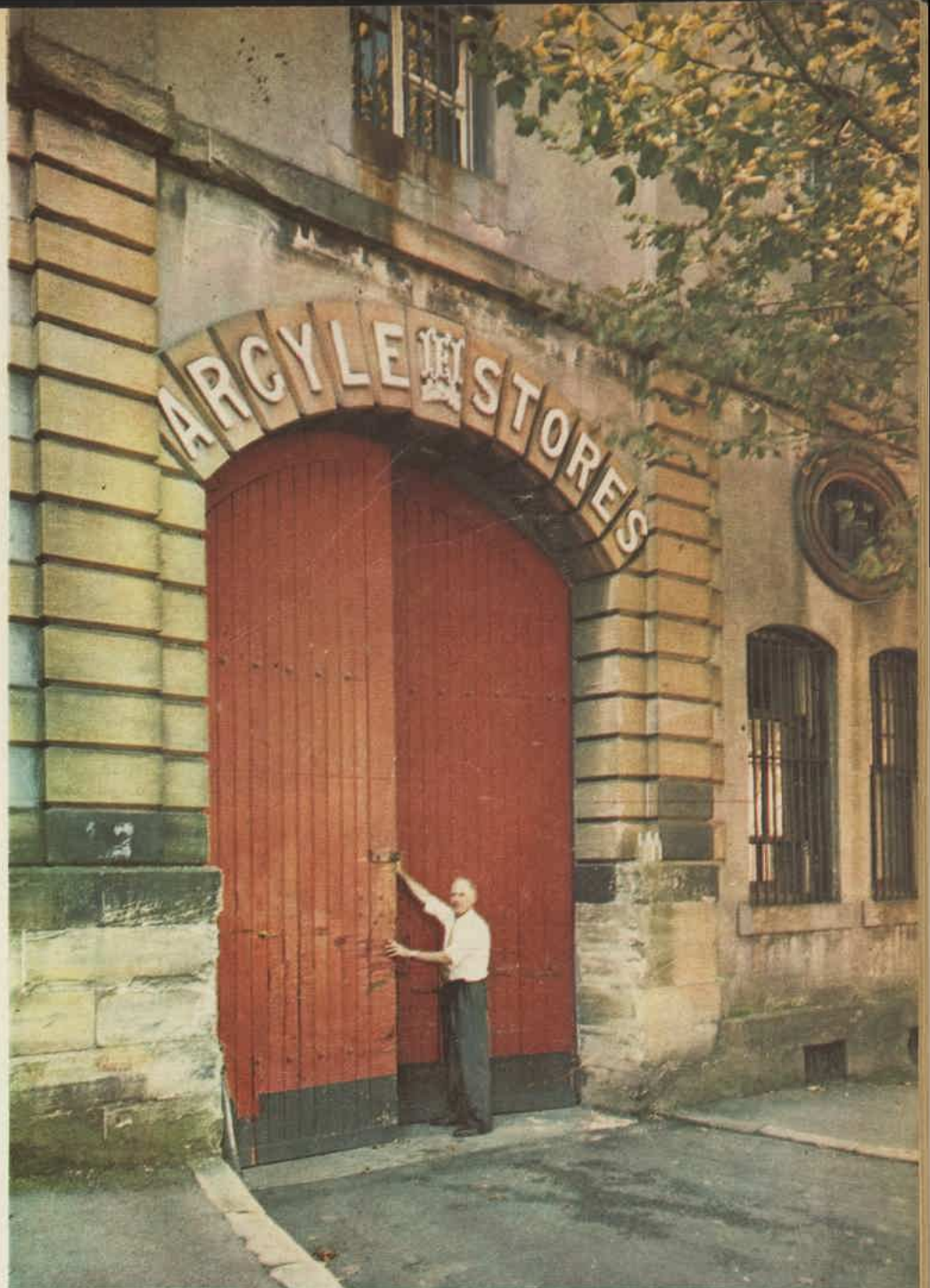
"We've lived here for 34 years and I've never been afraid of walking home of a night. Everybody respects you here because they know you. Everybody knows you and so they'd protect you. This area is the best in Sydney."

Her husband, who works on the wharves, as do most of the men in The Rocks, was home for lunch.

"Of course, we've been expecting this new scheme for a long time. Yet a lifetime in one house in one area makes it hard to leave," he said.

"I've got my tool-shed out the back there. I don't expect there'd be room for it in a new Council flat. But it'll be a few years, yet, won't it?"

By
CAROL HENTY



THE ARGYLE STORES in The Rocks incorporate the oldest Customs House in Australia. Here huge cedar doors are closed by Mr. S. McMahon.



RESIDENTS of The Rocks. Mr. and Mrs. Lou Phillips (above) in their tobacconist shop, and Mr. Charles Badham, violin specialist (right), whose homes will be demolished, as will the fine Georgian house (at left), which is now three flats and was used as a location for the film "The Shiralee." Only 100 people now live in the affected redevelopment area.



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New freedom from decay . . . brighter, whiter teeth, too . . . that's the promise of Ipana Fluoride for every family. Here in a new refreshminty-flavoured tooth-paste is the same enamel-hardening fluoride which health authorities urge we should add to our water supplies. Dentists apply fluoride to teeth to harden enamel and prevent cavities. Fluoride actually becomes part of the tooth enamel . . . hardening and helping it to resist decay.

Children's and teenagers' teeth are extra susceptible to decay. During the critical years of growth—and always—Ipana Fluoride is the positive way to protect dental health and reduce troublesome cavities.

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new way to harden
tooth enamel, lock
out tooth decay!*



Ipana Fluoride available everywhere!

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Mary COLES' SOCIAL

SYDNEY TOWN is in a merry mood for the Royal Easter Show and the Australian Jockey Club's Autumn Racing Carnival—with the biggest influx of interstate and overseas visitors for years adding interest to the scene—and a record marathon of entertaining ahead.

The most lovely gold cup presented by the Malayan Racing Association will be a coveted trophy at the opening meeting at Randwick on April 6.

So elegant, with simple uncluttered lines, the 18-carat gold cup, valued at a thousand guineas sterling (£1250 in our money), is the costliest laurel ever to be raced for in Australia.

Social whirl for the chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, Mr. Brian Crowley, and committee members and their wives began early this week entertaining delegates to the Third Asian Racing Conference, meeting here for the first time.

Throughout the carnival Mrs. Crowley will hostess luncheon and afternoon tea parties in the Vice-Regal Room at Randwick, and wives of committee members will entertain in the Queen's Room.

BREAKFAST will be the only meal of the day—the president of the Royal Agricultural Society, Mr. Strath Playfair, and his wife can be certain of having at home during the Royal Show from April 5 to 16. They're giving a non-stop series of luncheon, dinner, and after-polo supper parties at the Showground, as well as a cocktail party in the Council Dining Room on April 3, after the preview showing and announcement of prizewinners in the R.A.S. Art Competition.

THE "army" of Easter Parade enthusiasts progressing Sydneywards from south of the border almost suggests a "take-over bid" by Victorians! They include Mr. and Mrs. Eric Avery, who will stay with Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Creswick, Major and Mrs. David Knox, Mrs. Jack Madden, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gilder, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Steele, and Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke. After staying with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu at "Milton Park," Bowral, for the Santa Gertrudis cattle and American Quarter Horse sales, Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke plan to make Chevron Hilton their headquarters, with their children, Rupert, Vanessa, and Peter, who will spend their school holidays show-going here.

TRADITIONAL curtain-raiser to the Royal Show and Autumn Racing festivities will be the Peter Pan Ball at Princes on April 5. It's always one of Sydney's gayest and "best dressed" nights of the year—and Mrs. Robert Berrick confides that some of the lovely gowns worn by guests are destined for donation to the Opportunity Shop's auction sale of model clothes at the 2GB Auditorium on May 3 for the Peter Pan Kindergarten.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN AMORY'S "penalty" for winning the dancing contest at last year's Peter Pan Ball will be sitting-out this time and judging the competition. Scores of pre-ball cocktail gatherings include parties being given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brash, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Edwards, who are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McFadyen, Mr. and Mrs. Georg Herda, Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Storch, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Scott, Prue Boudry, and Tony Pratten, at their home before adjourning to Princes.

TABLE TALK will revolve round Flemington—as well as Randwick—on April 7, when committee members of the Victoria Racing Club entertain at a Sunday evening buffet dinner at the Century Theatre, followed by a private screening of sporting events. It will be a very glamorous occasion—with everyone in formal party dress.

SEASONAL gaieties on April 8 include a cocktail party for 150 guests given by Mrs. G. B. S. Falkiner and her sister-in-law Mrs. Lucy Falkiner Burton at "Tokay," Mrs. Falkiner's home in Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. The same evening Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams are giving a dinner party at their home at Wahroonga to entertain interstate friends visiting Sydney.

THE largest—and most leisurely—function of the Easter season will be at "Rosemont," Lady Lloyd Jones' home at Woolahra, on April 16. She's pace-setting a gracious new hour for partying, with a from 9 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. reception for 400 guests. If it's a warm evening they'll be entertained in the glorious garden at "Rosemont."



AT GLEN INNES. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Whyte (couple, centre) pictured after their wedding at Holy Trinity Church with their attendants, from left, Miss Jennifer Bagster, Miss Pam Dunbar, flowergirls Kerry Frazer and Pauline Bradley, Mr. Ross Newby, and Mr. Terry Whyte. The bride, Gloria Jeanne, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lockwood, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Whyte.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 10, 1963

ROUNDAABOUT



NAVAL PARTY. Commander Roger Hain, R.A.N., with Miss Ellie Neidhardt at the cocktail party at H.M.A.S. Penguin for the staff of Vice-Admiral J. S. Thach, in command of the U.S. Submarine Force in the Pacific.



ABOVE: Mr. Bill Thompson, of "Bonholme," Rydal, and his bride, formerly Miss Susan Simpson, pictured with bridesmaids Miss Pam Bradford and Miss Joana Barron (at right) at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel after their marriage at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney. Mr. Thompson is the son of Mrs. May Thompson, of Double Bay, and the late Dr. Clive Thompson. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Simpson.



ABOVE: The Consul-General for China, Mr. P. T. Tien, and his wife (couple on left) and Mr. and Mrs. Y. H. Loh at the exhibition of contemporary Chinese art at the Dominion Gallery, opened by the Ambassador of the Republic of China, Dr. Chen Chih-Mai.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Scotts chatting with Miss Meredith Roberts, of Point Piper, at the reception given by the Commercial Secretary for Pakistan, Mr. F. H. Choudhury, and Begum Choudhury, at Chevron Hilton Hotel, for Pakistan Day.



AT LEFT: Stage star Miss Dianne Barton, with the president of the Royal Commonwealth Society, Mr. Carl Wilson, at a buffet dinner at the Society's rooms for the stars of "Show Boat" at the Tivoli Theatre.



Worth Reporting.

TRISHA WRIGHT, of Adelaide, looks like a successful fashion model—but ask her occupation and she'll reply: "Surveyor's assistant."

And her husband, Graham, will confirm the fact; Trisha is his assistant.

"I'm not qualified, though," said Trisha (short for Patricia), whose field of survey is astro-fixing.

The couple love survey work, which has taken them many thousands of miles through the outback loneliness of central and south-west Queensland.

"Out there in the still silence life is perfect," said Trisha.

The Wrights—travelling by Land-Rover—work under contract to an Adelaide surveying concern to provide the Commonwealth Government with material used in mapping these vast, empty areas.

While Graham finds their latitudinal and longitudinal position from the stars, Trisha records the details.

In town, Trisha is immaculately made-up, smartly dressed. In the outback, she wears jeans (boy's size) and little or no make-up.

"But we keep ourselves tidy," she said, "and that's not always easy with the dust and heat. We have a 16-gallon water tank for washing, cooking, tea, laundry. It lasts about a week."

Trisha and Graham, who are not long back from an expedition to Simpson's Desert, in South Australia, are now having a spell from survey work.

Graham, a commercial air charter pilot, has re-

turned to flying, and the pair have rented a house at Netherby.

They met on board a ship bound for England in 1960. Graham left the ship to go exploring in Peru, but met Trisha again in England later.

After their marriage they returned to Australia.

Graham, although not a fully-fledged surveyor, found he had enough experience for the outback trips.

Their ultimate ambition is to settle on a ranch in Argentina.

* * *
"ALL a woman needs to keep a secret," he said, "is complete isolation."

"Death" of a city

THE city of Carberry, N.S.W.—which could have a population of about 4000—faces extinction.

Urana Shire Council, which controls the Riverina city, wants to turn its 900 homesites into farmland.

No resident will oppose the death of the 39-year-old city—because there are no residents; never have been.

Although 300 people in 1924 bought blocks of land from a group who planned a community similar in layout to Canberra, and Carberry was officially declared a city, no houses were built.

During its existence Carberry has probably caused more trouble to the Council than a flourishing city.

The Council each year has to send rate notices and answer queries from land-owners who are scattered as far afield as India.

Measles are a Royal worry

IN the bustle of preparation for Princess Alexandra's wedding, the sickness rate following the shocking English winter is making itself badly felt among her young attendants preparing for their first big public appearance.

Both pages have been laid low—nine-year-old Simon Hay, son of Princess Marina's private secretary, Sir Philip Hay, has succumbed to flu, and David Ogilvy, nephew of bridegroom the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, has measles.

His family now watch resignedly for the first warning spots on David's sister Doune, who is to be a bridesmaid.

Meanwhile, her cousin Georgina Butter—another bridesmaid, and goddaughter of Princess Alexandra—is in bed with flu at her home in the north of Scotland.

Spring is certainly a little late this year, and anxious parents are hoping its tonic effects will arrive in time for the wedding.

* * *
TO buy a beer in Illabo, near Junee, N.S.W., we went to a butcher's shop.

We weren't being silly sausages. When five gutted the normal, formal Illabo Hotel about a year ago, pub-lican Neville Gibbons moved into a disused butcher's shop.

So there are kegs instead of legs, hops instead of chops, hock instead of a block. Perhaps we could have had the hair of the hog.



● A Brisbane bride's clever dress designs "evened-up" the heights of her wedding group. From left, groomsman Mr. David Brew, Miss Marcia Banfield, bridegroom Mr. Ray Petersen, the bride, formerly Miss Dawne Rowe, bride's sister, Mrs. Peter Seymour, and best man Mr. Peter Seymour.

WHEN Brisbane fashion-designer Dawne Rowe designed frocks for her own wedding, she faced her biggest problem yet—how to make small girls look taller.

Dawne is a mere 4ft. 11in; her bridesmaids were each only an inch taller.

But the men in the wedding-party towered over 6ft.—bridegroom Ray Petersen, the tallest at 6ft. 3in., and best man Peter Seymour, of Doncaster, Melbourne, and groomsman David Brew, of Brisbane, almost as tall.

"When Ray and I told each other the names of the attendants we had chosen, our faces suddenly fell," said Dawne.

"We realised it would look like a two-tiered wedding-party."

So Dawne got her scribbling-block and sketched styles to make herself and her sister, Mrs. Margot Seymour (Peter's wife), and bridesmaid Miss Marcia Banfield look taller.

High heels brought the bridesmaids up to 5ft. 3in., and the bride to 5ft. 2in., but this wasn't enough.

Here is how Dawne planned the outfits for added height:

HEADGEAR: For the bride, hair high on top, flat at sides; long veil falling from top of a medieval cap; short detachable veil for wearing in church. For bridesmaids, hair high and bouffant. For all three, caps made from the same material as frocks (for the bridesmaids, the material reversed).

"All this creates an illusion

of height," Dawne underlined on her scribbling-pad.

DRESSES: Bride, simple bodice with straight, lightly quilted skirt. Train thickly pleated but flat.

Bridesmaids, Italian tapestry brocade in brown, gold, and black tonings "which add inches to height" (we read on Dawne's pad).

BOUQUETS: Bride, long trail of rosebuds with touch of greenery (making length from waist to hem appear longer) falling from three graduated full-blown roses.

Bridesmaids, a trail of off-white roses a little shorter than the bride's.

And when Dawne finished designing the frocks, her mother, Mrs. Matt Rowe, made them.

The cleanest clean under the sun is FAB clean



NOTHING BEATS FABULOUS FAB SUDS at getting really dirty washing really clean... because only Fab contains Actergent. And Fab with Actergent makes fabulous Fab suds that work harder... last longer.

No hard rubbing... no hard scrubbing... even children's grubby playclothes come sparkling clean with Fab. Fab does all the hard work. Buy fabulous Fab, and prove it yourself.



THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS **FAB CLEAN**

He learned clarinet in the clink

By CELIA HENDERSON

*"Under the spreading neon lights
The village blacksmith stands:
The smith a smallish man is he
With a clarinet in his hands."*

IF that sounds a trifle zany, wait till you hear the rest.

Wait, in fact, till you see Mister Acker Bilk and his Paramount Jazz Band, soon to hit Australia with the great striking force that has shot them up to top pop ratings in English show business and television.

They will play in Brisbane, Melbourne, and Sydney.

Mister Acker Bilk used to be a blacksmith, but he doesn't dress like one any more, which is fair enough, as he's now a clarinetist. But he doesn't dress like a clarinetist, either.

He and his merry men all wear curly bowler hats, striped waistcoats, and shirt-sleeves, and look like Edwardian butlers on their day off.

This has no relation to the jazz they play, which is strictly trad, dad, with its roots in New Orleans. They like the clothes because the day they got these outfits (and a good publicity agent) their luck turned.

The whole thing started back in 1947, when Mister Bilk was learning to play the clarinet in an Army prison in Egypt (I told you this was a nut story).

Young Bilk was then a blameless lad from a small Somerset village where his father was a carpenter and a lay preacher.

The reason the Bिल्ks' first-born was spending three months in an Army gaol was because he fell asleep on guard duty. Having been rather rudely awakened, he then used the time in gaol learning the clarinet (got from Army stores).

When he went back to his village he persuaded every village instrumentalist except the bellringer to accompany him on this and that.

They rehearsed in a derelict bus near the village rubbish dump, which, said the village elders, was just about the right place for them except that it wasn't far enough away.

Climbed down

The elders had to take this back some years later when the band, now famous, went back to raise funds for a new village hall.

But in the meantime there was a tough road ahead. Young Bilk, now working as a blacksmith, and his part-time band played at R.A.F. camps and pubs.

Then he turned full-time professional and built up a unit that toured and played on radio. But the going was hard, and in 1958 they nearly folded up.

At that time the band were all living in a damp attic in the East End of London (all except the trombonist, whose mum lived

round the corner). They met an agent who took them up, dressed them up, and in a few months booked them up all over the country.

Their first LP record was a best-seller and they were on their way. In 1961 they were the first trad players to reach the Royal Variety Performance.

Meanwhile young Bilk, who was christened Bernard Stanley, had changed his name to MISTER Acker—"acker" being the Somerset word for mate or clobber—and had grown a beard.

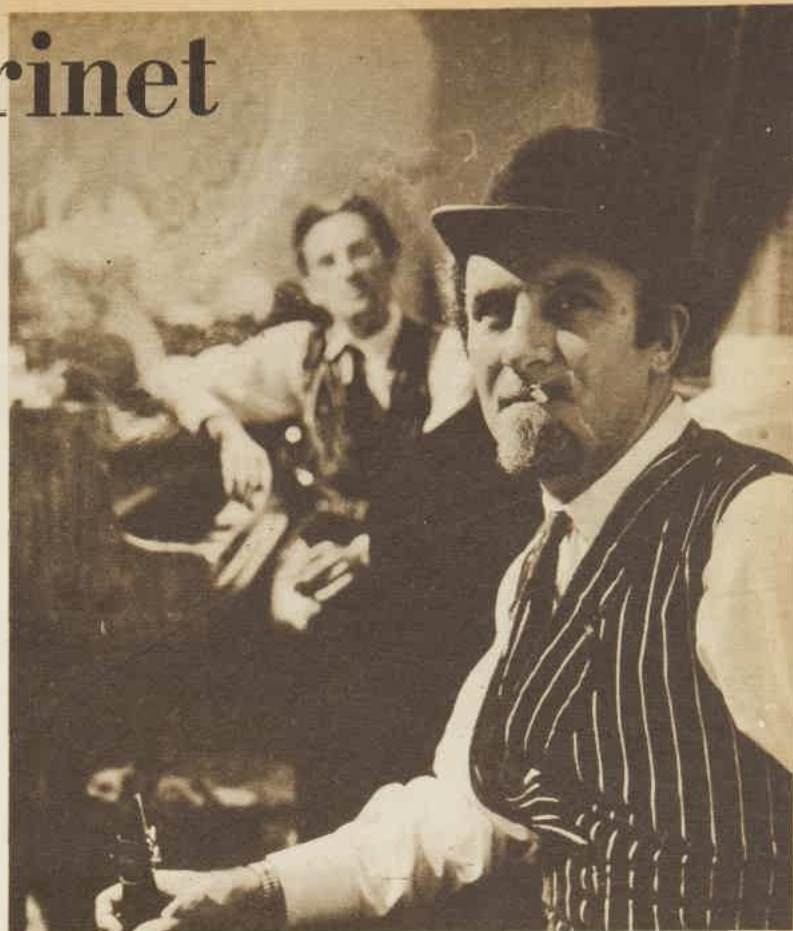
He had married pretty, ginger-haired Jeannie from his own village, and brought her to London with their small son. In 1959 their daughter Jenny was born.

A few days later Mister Bilk, short of a tune to fill an LP record, composed a plaintive little air called "Jenny" and recorded it.

Later he adapted it, and that was "Stranger On the Shore."

Meanwhile they play on regardless, a happy and improbable team with little in common except for their hats, waistcoats, and music.

Ron McKay, the drummer, used to be a clerk in the Foreign Office. Roy James, who plays the banjo, started life as a glassblower. Trumpeter Colin Smith was an electrician, and pianist Stan Gregg a shipyard engineer.



ACKER BILK—he was the village blacksmith.

Jonathan Mortimer, the trombonist, has worked in a builder's yard and a brewery, and, just to give the final flourish, bass-player Ernie Price is a solicitor (and still on the rolls).

Mister Acker Bilk has no illusions about how far you can go with a gimmick.

"I could stand on my head, dad," he says, "with the clarinet stuck in my left ear-hole—but if nothing came out, who'd pay to see me again?"

"My girl fans never scream—unless they take a close look at my face, and then it's with horror, dad, pure horror." It seems, in fact, that what they like is the noise, and all that jazz.



MEMBERS of the Paramount Jazz Band include an ex-Foreign Office clerk, a glassblower, engineer, electrician, solicitor, and a brewery worker. Mr. Bilk's brother Dave is manager.

Venoruton P₄ brings fast proven relief to Varicose Sufferers

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 10, 1963



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Stay-a-beds

DO other readers have trouble getting their husbands out of bed for work in the morning? I try so hard to keep my patience after repeatedly calling, shaking, and tugging our daddy, who keeps saying, "All right. All right." When he finally arises there is the usual rush to get him away, on time. On occasions I have told him I will not try to wake him up—consequently he is late for work. The "cold water" treatment is not practical, as it causes too much anger.

£1/1/- to "The Alarm Clock" (name supplied), Gordonvale, Qld.

Great Australian women ignored

IT seems strange that while we have statues all over Australia to many men—including early governors, soldiers, poets, and explorers—I cannot recall having seen or heard of a single statue of a great Australian woman. A few great women far more worthy of a statue than many of the depicted men are: Caroline Chisholm, Daisy Bates, Nellie Melba, Mary Gilmore, and Margaret Catchpole.

£1/1/- to A. Thornton, Granville, N.S.W.

They got credit but no cash

AN Adelaide suburban family was short of ready cash recently, and to overcome this they left a cheque for £4 out with the milk bottles, thinking that they would reap the change. When collecting the milk in the morning there was also a note, which read, "Your credit is now £3/15/-." Signed "Milkman."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Fisher, Camden, S.A.

Breaking in new shoes

TRYING desperately to break in a new pair of shoes (I have bunions, so this is a painful process), I suddenly thought I'd wear them on the wrong feet while working round the house doing the dusting. Now they are very comfortable. I did not wear them long enough each day to ruin the shape of them. They are the pointed-toe style—but not too exaggerated.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Heath, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Wedding rings for men

THE current craze of exchanging wedding rings seems to be increasing and it is to be deplored—especially for Australian men, most of whom have rather broad hefty hands on which a ring looks awful.

£1/1/- to Jan Ireland, East Kew, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I AM an occasional amateur sandwich-cutter, helping out with school lunches if necessary.

This experience has enabled me to appreciate the skill of the professionals in the sandwich shops.

In sandwich-cutting, as in piano-playing and boxing, the pros leave the amateurs far behind.

Yesterday I was watching Mary, ace cutter of the Elite Sandwich Bar near my office. Mary once set a record of six corn beef sandwiches (with mustard) cut and wrapped in three minutes.

Her butter-spreading is a treat to watch.

She has butter ready that is just soft enough, and she sets up the bread for three or four sandwiches at once. Then she spreads with swift forehand and backhand strokes. Her technique is like that of a master housepainter.

Certain types of sandwiches, such as salad ones, are a test of skill. They separate the women from the girls, so to speak.

To make a salad sandwich, the cutter has to take separate dabs of lettuce, beetroot, onion, etc., and

THE EXPERT

stack them on the bread so they don't stick out at the side.

Mary excels at this. She makes lightning grabs with a pair of tongs, never taking too little or too much.

At the same time she carries on a lively conversation with the office girls who are her chief customers. "No onion for you, Yvonne? Going



out tonight, dear?" "I haven't put much butter on this, Maureen. It's my slimming special."

To compare Mary's sandwich-cutting with mine is like comparing Joan Sutherland's voice with that of an unplaced competitor at the Sydney Eisteddfod.

Helpless men

OBVIOUSLY "Helpful Helpmate" (Tas.), whose husband is so helpless he leaves her to wash his shaving-brush each morning, does not believe in labors of love. I have been performing these tasks of washing shaving-brushes and razors for my husband for 35 years, and lately for my sons. After all it takes only five minutes.

£1/1/- to "Razor's Edge" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

I FEEL sorry for "Helpful Helpmate." I know what it is to have to do everything for a husband. I think you should just leave his shaving-brush as it is. Then he will have some fun trying to get it clean so that he can shave in time for work. If he is late and gets into trouble it will be a lesson.

£1/1/- to N. Legg, Fremantle, W.A.

NO wonder, "Helpful Helpmate," that your husband is extremely helpless if you rinse and put away his shaving-brush. It is time you realised that you are making him helpless.

£1/1/- to "Blue Bell" (name supplied), Ulverstone, Tas.

WHILE I don't believe that you should pick up after your husband or clean shaving-brushes, I think it is just as well to be tolerant. It is when a husband is no longer there that one realises how rewarding it is to clean up a bit of untidiness.

£1/1/- to "Widow" (name supplied), Wonthaggi, Vic.

MY husband had a mother who always picked up after him and he expected me to do the same. I finally put my foot down about scattered clothes. Next day, none of his clothes was to be seen—until I discovered them, regardless of condition, dumped in the dirty-linen basket. I'm afraid if husbands haven't been trained NOT to be helpless before their marriage, wives are fighting a losing battle.

£1/1/- to "Second Mum" (name supplied), Naracoorte, S.A.

WHY not present a helpless husband with a tube of brushless shaving cream?

£1/1/- to R. Lewis, Braddon, Canberra.



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best, use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos—for dry hair, for oily hair, and for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining, beautiful. Trial Sachet 1/6, Bottles 5/11, 8/6..



FOR YOUR CHILDREN, TOO, A SPECIAL SHAMPOO. Breck Children Shampoo is mild and gentle, cannot possibly sting the eyes. Plastic, non-spillable bottle, 8/6.

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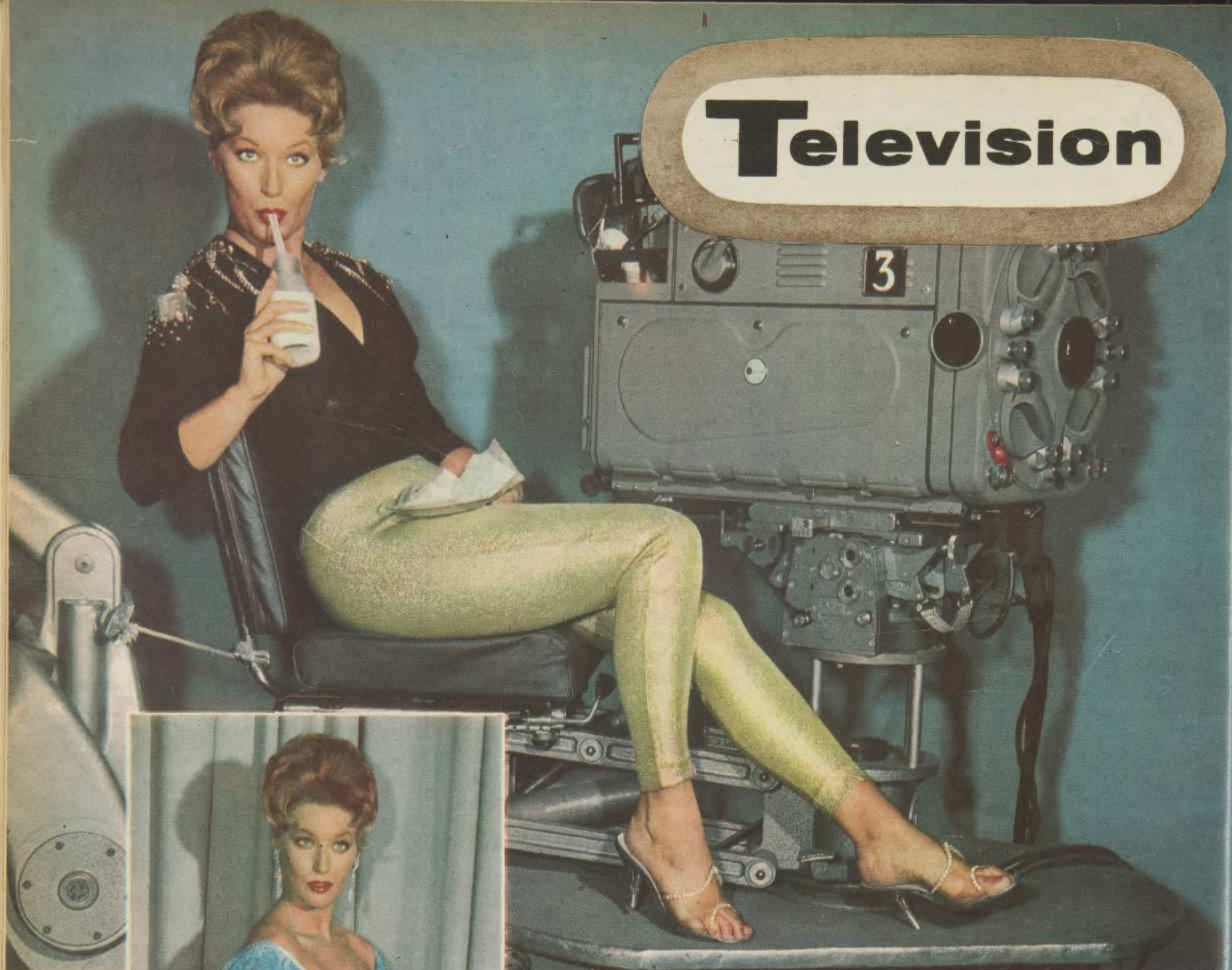
HARD AS NAILS

NEW

from America

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES LOVELY HANDS CAN BE YOURS FOR ONLY 12/6

Television



VIKKI'S 39 GOWNS

● Lovely Vikki Hammond, star of ABC-TV's variety series "Vikki," is chief contender in the "most glamorous variety star" stakes.

● Relaxing between camera calls, Vikki commandeers the seat on the crane camera. She is wearing gold lame stretch slacks and a black jersey top with gold paillettes.

● Slinky fish-tail formal. Vikki wears at left is of turquoise re-embroidered Chantilly lace over lurex of the same shade, striking setting for her blond beauty.

THE Melbourne channel, where this series is being produced, is making sure that their favorite faces the public beautifully wrapped.

So Vikki will be wearing no fewer than 39 different gowns in the 13-week series of half-hour shows, ranging from high fashion full-length gowns to short-skirted little informal frocks for dancing.

Every week, into the bargain, Vikki will wear the gold lame stretch slacks, with various tops, in which she so pleased viewers' eyes in her "Personally Yours" show on ABC-TV last year.

The slacks are intended as a sort of identification mark for the show.

Producer Fred Maxian believes that in Vikki he has found a winner. He produced the show she did last year for ABC-TV, one in the "Personally Yours" series.

Vikki has had an oddly unfulfilled career in Australian TV so far. An English lass (her fair hair and complexion and her pleasant light high voice bear witness to her birthplace), she was trained for the theatre.

She came to Australia for the Tivoli about three years ago with husband Peter Colville (from whom she is now separated)

and Vic Gordon (who is still working in Melbourne in HSV7's "Happy Show").

After touring Australia for some time the trio were signed up by HSV7 for their national show "Top of the Town." When that series folded Vikki was seen in comedy spots in "Merry-Go-Round," another of 7's variety shows. It, too, died an early death.

When June Finlayson left HSV7's very popular afternoon show, "My Fair Lady," to go to England, Vikki took over as hostess—and was extremely successful. It wasn't her fault that this show went off the air, too.

Nowadays, Vikki appears twice weekly in three States—Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia—in "Daly At Night," the discussion show compered by Jonathan Daly.

In "Vikki"—the TV show—Fred Maxian is making sure viewers see what his attractive star can do in the way of singing and dancing.

She has in the show two pleasant young men as partners—singer Johnny Rohan and singer and dancer Ray Melton.

They are appearing with her every week, but she also has other guests to share the limelight with her.

—MARGARET BERKELEY

SPINE-TINGLING OPERA

By DAWN JAMES

● No one can say the A.B.C. sticks to old favorites in its opera presentations. Georges Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers"—last staged in Sydney about 25 years ago—will be screened by ABN2 this Wednesday, April 3, at 8 p.m.

RECENTLY the A.B.C. held a proud preview of the marathon two-hour production. And while the opera itself lacks the excitement of Bizet's better-known "Carmen," this is indeed a work to view with pride.

I would also advise viewing it with a handy vacuum flask of coffee, or something.

Two hours is a lot of undiluted opera. In fact, I fail to see why there can't be some sort of interval in productions of this type. An audience needs time to catch its breath and collect its thoughts.

You do with "The Pearl Fishers," anyway. Opera rarely makes my spine tingle, but this one did.

Watch for the dulcet and nostalgic Nadir-Leila duet at about 8.45 p.m.

And, especially, for the storm scene that closes the second act. It's packed with pent-up emotion and thunder and lightning; sheer melodrama.

Producer William Sterling has brought life and depth and overwhelming sound to the TV screen.

On the debit side, though, I found the orchestra sometimes far too obtrusive. And for the cast there were some quite distressingly bad camera angles.

To be slightly flippant, I was also distracted by Edward Brayshaw, who mimes the role of Nadir to Raymond McDonald's splendid voice. Mr. Brayshaw looks like Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's twin brother.

His miming is praiseworthy, however, even if he does shut his mouth like a steel trap after "singing" some particularly telling phrase.

As Leila, Rosalind Keene was strikingly good-looking, but to me her voice seemed to have a harsh quality. Among the other principals Ronal Jackson (Zurga) was superb.

So were the sets. Designer Douglas Smith faced some fearsome problems, like creating a sea and a funeral pyre and a temple with hundreds of "carved" figures.

He solved them: the "sea" is a big tank, the funeral pyre is made of fireproof logs ignited by firing troughs of methylated spirit. And the carved figures are made of moulded plastic in a setting—and an opera—that is ingenious and imaginative.

WE'RE supposed to be living in the Space Age. Astronauts and cosmonauts and rockets and things are whizzing round everywhere.

For sheer spacious living, though, I'll take "The Jetsons," ATN7's new cartoon series (Wednesdays, 7 p.m.).

It's produced by Hanna-



ROMANTIC SCENE from ABN2's opera "The Pearl Fishers" shows Leila (Rosalind Keene) and Nadir (Edward Brayshaw).

Barbera Productions, who also make TCN9's Stone Age comedy, "The Flintstones." Their flight into the future is just as funny and just as original.

And how I covet some of the Jetson family's 21st-century inventions. Like the push-button meals, the gadget that whips out of the bathroom wall to coil Jane Jetson's hair in two seconds flat (or bouffant), the rocket cars (even if they only do 2000 m.p.h.).

I just hope some of today's nimble-minded inventors are watching "The Jetsons." And that they're taking notes.

Beverley—a real relief

IN some advance publicity, ABN2's new personality Beverly Bohan was described as a "relief announcer" (she's presentation announcing on Sunday nights only).

As a matter of fact, it was an apt description. Although not, perhaps, in the sense that was originally intended.

But Mrs. Bohan is a relief. She possesses an unusual, low-pitched voice; the most pleasantly interesting I have heard on TV.

And, since she manages to sit still, she is restful (as well as attractive) to look at.

Her "still" quality, however, must not be permitted to develop into an unbending staidness. Mrs. Bohan could—and will, I hope—relax a little more. She could also do something to soften her rather severe hair-style.

Judging by first appearances, though, Beverly Bohan is a definite acquisition. It would be a relief to see her more often.

REMEMBER the beetling-browed American actor Leonard Stone? He played the Luther Billis role in "South Pacific" when it was staged here about nine years ago.

Mr. Stone is doing well on TV these days. In the past few weeks I've seen him in "Perry Mason" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.)—as a think-big embezzler who dabbled in murder—and in "The Real McCoys" (TCN9, Thursdays, 7 p.m.).

In the latter he was a dis-trait Army captain whose men accidentally destroyed the McCoy chicken coop, and whose take-your-mind-off-it jokes ("when I first saw a cow, I didn't believe it") got a very poor reception from Grampa (Walter Brennan).

In each role Mr. Stone was suitably (a) nasty, and (b) insane. But, all the time, I couldn't help thinking about that mad scene of his in "South Pacific."

You know, when Luther Billis waggled his diaphragm so the ship tattooed there rocked eerily from side to side?

Promotion for "Top Cat"

FOR some time I have felt slightly peevish with TCN9. Because they screened the Runyon-type cartoon series "Top Cat" at 6 p.m. on weekdays, when I can't see it.

No more, though. TCN9 have considerably moved "Top Cat" to 6 p.m. on Sundays, making way for a new weekday adventure series for the kids.

It's called "Law of the Plainsman" (Monday to Friday, 6 p.m.) and is about the adventures of a U.S. Marshal who is also an Apache.

Hospital as it really is

IN the "Project '63" series (TCN9, Mondays, about 10.30 p.m.), the "Emergency Ward" film was a thoughtful excursion into routine life at New York's Bellevue Hospital.

The cameras followed a young intern, Dr. Marten Mulder, who works 36 hours, then has eight hours off, and gets paid 40 cents an hour (about A4/-).

They had to be agile cameras, because Dr. Mulder gets plenty of exercise racing along the lengthy hospital corridors to answer a call.

"Emergency Ward" was a satisfying documentary. After Drs. Kildare and Casey it was a reminder that all doctors are not brightly assured and that they do, sometimes, have to fumble for the right word.

There were light moments, when the actors had a few moments to relax. And there were down-to-earth moments, like Dr. Mulder's dismayed, "Gee, I can't get the needle in!" when he was trying to do a spinal tap.

But "Emergency Ward" was not a lighthearted film. In the background there was often the heartbroken sound of children crying; the patients were obviously real people, suffering real pain.

That was the point. It was all real. And it turned TV medicine back into a human science—for an hour, at least.

Frivolous note: the Bellevue nurses wear the maddest, most elegant little caps. They're like miniature upturned flower-pots. And they seem to be made of stiffened pleated organdie.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★★ THE ISLAND

This is a connoisseur's film.

The acting and photography are artistic and beautiful, and portray the grim daily struggle of a Japanese peasant, his wife, and two sons to wrest a bare living from their island home, a short distance from the Japanese mainland.

The film is silent—no dialogue, no subtitles—save for a haunting theme tune, and the occasional cries and shouts of the family in laughter and sorrow.

But the eloquence of the facial expressions and actions of the cast makes sound superfluous.—Palace, Sydney. In a word... ARTISTIC.

The rough-riders

WILL all rodeo fans please stay seated? Next Sunday, April 7, at 4.30 p.m., TCN9 will screen one hour of entertainment that's action, action all the way.

The Channel 9 cameras will record, on videotape, all Saturday night's Australasian championship rodeo events at the Royal Easter Show.

Then—and instead of presenting a live telecast—they plan to edit the tapes into one hour of the best and most exciting rodeo in Australia.

There'll be buck-jumping and steer-riding, bare-back riding, bull-dogging, and wild bullock races. It'll be just like having the Wild West—Australia's Wild West, that is—on your doorstep.

And on Saturday, April 6, at 2 p.m., there will be an hour's live telecast of equestrian events from the Show.

WHEN you disagree with someone about something, you might exclaim: "Oh (whatever-it-was), my foot!" Well, if you do—don't.

On "Dr. Kildare" (ABN2, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.) they were discussing infectious diseases. Dr. Kildare (Dick Chamberlain) remarked that one of them was in the "big league."

Another doctor (Tom Tryon) looked cross. "Big league, my right fibula!" he snapped.

So there you are. Proof. They made no bones about it: "my foot" is an out-of-date exclamation.

JILTED

This silly piece of melodrama is based on a story by Erskine ("God's Little Acre") Caldwell, and tells how a teenage girl, played by Diane McBain, becomes the naughtiest girl in town after her first beau jilts her.

She has one unsavory affair after another to appease her disappointment. But before the film is halfway through one just ceases to care what happens to this nasty little girl. Only piece of worthwhile acting comes from Arthur Kennedy, as her "pore white" farmer father.—Egmont, Sydney.

In a word... SEEDY.

GLADYS COOPER has been signed to play the role of the new Mrs. Higgins in the film of "My Fair Lady." Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison are the stars.

Here's variety to tempt the whole family!



serve HANSEN'S JUNKET PLAIN OR 5 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

Pineapple
Strawberry
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NO COOKING... NO BEATING

Junket, being a milk-based food, contains all the goodness of milk... a variety of nutrients necessary for a balanced diet in an attractive form.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS



READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 10, 1963

Page 19



TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

Mamma once said . . . "Sometimes it's awfully hard to be a father. Sooner than you think, April (that's my nine-year-old daughter) will be going out on dates, and as head (?) of the household it will be your job to meet her boy-friends. And, if you are like every other father in the world, none of the boys she chooses will be good enough for her. Every boy you meet will have something wrong with him. He just isn't the type to marry your daughter. And when she does find her intended you will be horrified at her choice. You will shake hands dumbly. And go off somewhere in a corner and say to yourself, 'And I thought she was an intelligent girl. How could she fall in love with such an idiot. What in the world is the younger generation coming to?' . . . But isn't it strange? . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL? Fathers give daughters away to other men who aren't good enough for them, so they can have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's . . .



Severe pain demands Codis

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain demands an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including an approved measure of codeine. It is *not* recommended for daily use except under

the supervision of your doctor, but may be taken for those severe pains which occur periodically. Remember, *any* pain which persists requires proper medical attention, and the sensible course is to ask the advice of your physician, who may well prescribe Codis.

Codis is available *only* from your Chemist.



DID YOU KNOW?

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN, star of "Dr. Kildare," gets 1000 fan letters a day at M.G.M. studios, where the series is filmed. That's more fan mail than anyone got on the M.G.M. lot since the heyday of Clark Gable.

DINA MERRILL, seen as Raymond Massey's daughter last season on "Dr. Kildare," is slated for an upcoming episode of "The Eleventh Hour," psychiatric drama with Wendell Corey.

FRANK SINATRA will soon make his television debut as a dramatic actor on a segment of the "Sam Benedict" series. Regulars Edmund O'Brien and Richard Rust appear alongside Frankie in the episode "More Seldom Than A Wave Is Wet." American TV dramas are currently going in for offbeat titles, but this must be the wettest ever.

MEANWHILE, Frank Sinatra, jun., made his television singing debut recently in the "Jack Benny Show." He's also scheduled for a dramatic role in an upcoming "Sam Benedict" episode.

HUNGARY is doing business with Hollywood now. The first American television series to penetrate the Iron Curtain is the cartoon show "The Islanders."

SHEILA HANCOCK, known to millions of viewers as Carol of "The Rag Trade," has been judged "Stage Actress of the Year" by the Variety Club of Great Britain. The award is for her performance in the current West End comedy "Rattle of a Simple Man," where she plays a girl of easy virtue but warm heart. Sheila left "The Rag Trade" last year because she was afraid of getting "typed" to one kind of part for ever. Her breakaway has paid off twice over. Following her stage award, she got her first serious leading part in a BBC-TV play, "June Fall," as a dowdy, lonely typist looking for happiness through a marriage bureau.

WALT DISNEY is preparing a two-part television version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped."

ELEANOR POWELL, who must have danced over every inch of the M.G.M. lot (short of Louis Mayer's bald head) in her time, appeared as a guest on the "Perry Como Show." Although now in her 50s, critics said she was dancing better than ever — and the slimmest, most beautiful quinquagenarian in sight. It was at the insistence of her grown-up son that she made her comeback when her marriage to Glenn Ford failed.

FRANKIE AVALON, top pop favorite, will try his hand at dramatic acting in N.B.C.'s "The Eleventh Hour" series. The 21-year-old singer will play a dope addict in "A Tumble from a High White Horse."

A NEW winner in English TV is a five-minute programme run in collaboration with Scotland Yard to help people help the police. The programme, "Police Five," gives the latest news from Scotland Yard on robberies, murders, missing people, traffic information, warnings on drugs and explosives, and advice on protecting property.

If important news comes in while the programme is on the air it can be given out immediately. One result recently was that viewers helped the police to identify valuable stolen china immediately. Another result was that the programme headed the Top Ten serious programmes in London and the Midlands, and is now being shown by northern and south-eastern companies in collaboration with their local police.

Television

**Trail boss
wants an . . .**

ISLAND IN THE SUN

● "Rawhide's" tough trail boss, Gil Favor (Eric Fleming), wants to get away from it all when the series is over.

HE plans to buy a South Sea island and live on it.

In the break before the filming of the current new series of "Rawhide," Fleming made a tour of the South Pacific, looking over likely islands.

Fleming (at right, looking his toughest in his trail-boss get-up) has been in the "Rawhide" saddle for five years, expects to be there for another three.

Then it's off to that island in the sun — as far away as possible from the prairies of the cattle drive.

Fleming also used the series break to polish up scripts he has written for his own show and for "Ben Casey" and "Bonanza." All three have accepted his scripts for future episodes.

Gil Favor's chief lieutenant, Rowdy Yates, of the feminine appeal (Clint Eastwood, at left, made use of the series break to follow other TV stars — Vincent ("Ben Casey") Edwards, Richard ("Dr. Kildare") Chamberlain, and the "Bonanza" boys—into the discarding business.

Clint, who has a pleasant singing voice, signed a contract with the Cameo-Parkway, which also records Bobby Rydell and Chubby Checker.

Clint also managed to make time in the series break for a public-appearance tour of Japan.

To his surprise he was mobbed at Tokyo airport, and, later, showered with gifts.

Said Clint: "It was like Christmas — the kind of Christmas I dreamed about as a kid.

"But it was the attitude of the Japanese people that interested me most.

"They seem to have a great admiration for American know-how — in acting as well as in every other field — and that interest is beginning to pay off in their own TV productions."

One of the Japanese gifts Clint shipped home was a motor-cycle.

When it arrived, after he got home, he couldn't wait to try it out.

He tried it — out and over.

Something happened on a curve, and a lady who was minding her own business in her living-room was surprised to see a body (Clint's) go sailing past her picture window, pursued by a riderless motor-cycle, across 30ft. of freshly mown lawn.

"I wasn't hurt," said Clint, "but there have been a lot of smart remarks made about that little episode."



Stars because they do their homework

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Common factor in the careers of TV personalities who have succeeded in the business and stayed successful could be summed up in four simple words—"They did their homework."

THIS is the opinion of a well-known television executive in Melbourne who has for seven years watched over the growing pains of numerous TV stars and been in at the demise of many more.

"It's impossible," he says, "for any personality to last on television unless he has the integrity of a bank manager and the ability to apply himself rigidly to his homework."

"And the fellow who comes in front of the camera with the right degree of confidence because he has done his homework is never caught off balance."

He was, of course, using the word "homework" in its widest sense. The top TV star has to live for his job.

Both Graham Kennedy and Tommy Hanlon provide good examples of the way a TV star works off-camera, realising the responsibility he has to himself, his studio, and to his audience, to improve himself in every way.

As Graham Kennedy himself said recently on "In Melbourne Tonight" he has, in fact, grown up on-camera.

His viewers have seen him mature from 22 to 29 in the glare of the lights and constant publicity.

What they haven't seen is the behind-the-scenes effort which has made him the polished compere he is today.

For one thing, Graham has learnt to read—read worthwhile books—since he came to television. He has fallen into the habit of reading at bedtime every night and owns quite a considerable library.

This year, too, he has taken to keeping a couple of dictionaries on his IMT desk and every night he appears he, his studio audience, and his viewers learn a new word.

It all started with a suggestion made to Graham some time ago and which he decided to put into practice after seeing in New York recently what capital Jack Paar made with a similar idea.

Both he and Tommy Hanlon study to improve their television techniques.



● Graham Kennedy spends much leisure time reading serious books, a habit he has developed in the almost seven years he has been in TV.

Tommy watches "It Could Be You!" every afternoon at 3 o'clock (it is videotaped beforehand), and nothing, but nothing, will interrupt this routine. Whether he's at home, in the studio, or even in an important conference, Tommy has his daily post-mortem.

This self-inspection must not be mistaken for vanity. Tommy is watching the effect of every move he makes, every word he says. He learns from experience.

Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake are demons for perfection. I watched them once in Melbourne taping a comedy spot. Immediately they finished "live," they rushed to the control-room to watch the tape running through. It finished. Dawn shook her head, not satisfied. It didn't feel right, she said. So they did the whole thing again.

Dawn's a worrier

Dawn's "homework" is her biggest problem. She's a worrier by nature and never really forgets her work.

No wonder, off-camera, she walks round with a frown on her face, miles away.

The TV executive pointed to the Charlton brothers, international affairs commentator Michael on ABN2 and sports commentator Tony on GTV9, as fine examples of his thesis.

Their appearances on-camera are only the final stages of their work. To do their jobs properly they have to think about them all the

time... there's no "time off."

Television, the TV executive believes, is of such importance in our daily lives that it can't be ignored by any section of the community, not even in the seats of learning.

He is so sure of this that he has friends on the Melbourne University staff acting as unofficial talent-spotters.

And if this hypothetical university student did come along, he wouldn't just walk in front of the cameras as he might have done six years ago.

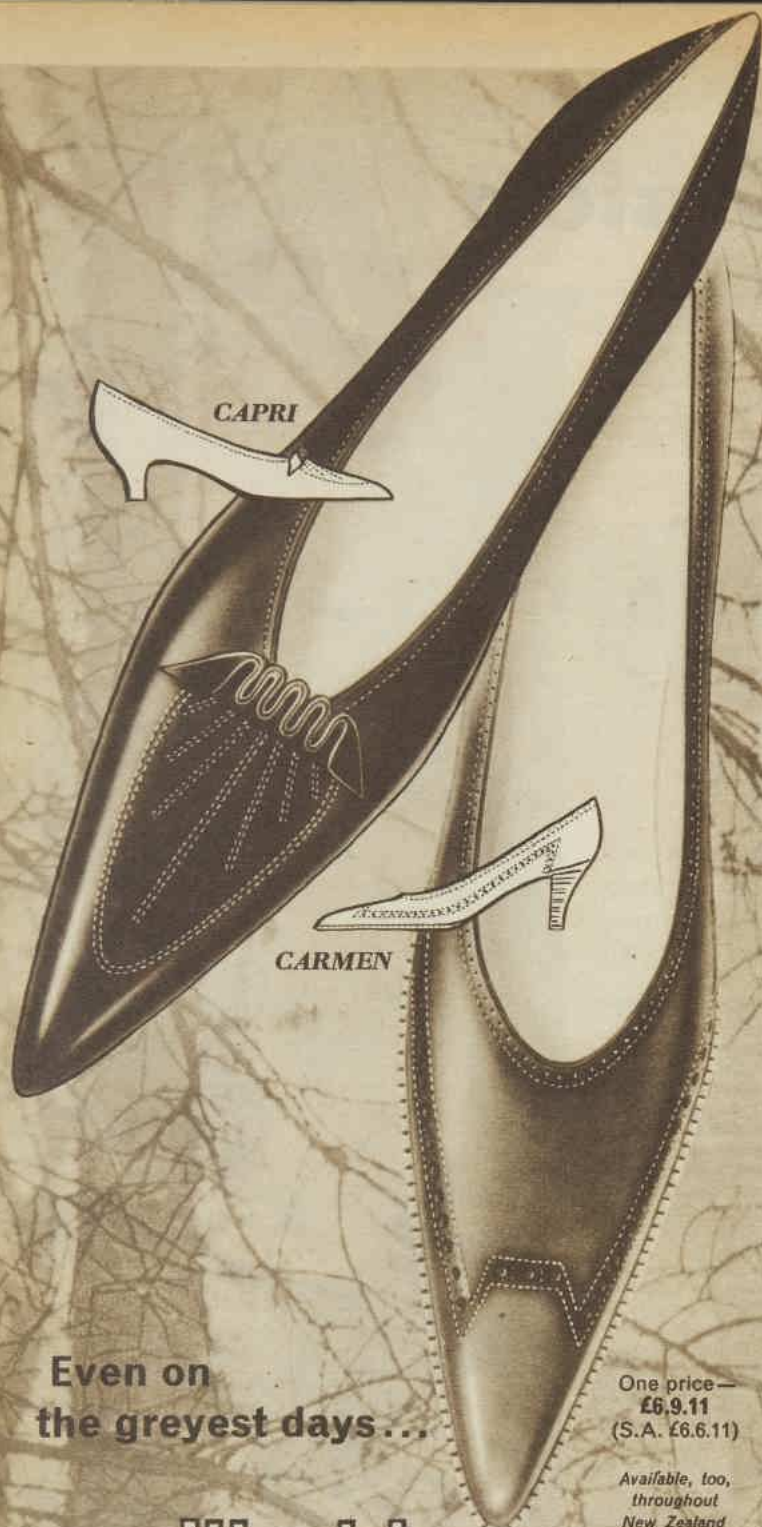
No. First he'd serve an apprenticeship on a country radio station for a few years—a procedure guaranteed to knock some of the stars out of his eyes.

In the past television channels have often nursed along young hopefuls and turned them into stars, giving them experience as they try them out on the public and letting the public see them improve. There's little chance of that now.

Take one of the possible TV stars of the future, Tony Madigan, former Olympic fighter.

Channel 9 Melbourne has its eye on him and is actually paying for Tony to attend drama school, but there are no guarantees, no contracts.

If he makes it and reaps the rich rewards TV can offer both in personal satisfaction and in cash, he'll find he can't stop there. In fact, he can never stop. It'll be work, work, work all the way.



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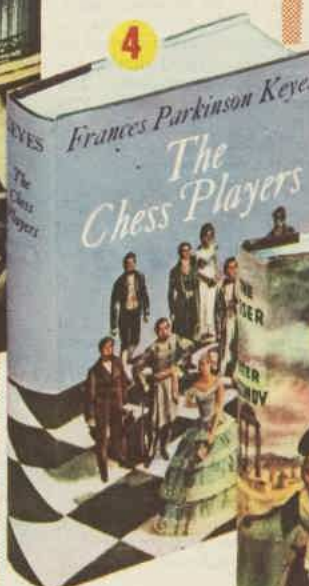


Return to Peyton Place describes what happened when Allison Mackenzie writes a frank, earthy novel about people and events in her home town—a novel which becomes like Peyton Place) a world best-seller and is made into a major Hollywood film. Nobody who has followed the extraordinary course of Grace Metalious' own life will doubt that the picture she draws of Allison's experiences in New York and Hollywood, and of the effect of her book on the other Peyton Places, has an accuracy which is perhaps unequalled in novels of this kind. This book, bookshop price 20/-, can be yours free, when you join any one of Foyles Book Clubs.



Against a background of true history, subtle intrigue, sudden violence, terrorism, blackmail and suspense there develops the bitter-sweet romance between the brilliant young de Quency and the beautiful Condessa Gula, the wife of a friend he loves and honours. Their frustrated passion leads to a denouement that rivals in surprise and breathtaking effect the outcome of his vendetta against the anarchists. This book, bookshop price 22/6, can be yours free, when you join any one of Foyles Book Clubs.

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This is the story of Hans Winterschild, a man who was well trained for death but not for life, and to whom glimmers of this truth came too late; a figure very much of our time. The Loser moves across the map of war-torn Europe and embraces a cosmopolitan cast. Its main setting is war, but its deep concern is peace. It is by turns extravagantly funny and grimly serious. Nurtured on the rhetoric of his father, a soldier of the old school, and prodded forward by his brother-in-law, a storm trooper, Hans becomes a hard-boiled little monster created by the Nazi regime and confirmed in his monstrosity by service in the Polish and Russian campaigns. At the Italian front he meets Teresa, at this point he begins to unfreeze. This book, bookshop price 20/-, can be yours free, when you join any one of Foyles Book Clubs.



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● So you want to make a career as a secretary — and why not? A top-line secretary is a very important person. She is her boss' right hand and the ruler of his office. She may gain a fascinating insight into the world of big business, and travel the world in her job. But it's a tough climb from junior stenographer to the plum salary at the top of the tree — and you must start climbing with the right foot. This article tells you how.

● *Just what is a secretary?*

ONE definition is "one employed to write." This is basically true, but a secretary today has a far wider range of duties, and perhaps a better definition is "one employed to communicate."

For when a secretary is not writing shorthand or typing letters, she is usually communicating in some way, either on the telephone or in person.

Telephones, teleprinters, duplicators, dictaphones—all these are the tools of a secretary, and they are all means of business communication.

Fashion houses, cosmetic firms, modelling schools, and Hollywood films have created a popular conception of the modern secretary as the smartly dressed young woman whose special skills are those of applying make-up, wearing the latest fashions, and walking into a room gracefully.

These skills are undoubted assets, but, unfortunately, over-emphasis on them has misled girls into thinking that it is glamor, and not office skills, which makes the perfect secretary.

All men enjoy feminine beauty, but few will endanger their business by employing or promoting beauty without brains.

The torments of typing

So it is look your best, by all means, but know your job also.

And what is the job a secretary must know?

First of all, she must know the mechanical side of her work: how to type, telephone, duplicate.

Secondly, she must understand the purpose of the letters she types, the phone calls she makes, and the price lists she duplicates.

Thirdly, since all communicating is based on language, she must know the language.

She must know how to use words, how to pronounce and spell them, and how to punctuate — to say nothing of translating words into shorthand symbols and retranslating them into typed copy.

Business transactions flow from the accurate and speedy transmissions of ideas and information between business houses, and quite often the people responsible for these transmissions are the secretaries.

A secretary must also have the intelligence, organising ability, and personality to handle not just the machines but the people transmitting and receiving the communications.

Do you have all these abilities? Let's check them off, one by one.

WHATEVER other qualifications a secretary may or may not have, she must be able to type.

Now, anyone can roll a sheet of paper into a typewriter and, with eyes on the keyboard, can punch out letters with one or two fingers.

But that is not typing.

If a typist had to look for each single key every time, the process would be so slow and uneconomical that handwriting would take over again.

Fast typing is only possible by touch-typing, and touch-typing is only possible because of the wonderful ability of the human body to develop habitual reflex actions.

The position of every key on a typewriter has to be memorised thoroughly, every

finger has to be trained to hit just its own set of keys without any conscious effort; so that the very sound or sight of a word immediately causes the right fingers to spring into action on the right keys.

The real touch-typist not only combines speed with accuracy, but works at an even rhythm. Destroy her rhythm and you will destroy her speed and accuracy.

Yet rhythmic typing demands considerable control of mind and body.

Under stress, the typist loses control of her fingers and her thoughts.

What is more, this situation creates a vicious circle. Anxiety creates typing errors and the typing errors increase anxiety.

Have you never had the experience of typing a long report speedily and accurately until the last few pages, then having some V.I.P. rush out and remind you that the deadline is 20 minutes hence?

Even though there is less than 20 minutes' typing left, you panic.

Frantically, you try to increase speed. Your concentration is disturbed by the interruption. Your emotions are disturbed by the fear of failure. Your typing rhythm becomes uneven, your speed spasmodic. The wrong keys start hitting the ribbon. You erase, you overtype.

Your confidence fades, your control ceases. You fail to meet the deadline.

Where did you go wrong?

Basically it was an emotional error. You lost control of your typewriter the moment you allowed your emotions to take control of you.

Actually there is no need to get to "breaking point" stage.

If, at the end of a heavy day, you find yourself losing speed, rhythm, and accuracy, stop typing.

Get up and walk right away from your machine. Have a drink of tea, a cigarette, a short chat (but not about your work).

Think of something different, something relaxing.

Then go back to your typewriter.

Be confident, as your fingers go back to the keyboard, that you can control yourself, your thoughts, and your typewriter.

Relax, girl, relax, and good typing is yours.

... and shorthand

I'm assuming, of course, that you are a touch-typist. For the girl who has neglected her touch-typing and who types her boss' letters with both eyes glued to the keyboard and any old finger banging at any old key in any old rhythm, there's only one way—and believe me it's hard.

She has to "unlearn" her present habits and start again, laboriously, from scratch.

Too hard, she says. Well, that's all right—so long as she doesn't want to become a typist—let alone a secretary.

Now, a word or two about handling a typewriter.

Pre-war typewriters, while they were usually good strong machines, were heavy to work and lift, noisy, and not particularly attractive.

These days typewriters have become quieter, speedier, and more streamlined.

However, they are also more sensitive and have more parts to "go wrong."

But many breakdowns are caused by the typist, her most common crime being failure to keep the machine clean.

Sensitively sprung keys can become completely incapacitated with fine dust, and the cover of a typewriter should NEVER be left off overnight.

Added to this is the criminal habit of erasing a wrong letter over the keys so that the fine rubber dust falls straight into the machine.

The typist should "swing" the carriage before erasing, so that all rubber dust falls on to the desk and not into the machine.

Over a period a typewriter develops some of the characteristics of the person who operates it. Especially is this so with the touch.

A typist with a light touch may try to type on a machine which has been operated by a person with a much heavier touch.

The machine may "jump" — in other words, the keys will not always respond to the light-fingered typist enough actually to hit the ribbon against the paper, and spaces will occur in the middle of words, or letters be left out.

Modern machines cater for this with their adjustable touch regulator and it is important for typists to evaluate their own particular touch to get the best results from their machines.

Let us now consider the origin of typed correspondence—those funny, bamboozling, and often frustrating little signs called shorthand.

MOST young girls at business colleges start by learning typing and shorthand.

But as typing is by far the easiest and quickest to learn, many students, anxious to begin their business careers, forsake shorthand and launch out as copy typists.

Alas and alack, they live to rue their impatience! And so do the business houses who are continually advertising for competent stenographers.

What is it about Mr. Pitman's brilliant invention that is so distasteful? After all, he simply evolved a method of recording language with small strokes, curves, hooks, and circles, placed on, above, or below lines at certain angles or upright, at heavy or light pressure.

Quite simple, really—when you know how.

But the know-how is achieved in the same way as touch-typing: First, memorising



● You see the girl ringed. She is the boss' secretary, the girl who took the trouble to master both the mechanical and psychological snags of the job. Others obey her.

certainly, if she has written it correctly and clearly, she will be able to read it back.

But a stenographer writing at maximum speed can easily omit a word, write it illegibly, or—most common error—if unable to remember an outline, she will invent one.

That would be all right, but too often she will forget the outline she has invented.

This can be remedied with the assistance of the person who dictated the letter, but the inventive stenographer is often afraid to admit she has made a mistake, so covers it up with another mistake—she invents an entirely different word from that dictated.

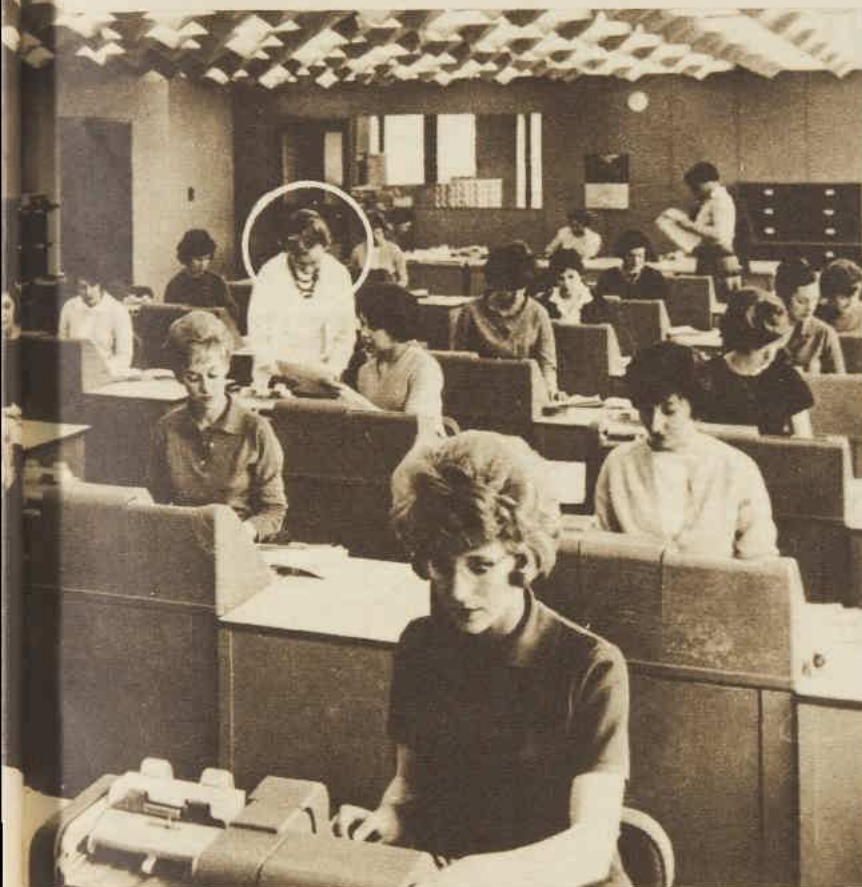
"Find me," said a business executive recently, "just one stenographer who will type back exactly what I dictate."

WITH the two basic abilities, accurate touch-typing and fast, legible shorthand, the stenographer-typist may become a good secretary—or she may not.

The typed letter which she places on the boss' desk may be a perfect transcription of what he dictated, with no typing errors.

HOW TO BE A CAREER SECRETARY

By Joan Clarke



fervor, correct those grammatical errors tactfully, gently, and without destroying the fresh, individual touch he wanted.

There are no nice, comfortable, reliable rules on just how far to correct the boss' grammar. It's just one of those crucial points which have to be left to the typist's instinct—feminine intuition, if you like.

But the thin line which divides the right from the wrong in these corrections also divides the real secretary from an ordinary typist-stenographer.

Allied with grammar, of course, is punctuation.

Beware, especially, of those tiny, innocent little tails called "commas."

A comma too many or too few can dangerously change the meaning of a sentence.

Supposing someone dictates to you: "As we advised you yesterday we bought the shares."

But the man receiving your typed letter is depending upon your knowledge of punctuation to clarify what is meant.

If the meaning is "we advised you yesterday," the sentence should be punctuated: "As we advised you yesterday, we bought the shares," but should you put a comma before the word "yesterday," then you are stating that it was "yesterday we bought the shares," which may not be true.

and attractive, and easy to read. And a real secretary must be a thinking, creative typist.

A SECRETARY should understand business organisation, and be able to undertake any of the routine jobs in any business office.

These are pretty numerous. Telephoning, filing, mailing, duplicating, invoicing, and banking are but a few.

Of course, in these days of large departmentalised offices with specialised workers, private secretaries are able to hand out such jobs as producing a circular, stamping the mail, booking a trunk call, or filing the boss' correspondence, but that does not exonerate her from knowing how to do all these things.

Anyway, in a small office, or in an emergency, she may have to do them all.

That is why the best private secretaries today are those who have "come up the hard way"—started as messenger-girl, perhaps, and learned all these things in practice.

It is also why some of the younger girls who have in recent years stepped straight out of business college into secretarial positions would find it difficult to hold down their jobs if business slumped and staff had to be cut.

Conferences, cocktails

If you don't put the comma in at all, or if you put in two commas, one before "yesterday" and one after, the sentence is ambiguous.

Hence the importance of correct punctuation.

Now let us discuss the layout, or appearance, of typed letters.

Again, there are no hard and fast rules (although there are some handy guides), but here the good typist will use imagination to produce attractive work.

A certain formal standard has been adopted over the years for the basic layout.

Nearly every typist is familiar with this format: the date goes somewhere in the top right-hand corner; the name and address goes against the left-hand margin; there is double spacing between paragraphs; the words "Yours faithfully" finish somewhere near the right-hand margin.

There are many other points in any good typing manual; but my point is that the typist can follow all of them yet produce a letter which is unbalanced, untidy, and thoroughly irritating to read, even though it may be well phrased and correctly spelt.

The very basis of every business is to sell, and to sell on a tough and highly competitive market, and the most widely used method of approach to a customer is the ordinary business letter.

Whether that letter brings a positive reply or goes into a waste-paper basket often depends on the typist's skill. Such is the importance of "layout."

There's only one way to tackle the problem, and that's the way the good secretary approaches all her work. She thinks about it.

Before transcribing any letter on a typewriter, a secretary considers the size of the letter and letterhead, and how many paragraphs there are.

Will the letter finish with a personal signature, or will the name and formal position of the dictator be typed beneath the signature?

Will there be sub-headings?

Experience and imagination should enable the typist to visualise the finished letter. Then, and only then, will she know what margins to use, whether to single or double space, to indent or to block the paragraphs.

The thinking, creative typist will get the best possible results—her letter will be clean

Many of these glamorous young secretaries don't know how to phone through a telegram, weigh and stamp overseas letters correctly, or type an invoice, let alone create a filing system.

But the girl who really wants to get on will not be too proud or too important to learn all these things. Any woman of average intelligence can master them.

However, top-line secretaries must have more than average ability as organisers.

In fact, one could state that a secretary can type her way so far up the ladder of success, but only good organisation and personality will carry her to the very top.

It's a hard, tough climb, and fast shorthand, good typing, and a knowledge of filing, etc., simply wouldn't see out the distance.

NOW, there is no mystery about good organising. It is simply knowing what is to be done, and how to do it.

The organising tasks of a secretary, outside her general office routine, may be anything from arranging a small meeting to a large convention, from a cocktail party to a sales itinerary.

Behind every successful conference, business trip, or sales campaign is at least one very good secretary, the person who remembered all the details, big and little—hotel reservations, air tickets, invitations, Press notices, and extra cups for afternoon tea.

A secretary will receive instructions about her task, and if she is new to the job they will be fairly detailed.

However, if she has already organised something similar before, experience will teach her what is needed—the experience of both what was done previously and what was not done.

There are times when a special campaign or event has to be arranged which is beyond the experience of both the secretary and her firm.

Then it is that one of the most important characteristics of a good organiser is needed—imagination.

A secretary should be able to imagine the detailed sequence of developments in a campaign, to envisage all possible requirements, and so be able to prepare in advance.

Take a simple example. The new secre-

Continued overleaf.

But it may still be inadequate as a business letter.

Why? The reason could be any one of three: her lack of knowledge in spelling, grammar, or layout.

Let's take the first: spelling. Even if she doesn't know how to spell certain words, she should at least know how to use a dictionary.

If a telephone book or an office file does not give the spelling of an addressee's name, then she should interrupt the dictator himself to assist her.

As any good businessman knows, and any good secretary knows, you have far better chances of doing business with a man who

What they say may sound very well as speech, but on paper (unless the typist is able to correct them) there may be glaring errors.

Many dictators are even more ignorant of the rules of syntax than their erring stenographers, so they won't notice the errors.

But that does not say that the recipients of these clumsily expressed letters will not notice them, and even be irritated by them, thus ruining the purpose of the letters.

On the other hand, many businessmen will be unconscious of their grammatical errors during dictation, but once they see them in print they will be annoyed with their typists for not correcting them.

The boss' grammar

spells his name "S-T-U-A-R-T" if you don't address him as "Dear Mr. STEWART."

Now grammar: Why, you may ask, should an accurate stenographer need to know the more delicate theories of English grammar when her job is simply to transcribe sentences dictated to her.

The reason is that few people—and certainly very few businessmen—can dictate perfect English.

A word of warning, however, about being too perfect on the question of grammar.

Individuality is very important in the business world, and it is often expressed by certain clichés or phrases which, although not the best of formal English, are colorful, picturesque, and sometimes more truly expressive of the dictator's thought than "correct" phraseology could be.

Therefore, when transcribing that letter which the boss dictated with such inspired

HOW TO BE A CAREER SECRETARY

THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG THE QUI

Continued from previous page

tary is asked to organise a special all-day conference. She is told the number of participants, the hours, and the type of refreshments. She is given the agenda to prepare.

It's not a difficult task, but if she pauses to envisage the whole thing she will realise a few minor essentials are not covered in the instructions.

For instance, at least one delegate is sure to arrive without a notebook. She should have scrib-

bling pads on the table before the conference begins.

The opening address is scheduled to take forty minutes. The speaker's throat will certainly get dry unless she provides a jug of water.

Just as important as knowing what to do is knowing how to do it.

A good organising secretary will leave nothing to memory. She will write down every small detail and tick it off only when it is done. When she writes down a list of jobs she should also write along-

side each the name of the person delegated to do it.

Only when she is completely satisfied should she tick off the job as DONE.

LET us next consider the "boss."

There's a tradition about bosses which says they are men in the middle age to elderly bracket; superior in knowledge and wisdom; definitely wealthy.

Also (says the tradition), they are eagle-eyed, exacting taskmasters with voices like sergeant-majors.

They are important, respectable, and they are gentlemen.

There are, no doubt, in Australia many traditional bosses, but there are also many, many others who do not fit this pattern.

In fact, there are even some bosses who are women!

The fact is bosses are as varied as human nature itself—prosperous and poor, wise and foolish, honest and crooked.

Any secretary who has moved around in the business world over a period of years will have met all types, and never will she find two bosses the same.

Right from her first interview, a secretary finds it necessary to make

some estimation of the person for whom she will work, and decide whether she can work with him.

If she is slow, quiet, and methodical, his untidy desk and quick, impatient manner may be too nerve-racking to endure.

If she is alive, quick, and enthusiastic, his ponderous speech and clumsy, indecisive manner could be maddening and frustrating after the first week.

But there are few perfect bosses, just as there are few perfect secretaries, so she must decide for herself what type of boss she can manage—for manage him she must, if she is going to manage the job.

Once again, there is no book of rules on how to manage the boss; it's simply a case of trial and error (but not too many errors, or there'll be no further chance for trial).

But having chosen a boss (and having persuaded him to choose her as his new secretary), a secretary must then train him.

Only the boss who has already had a good secretary (and make sure your predecessor left for a good reason, such as to take a world tour, get married, or have a baby) will be a trained boss.

By that is meant a boss who knows how to dictate a letter without putting in every comma, who doesn't try to do his own filing, and who, when leaving the office, remembers to tell his secretary what appointments he has made off his own bat, without consulting her, and when he can be expected back.

If you find yourself working for such a man, then be alert, for undoubtedly he is used to a first-class, reliable secretary, and he will want to go on being used to one.

Bossing the boss

However, bosses being but human, few of them are so perfect that, with tactful handling, they cannot be improved. But before you make any headway you must first convince yours that you are to be relied upon; that you can really organise his appointments, punctuate his letters, and keep his files in order better than he can himself.

As most bosses have experienced careless stenography, forgetful telephonists, and stupid filing, it is only natural that they are doubtful and even mistrustful of a new secretary.

However, the more intelligent are less inclined to underestimate their secretary's ability, whereas the less intelligent ones are more inclined to take the attitude of so many experienced but unsuccessful businessmen: "If I don't do it myself, it won't be done."

Then they wonder why they get ulcers! Or why their secretaries leave them.

Just how does one set out to train a boss?

There are many ways, but only one beginning for the new secretary.

That beginning is to go quietly for the first few weeks, until you have really learned not only your own duties but the duties and methods, besides the temperament and nature, of your boss.

Watch carefully and find out: does he like to keep his fingers on all details, or does he prefer to pass them over to someone else; is he "in" to all callers or does he like to be protected from



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BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE

frivolous interruptions; does he enjoy opening and answering all correspondence, or would he prefer to have only the most important letters brought to his notice, leaving his reliable secretary to answer routine letters?

If you are lucky you will find yourself with a boss who much prefers to concentrate on the "big" aspects of his work, while leaving you the details.

This is the approach of the most successful executives, with the result that their secretaries, having more responsibility than their less fortunate sisters, find their work far more interesting and absorbing.

If you have found such a man for a boss, then spend time and thought on how you can further relieve him of details tactfully, with respect for existing traditions in his office.

The more intelligent and capable he is, the more he will welcome intelligent and new ideas.

However, beware! There are many so-called executives, usually men who have been in the one position for a long time, who have become moulded to the existing machinery of procedure. A new idea, no

them he puts on the office Christmas party; and for them he hires a secretary.

So a secretary must know how to handle clients.

It goes without saying that courtesy and pleasantness are essential characteristics, but clients want more than that. They want to be reminded that they are VIPs.

Therefore, as a good secretary, you will remember that your firm's client Mr. Jones takes two sugars in his tea; that Mr. Brown likes a big ashtray for his pipe; and that Mr. White tends to be very impatient if discussing business with a man who is constantly interrupted by telephone calls. Your boss will do better business with these clients if you remember these small points.

Then there is the prospective client who just might sign up a big deal and so is not to be offended, but who is inclined to think he is the only client, pops into the office every day (especially at morning or afternoon tea-time), and forgets when to leave.

This sort of client is the secretary's problem, not the boss's.

It is the secretary's job to explain tactfully why her boss is unavailable without being obvious in her efforts to "get rid of him."

Romance? forget it

matter how good or how sincere, will only "send them up the wall."

They have reached a certain mental stagnation which will only give way to confusion and chaos if they are asked to change.

They are too old or too frightened to change, especially when there are so many younger and brighter men "on the way up."

New ideas can shake them. They may even feel jealous of the secretary who suggests such ideas.

However, their outward reaction will be to explain that "it's never been done that way" and therefore it won't work.

Frustrating as this might be to an eager young secretary, she should realise that such a boss needs a good secretary more than any other.

He needs someone who will cope with changes for him; someone who will gently and tactfully help him to survive the whirlwind of new ideas from outside.

She must keep his world smooth-running and orderly, but she must make him feel that he is still the boss.

But whatever the shortcomings of a boss, or his secretary, for that matter, there must be mutual respect and co-operation.

Because bosses are usually men and secretaries usually women, the preservation of this relationship is sometimes a precarious business.

The secretary who falls in love with her boss may, or may not, have found herself a husband, but she has very definitely destroyed her position as private secretary.

Marry the boss?

In the same way, the boss who makes advances to his attractive secretary creates a situation wherein sooner or later he must find another secretary.

On the other hand, the secretary who finds herself heaving a sigh of relief when the boss goes out, or who gossips to other staff members about his irritating ways, might as well start looking up "Positions Vacant" there and then.

In spite of the popular concept found in light novels and Hollywood films, "boss and secretary" romances are, in real life, the exception rather than the rule.

Every boss, be he manufacturer or a professional man, runs an office and office staff for one purpose—to facilitate dealings with his clients. Without clients he is without a business, and a man without a business does not require a secretary.

In the business world most clients are other secretaries' bosses, but to your boss and his staff they are VIPs. It is for them that the boss forsakes his ham sandwiches and cup of tea to book a table at "the club"; it is for them that he leaves on his coat when it's over 80 in the shade; for

If a secretary resorts to "white lies" in such a situation, she should tell them convincingly.

Nothing is more obvious than the lie to a telephone caller, "I'm afraid Mr. X is out," after having been told, on asking to speak to Mr. X, "Yes, who is calling, please?"

However, had the caller been told immediately, "Well, I'm not sure if Mr. X is in, but I will check. Who is it calling?" he would have been prepared for the probability that Mr. X is out, without feeling that Mr. X did not wish to speak to him.

The ability to remember voices over the telephone is also very valuable. The client who rings and briefly asks for "Mr. X, please" is pleased and even flattered by the secretary's reply of "Just a moment, Mr. Jones."

But be sure you really do recognise the voice before greeting the caller, as Mr. Jones would probably prefer to remain unidentified than to be called Mr. Brown!

Another way in which a good secretary can assist her boss is by encouraging clients to give their small and routine requests without interrupting "the chief."

This is not always easy, sometimes because callers do not like to negotiate with anyone but "the chief," but often because businessmen will not acknowledge that a secretary (who, after all, is only a woman) can be relied upon in the business world.

This prejudice, one of the biggest obstacles facing women in business, must be slowly and gently broken down by constant courtesy and reliability.

Eventually the secretary will win their confidence, even if she does not completely eliminate their prejudice.

After all, how often do we hear a businessman say to a colleague: "Ring his secretary. She might know. She's pretty efficient for a WOMAN."

But never mind. The day will come. I wonder what sort of secretaries most men would make!

SO much for bosses and clients.

But in most secretarial positions these days there is another very important group of people with whom a secretary must co-operate if she is to succeed.

This group includes all the other members of her boss' staff, from the accountant down to the office boy.

They don't fall into any sort of a pattern—there are the pleasant and the cranky, the bored and the interested, the witty and the worried, the kind and the mean.

But they are all human beings and work-mates—yes, work-mates of the most successful of successful private secretaries.

The letters she so carefully types she

must entrust for posting to the messenger-boy. The clients to whom she must speak on her boss' behalf may have to be telephoned first by the switchgirl. The circular she has so carefully planned may have to be typed by a junior typist. The costs which her boss asks her to type must be taken from the books by the accountant.

She may be the boss' private secretary, but without the help of the rest of the staff she would be nobody.

She must be able to co-operate with people, and ensure that they co-operate with her.

A person's willingness to co-operate is greatly influenced by other people's willingness to grant him status—the status of being someone, who does something, and has ability and responsibility.

Let's take an example: a busy managing director asks his busy secretary to send an interstate client a sample of a new product as quickly as possible.

The secretary could spend quite some minutes herself checking on various methods of delivery—airmail, express post, rail, etc.—and then, having done the job completely, ask a rather bored and disinterested messenger-boy to send it.

However, a secretary who really knows how to get co-operation will first approach the messenger-boy and give him the job of finding out the speediest delivery method.

Perhaps he has to ring the railways or the post office himself, but he has a task, a responsibility, an interest in the matter, and as a result he will be keen to get the sample on its way.

To that messenger-boy the secretary has shown her confidence.

To that secretary the lad will be keen to show his willingness and ability to co-operate on other tasks.

And let other people know that they have importance, not so much by words (especially the flattery clichés such as "You're much better at this than I am, dear, and I know you'd love to help me" touch), but by your actions.

Trust them—really trust them—know that they will do a good job, and they will.

(I can almost hear the doubting readers sigh: "Not our office boy—he's hopeless!" To them I can only say, while ever you expect him to be hopeless, he will be. Just try expecting him to come good, and see for yourself how he does.)

Ability to speak well is a basic need for a good secretary, but let us be clear on what we mean by speaking well.

It has nothing to do with elocution, with accents, with pronunciation in the "fashionable" manner.

Speech should be natural and sincere, and to the point, so that the person spoken to gets the message clearly and pleasantly.

Master your shyness

Shyness is a luxury she cannot afford.

After all, shyness really is preoccupation with one's self—wondering what other people are thinking of one.

Shyness is an embarrassment to other people, and often they will try to avoid seeing it and will not be very receptive to the communications of a shy person.

The only way to get over this shyness is to concentrate on other people and not on your own nervousness.

In the same way, if people bring you some information or message, concentrate on them and what they are saying, not on whether your hair is in place or your lipstick worn off.

And be sure to acknowledge their message; if not in words, at least by a smile.

The secretary who can really communicate and co-operate with other people is an asset to herself and her boss, and helps the general friendliness and co-operativeness of the whole staff.

IS there anything left to say? Yes, I feel there is.

Let's look at a good secretary's appearance.

She does not have to be beautiful, but she does have to be clean, neat, and attractive.

Her amount of make-up, hair-style, and clothes will depend upon her own individual taste—but she will show good taste.

However, assuming that our good secretary has her appearance well under control, let's look at her still more closely. Has she herself well under control?

If she is allowing her thoughts to stray back to last night's date, or forward to what she will wear to the weekend party, she is not controlling herself, and certainly not controlling her work.

What is more, she will become a clock-watcher. Time will drag because she is just waiting for it to pass.

She should organise her personal life so that it doesn't intrude into her working life.

"Officious old maid"

She should discourage friends who call her on the phone during working hours "to chat" and should always limit her own private phone calls.

Emotion is also a factor which must be controlled.

A secretary who is worried about a personal matter and takes that worry to work will soon be even more worried about her own errors and strained relationships in the office.

In fact, it can often result in her worrying about finding another job.

And yet, it must be admitted, private worries are not easily cast off.

However, only when a person quietly and calmly confronts his or her particular problem, and makes a determined decision to do something about it, will he or she find that it is not as bad as it first appeared.

It will cease to be a constant, nagging, distracting worry.

The too-ardent secretary who is completely and utterly devoted to her job, and has no other interests and activities in her life, will probably in time destroy the very job she loves so much, besides destroying her own personality.

She will do this because she has eliminated all other interests and activities in her life; she will lose her friends because her only conversation is her job; she will become intolerant of the activities and interests of people with whom she works, and so will alienate herself from them.

She will probably finish up a domineering, unlikeable, efficient perhaps, but officious old maid.

In contrast is the real career secretary who loves her work and really controls it, just as she controls her personal life, whether it be as a wife and mother, or as one who fills her time with hobbies and friends.

Sufficient rest is necessary for good work, so is sufficient good food, but a couple of nights a week spent at the theatre, the squash club, or just with friends are better than the most expensive course of vitamins.

Learning something new is also a tonic. Many office girls go to evening classes—millinery, cooking, languages, economics, public speaking can begin exciting spare-time hobbies and are invaluable "extras" to a business girl.

One more point which must be remembered by a good secretary—that is, good health.

The busy, enthusiastic person who takes sensible care of his or her body is least likely to succumb to illness.

FINALLY, her salary. While awards govern the rates payable to stenographers in each State, a topline secretary's salary is a matter for arrangement between her and her employer. In a big, prosperous concern, it may well be double a stenographer's pay or even more.

(Condensed from "So You Want To Be A Secretary," by Joan Clarke, to be published soon.)



THE SOUP THAT GAVE A NATION STRENGTH

Boston style Potato Chowder



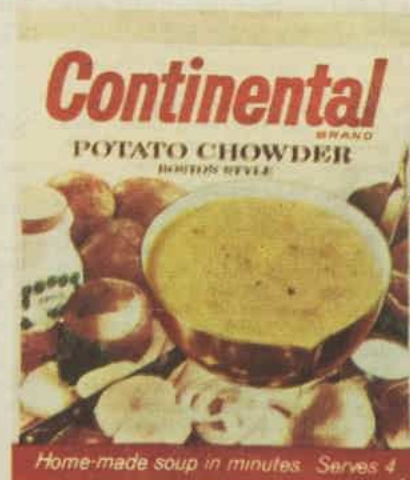
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Continental soup

BRAND



Nosegay for Miss Nellie

A short short story

By DOROTHY
M. ROSE



Carefully Nellie read and re-read the greeting cards, knowing she would cherish them for ever.

THE chart at the foot of the hospital bed listed Nellie Dienst's name, her age (near retirement), admittance date six weeks earlier, her liquid intake for the day, temperature reading of a few hours ago. It didn't begin to tell a thing about her, really.

When the young intern came in, efficiently injected yet one more needle in Nellie's arm, then rubbed the spot with antiseptically moistened cotton, Nellie turned her head to the wall and wept for the first time.

The smell of antiseptic had done it, of course. Smarting in her nostrils it had evoked, instantly, inexplicably, hundreds of little upturned faces, frightened or brave, all blended together now. How many superficial cuts and scratches on elbows, knees, and knuckles had she treated in forty years of teaching second grade? She'd treat no more. They meant to cheat her of the rest of this school year, rightfully hers before she reached retirement age.

"Oh, come on, Miss Dienst!" the intern protested briskly. "You've been our model patient. Not a peep out of you before or after the operation. You're on the mend now. You know that little jab didn't hurt . . ."

Nellie rolled her white head on the pillow and glared at him. "I wouldn't cry for that."

"Well then," he smiled, shrugged, and moved his stethoscope on her chest, his face grown indifferent to everything but intent, trained listening.

Thump, thump: that's all he hears, Nellie thought. If there were an instrument to sound the heart truly, he'd hear hers crying: Everything behind — nothing ahead — forty years written off by the school board because she was weak now, maybe old-fashioned. This intern was young, anyway, too young to understand. Youth could be a disease in itself — did he realise that? — a disease of overbearing smugness, impatience with the proven experience of those older.

Ruth Tilford was young, sickeningly, appallingly young. Nellie's thoughts, pulled unwillingly to Ruth Tilford, hurt like pressure on a sore spot. Ruth Tilford wasn't even a teacher, not graduated or qualified yet, not until this coming June, was only doing her practice teaching. An onlooker wouldn't recognise the fact, though, from the know-it-all assurance the young lady had shown in Nellie's room this past term. Oh, their clashes had been polite, but Ruth Tilford's head was overstuffed with facts about I.Q.s, theories of education, the children just guinea-pigs for modern theories.

"Miss Tilford's really doing very well with your class," Miss Simpson, principal, had said last night when she'd visited Nellie.

Nellie had made a face. She and Miss Simpson were old friends. "I hope she doesn't completely disorganise them before I get back."

She watched Miss Simpson squirm on the chair, open and close her pocketbook, flush, but had interpreted it merely as the others groping for all the supposedly cheerful but clumsy inanities one mutters in a sickroom. "You're not to worry, Nellie. Really, Miss Tilford is quite bright. The Board thinks so."

Nellie, detecting hidden significance in her friend's discomfiture, had felt the cold wind of apprehension. "What are you keeping from me?"

"Now, Nellie."

"Tell me," Nellie demanded.

Miss Simpson spread her hands in a gesture combining appeal and helplessness. "The doctors say you should have a long rest, convalesce leisurely. The school year will be over by the time you are strong. It only means retiring a few months early. Under the circumstances the Board had to do something. Qualified teachers aren't looking for jobs this time of year."

Nellie had shaken her head. "Not Miss Tilford . . ."

She groaned again now at remembrance of it.

The intern patted her hand. "You'll be good as new in no time," he assured her airily before he left.

Good for what? Retirement she could face, if softened by decent appreciation; premature, insulting, ignominious replacement would leave her bereft.

An aide came in with mail.

"Here's a nice fat one for you," she told Nellie.

Alone, Nellie opened the large manila envelope with much curiosity. But as her hands fumbled with the stacked sheets of rough drawing paper, she felt the rush of blood to her cheeks, the uneven beat of her heart. Each sheet had been folded once, in the manner of a greeting card. She saw through quick tears the crayoned drawing on the top card: a crazily proportioned bed, the sloping message printed beneath it. "Get out of bed soon." Little Billy Watson's belabored signature trailed off at the bottom.

As she picked up the second card, from Grace Scott, she felt her heart jump. Scrawled across it in untidy writing was, "Get well and come back to school soon, we miss you."

There must be one from each second-grade pupil. Nellie held the stack to her heart. With weakness she recognised as half illness, half emotion, she made her resolution. She longed to pore over all of them right this minute. But she needed all the consolation she could find 'his her last week in the hospital. The impoverished had to be miserly. She'd dole them out to herself, four a day. They'd last the week that way.

By mid-week the bureau was littered with standing cards. Doctors and nurses chuckled over them. The young intern especially liked the one of a doctor with a hypodermic as long as his arm and the admonition: "Be brave!"

Cherishing every message, Nellie turned her head to the wall after each day's allotment. The whole project would have been Miss Tilford's idea; the collection of compulsory messages would be all the balm Nellie could take with her into retirement.

And some of them worried her. Jimmy West's big bottle of medicine and the assurance, "Sick people don't have to go to school," reminded Nellie of his hatred of study, and how she'd almost coaxed him into a liking of books before her illness. She wished Miss Tilford would at least sound out words for Barbara, who'd printed, "Medicine is gud for you." And Nellie wished she could tell Miss Tilford again that, while Judson was in the slow-reading group, he was the fastest runner, and that was important, too.

All through her teaching years Nellie had taken pains to understand every child who passed through her hands. She knew all their likes, their dislikes, their troubles, and worries.

Nellie waited until she was quite alone to finish reading the messages on the last day. She savored each one, taking them slowly. She was completely unprepared for the one at the bottom. For a minute she stared uncomprehendingly at the talented offering — a field of flowers, this one, some of the flowers given faces, faces Nellie could recognise: pretty little Janie Melton, bright-eyed Chuck Hamilton. With trembling fingers Nellie opened the card and read the neatly written note: "If I can plant a garden such as you have when I'm a real teacher, I'll be proud. I'm lost without you and scared. I hope you'll come and sit in class and help me. The cards were the children's idea."

Even later, when the intern and the older doctor came in to examine her for the last time, Ruth Tilford's signature still danced before Nellie's eyes. Ruth Tilford would make a good teacher. She, Nellie, could help. That's what teaching was, they said, passing a torch.

The intern was listening respectfully, even eagerly, Nellie noticed, to the doctor's explanation of some detail of Nellie's operation. Languishing behind at the last, the intern asked Nellie, "Feeling more cheerful today?" Nellie nodded gratefully. That young man would make a fine doctor, too.

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LOOK FOR THE AUSTRALIAN MADE LABEL

Birth of a marriage

An appealing short story

By CAMILLA
R. BITTLE

THERE was nothing in the beginning to distinguish it from any other day. It was hot, but there was enough breeze to lift the lilac branches and to carry the scent of them into the dining-room where Violet sat with her coffee, letters, and shopping-list. She basked in the luxury of extra time. Johnny was away at school, Howard was away on business, and Anne, her lovely daughter, was asleep.

She thumbed through the post, but there was no word from Johnny. Bills and circulars could wait, so she scanned her shopping-list. Howard would be home for dinner, and he deserved a good one.

She wanted everything serene, at least when he came in, for eventually they would have to discuss their daughter. It was a subject that upset them both. Howard was almost impossible when he had made up his mind, and in Anne's case he had done just that.

Anne upset her mother, because at eighteen she was pretty, lazy, and determined to go steady with a boy they did not know very well or care for very much. Anne upset her father because she was eighteen, had passed all her examinations, but was determined not to go to the university. Essentially they worried about the same thing—her future.

Violet heard the bathroom door bang, and in a few minutes Anne clattered down the stairs. In shorts and little-boy shirt she looked like a child, but there was no concealing her lovely figure.

Anne poured herself a cup of coffee and put some bread in the toaster.

"Good morning," Violet said. "Let me boil you an egg."

"Ugh, no. Isn't there any more of that good jam?"

"There's some in the cupboard."

Anne sat still and waited.

"What are you trying to tell me, Anne?" Violet said to her daughter.

Somewhere along the line a terrible mistake had been made. Violet's children thought of her as a servant. Violet had realised this some time ago and was at a loss to know how to handle it. She was afraid to antagonise them, so she forced herself not to say, "Go and get it yourself, Anne." Instead she got up and fetched the jam, put it down with a smile, and said, "You have legs, too, dear."

"How about my dress, Mother? Could you get it done today?"

"Which dress, dear?"

"The blue one. The skirt's too long."

"I'll try to get round to it," Violet said weakly. "Daddy's coming back tonight. I have a lot to do."

"When are you and Daddy going to decide to let me go to a secretarial college instead of to the university?"

"Daddy has set his heart on the university."

"Well, I won't go."

Violet controlled her temper and said, "It's a great opportunity, Anne. We want you to go for your own sake. What sort of life do you think you'll have if you don't take advantage of your opportunities?"

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BY
MARGARET
COUSINS

Oliver and the rich, rich girl

MY cousin, Oliver Griswold, came to stay with us when I was the hideous age of thirteen, and any way you want to look at it, I learned a lot from Oliver. He was a few years older than I was, the son of my mother's youngest brother, and he was billeted on us as a boarder, presumably so that my father and mother could keep an eye on him, but actually because the pittance he received as a salary from his first job would scarcely cover the room rent at the Y.M.C.A.

I daresay my mother did not look askance at the ten dollars a week he paid her, for it was the tag end of the Depression and we were not exactly living high on the hog. Everybody in the family was always talking about the good old days before 1929; but neither Oliver nor I could remember anything about them. We had been born too late.

Much has been said of the hunger and misery of the truly indigent, whose confused and hopeless lives are lived out in the colorful squalor of their kind; but little is heard about those proud standard-bearers of the middle class on whose backs the nation travels.

They wrestle alone with resources that have no stretch. They know only that there is never quite enough cash to cover the cost of subsistence and that, if there should be a windfall, it will be used for a tonsillectomy or extraction of an impacted wisdom tooth or a new tyre for the old car.

Frugality, that discouraging virtue, is with them always, and around any corner of the mind the darker problems lie: unemployment, illness, accident, death. But with all the frenetic juggling of dollars and cents to make the payments — on the insurance programme, the mortgage, the car — and the robbing of Peter the grocer to pay Paul the hairdresser, they put a brave face on the matter. Such was Oliver's heritage and he was very tired of it.

I remember him as a tall, good-looking boy with a high forehead, reddish hair, and spectacular eyelashes, as long and curly as a girl's. He had the well-knit physique of the natural athlete and what I thought of romantically as a sort of panther grace. He was unusually light on his feet for such a tall man and he was a superb dancer.

He taught me the waltz, at which, all these years later, I continue to be proficient. It was no accident that Oliver was a good dancer. It was an important part of his stock in trade.

Oliver became the hero of all my daydreams.

I suppose he was unusually charitable for a young man or unusually lonely, for he suffered me to hang around his room on the infrequent occasions when he was at home and he treated me as if I were an equal, an attitude that did not prevail with anybody else I knew.

I was the average ornery creature of that age, lumpy with fat, bristling with braces, and absolutely miserable about it all, whenever I got around to it.

Having worked my way through the girlish fantasies of trained nurse, missionary, saviour of mankind, and glamorous actress with men falling at my feet, I now began to dream of love in a cottage, and I was prepared to make do with Oliver, in spite of the fact that we were first cousins and our children might turn out to be lunatics.

I had garnered this bit of threatening information in some back-fence conversation around biology class, but was ready to sacrifice not only myself but my unborn progeny to the grand passion.

It was Oliver who punctured this dream, without ever knowing I had dreamed it.

I was in his room after dinner one night when he was getting ready to go somewhere, asking him a lot of stupid questions, since I had no other small talk.

"What are you going to do when you grow up,

Oliver?" I inquired. People asked me that all the time, and although Oliver was twenty-one and already toiled in the mortgage department of a real-estate office, I thought of him as my age.

"Do you really want to know?" Oliver asked, examining his face critically in the mirror.

"I certainly do," I said. It was only the future that I was interested in those days.

"I'm going to marry a rich, rich girl," Oliver announced.

This death blow to my hopes silenced me for some seconds. Whatever else I didn't know, I knew I wasn't a rich, rich girl and it was most unlikely that I ever would be. As Oliver went on brushing his hair and regarding himself with admiration, I wallowed in my depression.

More to break the silence than anything else, I said, "I mean, what are you going to do?" I figured that marriage was woman's moon and sun, but I had gathered that men also went to business.

"Just what I said," Oliver replied. "I'm going to marry a rich, rich girl and never do another lick of work as long as I live."

It must be said in Oliver's defence that he had worked hard most of his life. Though his labors had been genteel and poorly remunerated, he could not remember when he had not been embarked on endless chores and extracurricular activities that might result in pocket change — lawn-mowing, leaf-raking, delivering magazines, jerking sodas for the better-heeled denizens of his age group, or straining his sinews in the wheat fields of a summer always described by his family as a vacation on the farm.

He had gone to college on scholarships and pieced out his deficit by handling the laundry agency, managing the glee club, and fighting to get on the track team, to ensure himself free board at the training table.

All these things had put a crimp in his social life and bitten deep into his soul, for Oliver was a born "bon vivant," a connoisseur, and a consummate snob. He was also a romantic of the first order, and it was during this conversation that I sensed he was host to a different kind of daydream than sustained me.

Oliver was a veritable Walter Mitty of the International Set. He saw himself lounging on the deck of a yacht, coming in from a chucker of polo, or lolling at a sidewalk cafe and staring at the horse chestnuts over his "aperitif" in Paris, France.

"But suppose you fall in love," I said. "I mean with somebody who's not rich."

Oliver snorted. "It's just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as a poor one," he opined.

"I don't see what love has to do with money," I said, with stubborn feminine logic.

"I didn't say it did," Oliver said. "But if you run around with rich girls, you are likely to fall in love with one of them. If you run around with poor girls you are just as likely to fall in love with a poor girl. I'm sick and tired," Oliver went on, "of being poor." With that, he catapulted down the stairs and took himself off to further his prospects.

One of the recommendations of early dreams is that they can change with the speed of a kaleidoscope, and having briefly mourned Oliver's jilting of me, I immediately constituted myself his staunch ally in his preposterous lifework.

Henceforth, I accepted the proposition that a man can make a dignified career of marrying a rich girl. I didn't much like work myself. I toyed with the idea of marrying a rich, rich man and never doing another stroke; but I was not as well-favored in looks as Oliver and my dreams knew where to stop.

In any event, I became my cousin's sole confidante and received such a grounding in the methods of attraction and pursuit that, except for the ending of Oliver's story, I might have remained cynical all my life.

Oliver was an intelligent man and had majored in business administration, so he laid the basis of his campaign with all the astuteness of a corporation executive. His first move was to acquire a suitable wardrobe. He managed this by the most rigorous thrift, which included walking three miles to and from work to save bus fare, subsisting on peanut butter for lunch, abstaining from every expenditure, even to the purchase of an evening paper, and figuring out means for charging overtime at the real-estate office.

His dinner jacket, left from college, was no great shakes but passable, for he knew how to wear clothes; but his goal was a white-tie outfit, without which he saw no hope of crashing society.

Nothing but the best would do for him and he figured that he could manage it before the opening of the fall season, when the new debutantes budded and bloomed and, for unattached handsome young men, the living was easy.

When this outfit was in the works, he began assiduously to study the social columns.

Oliver derived from a highly respectable background and the moral climate of his life had left nothing wanting. Our mutual grandfather was a college professor, and several of Oliver's mother's ancestors had been ministers. His father was a real-estate man and insurance agent in a small town and noted for his probity.

Where Oliver came by his guile and brass has never been explained, but it must have derived from a lifetime of having all his pennies pinched. In any event he proved himself an inspired operator.

The night Miss Lurline Phillpott made her bow to society at a dance given by her parents, Doctor and Mrs. Rex Phillpott, at the Auburndale Country Club, I pounded on Oliver's door after dinner and found him arrayed like Solomon in his new dress suit.

"Shut the door," Oliver said, and added, "Can you tie a bow?"

"Certainly," I replied, staggered by admiration. "Where are you going, Ol?"

"To the Auburndale Country Club," Oliver said nonchalantly. "Go wash your hands so you won't get it dirty."

I washed my hands and then struggled with his and my first white tie. "What's out there?" I asked.

"The Phillpott dance," Oliver said.

"Were you invited?" I asked incredulously. The Phillpotts moved in an upper stratum and were people you just read about in the newspaper.

"No," Oliver said.

"Then how can you be going?"

"I'm going to drop in — look around."

"But that's terrible," I said. "They might ask you to leave."

Oliver regarded his exquisite person in the mirror. "I don't think so," he said with satisfaction. "But if they do, I will."

"Aren't you scared?"

"It's a luxury I can't afford," Oliver said. "Now, keep this under your hat, Snooks."

I always melted when he called me that. "Is it a secret?" I asked.

"It's a secret," he affirmed. "Just don't get Aunt Annie on my neck." He shrugged himself into his black overcoat and scuttled away to crash the gate.

I could scarcely wait for morning.

"How did you make out?" I asked "sotto voce" at breakfast.

"I won't know until later," Oliver said grinning.

"How was old Lurline?"

"We-ell," Oliver said judiciously, "she was rich!"

In less than ten days a clutter of engraved invitations on thick-cream-color paper had accumulated on Oliver's chest of drawers. Actually, they were addressed to him at the Weston Hotel. The nice middle-class street on which was my parents' Cape Cod cottage had not struck Oliver as grand enough for his career, so he had advertised himself as a guest of the splendid Weston. He went there every

day and soft-soaped the desk clerk, who handled his correspondence without the knowledge of her employers.

Her name was Eileen Delaney and she lived in our block, so Oliver had no trouble making a deal with her. Once in a while on an off night he took her to the movies. Eileen was a willowy type, of the black-Irish school of looks — dark hair, with an assortment of witch locks that blew around her squarish face and large delphinium eyes.

She walked as if she were listening to a tune and had a laugh like ringing crystal. She had fine, debonair ankles, elegant small feet, and wore her sweaters and skirts and string of pearls as to the manner born.

Eileen had a whole gaggle of beaux and had to fight off the travelling salesmen at the hotel. She was a solid girl and a go-getter, with her head screwed on properly, and the mainstay of her large, untidy family. She was putting one of her brothers through college, and everybody said that Eileen Delaney was going places.

I don't suppose, however, that she had ever seen anything quite like Oliver Griswold, especially in his white tie and tails. Oliver often sauntered into the lobby on his way to one of his many engagements, just to remind people that the Weston was his address.

Or he turned up there late at night when somebody's chauffeur dropped him off, under the impression that it was where he lived. (Oliver then walked through the hotel to the back entrance and sprinted for the bus that brought him to our humble cot.)

At such times when Eileen was working the night shift he did not speak, but twinkled at her out of the corner of his eye, as if they shared some marvellous conspiracy, which they certainly did.

You can see how a girl like Eileen, confronted with Apollo in a dress suit, who was hobnobbing with the celebrated figures of our small world, would find her head coming unscrewed. She began to ignore her sure knowledge of a certain crassness that motivated Oliver's activities and to excuse him with rationalisation of her own devising.

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It was a very happy occasion for pretty Eileen Delaney when Oliver took her dancing one evening.

A NEW FASHION ERA



IT is open season right now for trouser fashions. In Australia, hipster pants have been very much a la mode during the past summer. They arrived by courtesy of the U.S. cowboy, and have the casual look of the Great Outdoors.

But, in Paris, trouser fashions are far removed from the ranch, and their designing often follows seasonable fashion idioms.

It almost looks as if the couture world of Europe has an eye on a brand-new fashion frontier in which pants reflect every phase of fashion and are designed for all occasions—open air and indoors.

Parisian at-home pants are in a different category from those that walk around in the daytime. Designed as planned ensembles, they look slightly eccentric, but they are, by fashion standards, correct.

A close relation to at-home pants is the culotte.

The culotte was originally designed

way back in the 'twenties by the now retired but still-talked-about designer Schiaparelli. "Schiap" can take a sentimental journey back to her first culotte; it was actually a neatly tailored sports skirt.

The present Parisian culotte is a floor-length, two-legged skirt, worn with a separate top.

In European fashion centres the culotte is worn night-clubbing and to smart restaurants. In fact, the floor-length culotte is reported to be replacing the short-skirted evening dress.

I do not believe the Parisian culotte has a place in the average Australian woman's wardrobe. But slacks have. A team of tailored slacks and classic shirt has a strong Australian flavor. It also has a sense of rightness in a country where life is breezy, informal, and exuberant.

But, worn wrongly, trousers are one of the worst fashion errors seen on our streets.

—BETTY KEEP

● Pierre Cardin's madcap at-home pants teamed with a soft, sleeveless top. The pants, in black wool jersey, are trimmed with pleated self-material frills and a bow. The wool jersey top is turquoise.



● Outdoor sports-type suit in brown-and-beige tweed has a collarless jacket. The suit is worn with a mannish cap and perfectly tailored white silk blouse. The suit was shown in a recent Florence collection.



● Dior's trouser-skirt and bolero in violet taffeta is worn with a pink crepe blouse. This one goes night-clubbing in Europe.

FOR TROUSERS



● Delicious floor-length culotte, narrowly pleated in chiffon. In Europe the formal culotte is said to have ousted the short evening dress.



● Made-in-Australia hipsters, currently popular with local girls. The pants have a breezy way-out-West nonchalance. Their designing was influenced by U.S. cowboy trousers.



● This trouser-suit was featured in the Guy Laroche autumn collection. Its fashion news is its divided-skirt look. Elegance is added by a matching neck-muffling stole, turban hat, and high-heeled city boots.



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MCHS/53

Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**

● This shirt-dress in silk taffeta was chosen for a reader who requested a design and paper pattern for a dress suitable for informal dinners and the theatre.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have about 5yds. of ice-blue taffeta I wish to make up into a frock suitable for theatre wear and dining out. I am a married woman of 34 and take a 36in. bust size in patterns."

I suggest a front-buttoned shirtwaist dress (see design above), self-belted at the normal waistline. Note the yoked bodice and the double unpuffed pleats that shape the skirt at the hipline.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I wonder if you could tell me how to clean gold costume jewellery."

Wash in warm soapsuds, followed by a rinse in clear water. If the jewellery has an intricate design, use a small soft brush or an old toothbrush. Dry with a soft towel or cloth.

"Could you advise me through your column about the type of hats to be worn for autumn and winter?"

Hats in "boy" shapes—urchin caps, deerstalkers, and bowlers—are very much in fashion. Shapes in this category look newest made in dress fabrics like tweeds and plain-surfaced wools. The newest trim is a large pompon; the pompon is often fur. Fur hats in all shapes are more millinery news. The fur can be real or fake. For late day there are beautiful feather or feather-trimmed hats, often matched to a feather boa. The feather hats have a distinctively Edwardian flavor.

DS520:—One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Pattern orders from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"My husband has given me a present of a dark brown skin bag. Do you think it suitable to carry with a green-and-white floral silk afternoon frock?"

The bag would be far too dark and heavy to carry with a printed silk dress. A dark skin bag is smart and suitable for any between-seasons or winter daytime outfit.

"Could I combine a bright wool top with a black skirt?"

Yes, you could. The overblouse is one of the most noticeable new shapes in autumn fashions, and bright with dark is a good color slogan.

"I am going for a country holiday and during the visit I will be horse-riding. I do not want the expense of formal riding clothes. Could I wear jeans?"

Yes, with a tailored shirt and elastic-sided boots.

"Will blouses be worn with winter suits?"

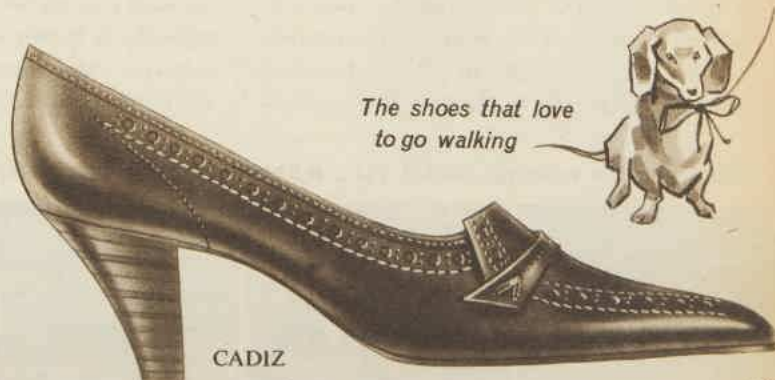
Yes, particularly in a bright color.

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up until now no one but Faultless has thought of using it in this manner! These sanforized fabrics, in Mediterranean colours, set the style for summer wear . . . a French revolution in

men's shirts (though twin button cuffs on short sleeves is our own idea). Discover for yourself the many exclusive features built into every shirt in the new Faultless range for Summer.

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Final instalment of
our exciting serial
By MARGERY
ALLINGHAM

JULIA was wide-eyed, but still very practical. "You said someone pushed against you as you came home. Is that where you felt it? On the back, here? You said someone whispered? What was it? Did you hear?"

"Not really. I thought it was a swear word, so I didn't listen. It was a sort of hiss, that's all. Oh, miss! This'll upset everybody. We shan't get them to sleep tonight."

"All the same, we ought to tell the police."

"Not tonight. I wouldn't go out there again for a fortune. And I wouldn't like anyone else to. My poor best coat! I bought it in Ipswich. I don't know what Mr. Broome's going to say."

Julia was persistent. "There's no need to go out to the police station. We'll telephone."

"Not tonight." There was an unfamiliar undertone in Mrs. Broome's voice which Julia recognised. The woman was deeply frightened and not particularly by the physical attack. She had perceived that the true danger came from something more serious still, an unclear shadow falling across her bright nursery world.

"I'll telephone tomorrow when it's light," she said earnestly. "Tonight we'll just say our prayers and go to sleep. If we get hold of the police now they'll only come round thumping about and upsetting the whole house, which is edgy enough as it is with Mr. Basil drunk. He's still saying awful things about Mr. Tim, I expect."

She glanced round the dark raftered hall and lowered her voice in confidence. "Tim really didn't touch Miss Saxon, you know, miss. I was there. She died of a sort of fit. I saw her afterwards and I thought, You look as if you've suffocated, you poor old girlie. The blood rushed to her head and smothered her. That's what I'm always frightened of with Mr. Eustace. He looked terrible tonight, I thought. Mr. Basil ought to be muzzled. Now what?"

They both started violently as a commotion occurred suddenly at the top of the stairs.

Basil Toberman, barefooted and in pyjamas, had appeared on the landing with Tim, looking grey and furious, behind him.

"I am going to get myself a snifter. Go away, Wonder Boy."

"You're not going to drink any more tonight." Tim's voice, breathless with exertion and lowered in an attempt not to disturb the house, floated down to them in the warm air.

Another scuffle followed and then a door slammed. Mrs. Broome sighed.

"How long will it take Tim to get him to sleep?" Julia asked.

"Oh, until Mr. Basil's exhausted, I'm afraid." Mrs. Broome made the pronouncement casually. "He's had a very long day, so he may drop off presently, but I have known him to play up for a couple of hours, wearing everybody clean out. It's a very long-suffering family you're marrying into, miss."

"Why on earth do they put up with him?"

Mrs. Broome laughed. "Oh, it's not only with him, my dear. They put up with the most extraordinary people. They gather them. It's only because they like to be tolerant. I never heard that the older generations were like it, but the way Mr. Eustace and Miss Alison go on you'd think they were



Tim stood squarely in front of Julia as the grotesque figure crouched before them.

trying to work off some sort of sin they'd committed."

The kitchen smelled warm and airless, and the only light came from the small glowing rope across the bright shield of the electric heater which Mrs. Broome had put in the mock fireplace to make it look "like home" for the sweethearts.

The door into the house opened cautiously and Tim put his head in. "Julia? He's asleep at last," he said as he joined her.

Julia stiffened. "Listen."

The boy craned his neck and they held their breath.

"I'm sorry," Julia whispered. "I thought I heard Basil on the stairs."

"He wouldn't come down here. Put him out of your mind." Timothy settled himself again, but the moment had passed, and although he was holding her possessively she could feel that his thoughts had wandered from her. She controlled the thrill of panic, but it was not easy and she shivered.

"What's the matter now?"

"Nothing. It was only a sort of feeling. Don't you get them? You feel you're waiting, watching for the exact moment when something new is about to begin."

"I don't feel that sort of thing myself, but I don't mind you doing it. In fact, I rather like it. I'm a bit shaken tonight, though. All that stuff of Basil's in here just now. That was new, you know."

"About Miss Thyrsa? I wondered."

He moved restlessly. "It was true, you see. We all recognised it as soon as he said it. Did you notice? It was like suddenly seeing something awful and unmistakable, like blood on the road. The penny simply dropped. Everything one had ever heard or noticed fitted in. I remembered at

once, for instance, that there was some mystery long ago about a book being suppressed. A master at school referred to it with an odd inflection in his voice, but I never heard the story, and it had remained a mystery all my life."

"But does it matter? Miss Thyrsa died well over a hundred years ago."

"Now it's you being obtuse, my little muggins. The Kinnit family is what Basil said it was. They do tend to capitalise their charitable acts, since they do them for the wrong purpose. They don't keep helping folk for the warm silly reason that they like the people concerned but for the cold practical one that they hope to see themselves as nice people doing kind things. Alison and Eustace are particularly unfortunate. They know all about this and don't like themselves very much because of it. Basil hurt them horribly. They know they're missing something by being so cold, but they don't know what it is. The rest of us recognised that suddenly. Blast Basil."

"But Eustace is fond of you. Really fond."

"He is, isn't he? I was thinking that. He's a cold old fish, but there is a warmish patch there." He turned his head and kissed her. "This has been a night of revelation for me. I should have hated it alone."

"I don't think it's over yet," she said. "Anyone who is loved as much as Eustace is by you must be thawed a bit." She heard her own jealousy and hurried to disarm it. "If you're responsible for the thawing you mustn't ever stop. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," he said. "I know that." "You owe her a lot, too."

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Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; they don't wash often enough.

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard your natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

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There's a whole new range of Kotex* belts in the pretty feminine pack with the rose symbol

These Kotex belts are dainty as your finest lingerie—with delicate lace edging. Self-adjusting to different waist sizes, they are designed to stay smooth and flat with self-locking clasps to hold the napkin comfortably in place at all times. Here are two of the Kotex range of seven different belts, each one designed for lasting comfort and confidence.



Kotex Luxury Belt—4/11
Wide, soft-stretch elastic backed with brushed nylon for gentle, chafe-free comfort. Pale pink lace edging and the small Kotex rose motif. In the gold luxury pack.



Kotex Slenderline Belt—3/9
Look for it in the pretty pink rose pack. A narrower belt, specially woven in new soft-stretch elastic, delicately trimmed with palest blue lace edging. Slenderline adjusts to your own waist size, always staying smooth and flat.

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U.S. REGIONAL COOKERY

• Traditional recipes from 11 different States in America

PENNSYLVANIA



PUMPKIN PIE, a regional specialty in Pennsylvania. At right, Independence Hall in the capital, Philadelphia.

THE recipes in this feature were collected and many of them sampled by our assistant editor, Adele Shelton Smith, during her recent U.S. tour.

Most of the Louisiana recipes are from "The Original Picayune Creole Cook Book," first published in 1901 and now in its twelfth edition.

The Pennsylvania recipes are from Edna Ely Heller's "Dutch Cook Book," and the Philadelphia pumpkin pie was served at a lunch in the bank's board room at the Fidelity Philadelphia Trust Company — the chef, Mr. Riquet, wrote out the recipe.

The Hawaiian dishes are served in the five Sheraton hotels in Honolulu and others are from "The Chamberlain Sampler of American Cooking."

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

PENNSYLVANIA "Dutch" recipes, brought to America by 18th-century German migrants, are cooked for hardworking farming families, so they are not for the calorie-conscious.

PUMPKIN PIE (For Thanksgiving)

Two cups mashed cooked pumpkin, 1 cup milk, 2 beaten egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 2-3rds cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, unbaked 9in. pastry-shell.

Mix together all ingredients except egg-whites and coconut. Fold them in last. Pour into unbaked pastry-shell. Bake in very hot oven (450 degrees) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 degrees), bake 20 minutes longer or until set.

STUFFED CABBAGE

One medium-sized head cabbage, 8 slices day-old bread, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon saffron, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 small onion (minced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery (cut fine).

Parboil whole cabbage head in salted boiling water 10 minutes. Meanwhile, break bread into small pieces. Beat eggs, add milk and



seasonings; pour over bread. Lightly brown onion and celery in butter; mix lightly with bread and milk. Drain cabbage. With fork carefully separate leaves of cabbage and stuff filling between them. Place in greased casserole, bake (uncovered) 1 hour in moderate oven.

PHILADELPHIA PUMPKIN PIE

One pint cooked pumpkin, 6oz. brown sugar, 1oz. cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice, 1oz. melted butter, 3 small eggs, 1 pint milk, 1oz. sherry, 10 or 11in. unbaked pastry-case.

Combine pumpkin, sugar, cornflour, salt, and spices; blend. Beat eggs lightly, add to mixture; blend. Then add melted butter, beaten eggs, milk, and sherry; blend thoroughly. Carefully pour into pastry-case. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees) 5 minutes, then reduce heat to moderately hot (400 degrees). Continue baking 30 minutes.

When pie is served, prick surface with a fork and sprinkle additional sherry on it, if desired.

CHOCOLATE FUNNY CAKE PIE

One unbaked pie-shell.

Top Part: One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream together sugar and shortening. Add combined milk and egg alternately with flour and baking-powder. Add flavoring, set aside until lower part is mixed.

Lower Part: Half cup sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 5 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Mix together cocoa, sugar, water, vanilla.



OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER, a renowned dish of New Orleans. The Cabildo, in the old Spanish-French quarter, is at right.

Pour into unbaked pie-shell. Over this put the "top part." The chocolate will come up round the outside edge, which gives a nice crusty edge on the finished product. Bake in 350-degree oven (moderate) 35 minutes or until firm.

With a cocoa and water mixture on the bottom and a cake on top — this IS a funny cake pie.

SHOO-FLY PIE I

(The dry kind — good for dunking)

One cup treacle or golden syrup, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda. Mix the treacle or golden syrup and water and cool slightly before adding soda.

Four cups flour (unsifted), 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard (butter or butter substitute), 3 7in. unbaked pie-crusts.

Mix flour, sugar, and lard or butter until mixture resembles crumbs. Pour treacle mixture into unbaked pie-cases, put crumbs on top. Bake 25 minutes in 350-degree (moderate) oven.

SHOO-FLY PIE II

(This one has a "damp zone")

Liquid Part: One to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup treacle or golden syrup, 1 egg-yolk (beaten well).

Crumbs: Three-quarters cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of nutmeg, ginger, ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. biscuit pastry.

Combine dry ingredients with shortening, using hands to work into crumbs. Line 9in. pie-plate with pastry. Fill with liquid, top with crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 degrees) until crust starts to brown (about 10 minutes). Reduce to 325 degrees (slow), bake until firm.

MILKLESS, EGGLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE

(A Moravian Cake)

One cup brown sugar, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups seeded raisins, 1-3rd cup lard, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1-3rd teaspoon ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg.

Boil above ingredients together 3 minutes, cool. Stir in.

One teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon warm water, 2 cups sifted flour resifted with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder.

Bake in 8in. square pan 45 to 50 minutes in 350-degree (moderate) oven.



LOUISIANA

FRENCH, Spanish, Negro, and Choctaw Indian have contributed to the rich wonders of Creole cooking.

ANTOINE'S OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER

Open 6 oysters for each serving. Put oysters in their deep half shells on ovenproof baking-dish. A bed of rock salt will help to hold shells firmly. Bake oysters in moderate oven about 6 minutes, or grill 5 minutes, until edges just begin to curl. Spread each oyster with spoonful of prepared sauce and return them to griller 5 minutes longer.

Sauce: Half cup parsley and 1 cup spinach (both tightly packed when measured), 4 shallots or 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon aniseed, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon tabasco sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered thyme, 1 dessertspoon anchovy paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted breadcrumbs.

Simmer aniseed in 1 cup water 10 minutes. Strain, discard seed. Chop parsley, onion, and spinach very finely, add the anise-flavored liquid, simmer 10 minutes; season with tabasco sauce, salt, thyme, anchovy paste. Add butter and toasted breadcrumbs.

If this sauce is too thick to spread easily, thin it with a little of the oyster liquor. Makes enough for 2 dozen oysters.

Continued overleaf

U.S. REGIONAL COOKERY

HAWAII

IN Hawaiian hotels every dish — meat, poultry, dessert, or a long, colored drink — is decorated with a small orchid.

FRANGO ICE

Half cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons maple syrup, few grains salt, 3 large eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints cream.

Add boiling water to sugar and boil slowly 12 minutes. Add maple syrup and salt. Beat whole eggs thoroughly, pouring syrup slowly over eggs while still beating. Cool quickly in refrigerator (do not freeze). Beat the cream until thick, fold egg mixture in slowly; freeze at once. Do not stir. When serving, garnish with an orchid.

Note: One teaspoon vanilla and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence can be substituted for maple syrup.

ROAST DANISH DUCK SURF-RIDER

Three 6lb. ducks, 1lb. prunes, 1lb. fresh apples, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 pint stock.

Stuff cleaned ducks with prunes (stones removed) and peeled and quartered apples; salt evenly; roast approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in moderately slow oven, basting often. When cooked, split ducks in halves, disjuncting wings and legs. Remove prune and apple stuffing; keep all hot.

Sauce: Make a roux of flour browned in equal amount of duck fat, blending in stock made from trimmed duck bones, etc. Simmer until thick and rich.

Serve each person a portion of duck over wild rice or boiled rice with border of prunes and apples; garnish with orchid and parsley.

TEXAS

COCKTAIL FRANKFURTERS IN WINE

One and a half pounds cocktail frankfurters, 3 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine, good pinch rosemary, mixed mustard.

For a party of 10 to 12 people: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in large frying-pan, add frankfurters, saute them gently until heated through and just beginning to brown. Do not overcook. Transfer frankfurters to heated casserole, add remaining butter, wine, and rosemary. Put casserole, covered, in very slow oven. Serve frankfurters as needed, a dozen or so at a time, on cocktail sticks and with mustard, keeping remainder warm in oven. Frankfurters will stay about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours ready to serve at a moment's notice without overcooking.

EGGS IN HELL

Eggs as required, 2 small onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ large green pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, dash of Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon meat extract, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups coarsely chopped Italian plum tomatoes, 1 bayleaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, few grains cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chilli powder, salt and pepper to taste, little grated cheese, extra butter.

In frying-pan slowly saute 2 thinly sliced onions for 5 minutes. Add the green pepper (chopped), minced garlic, chopped parsley, thyme, mustard, and Worcestershire sauce. Simmer all together another 5 minutes, stirring often. Add meat extract, chopped tomatoes, bayleaf, sugar, cayenne pepper,

chilli powder, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer the sauce, covered, over a low flame for 40 minutes. Divide sauce between 4 small ovenproof bowls. Break 1 or 2 eggs into each bowl, sprinkle them with a little grated cheese, dot each with butter; bake in moderate oven 15 minutes, or until whites are set. Serve with toasted and buttered French bread. Serves 4.

CONNECTICUT

RASPBERRIES AND WHIPPED CREAM CHEESE

Twelve ounces cream cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 cups fresh or frozen raspberries, sugar, fresh mint, extra raspberries.

Cream together the cream cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream. Add salt, beat mixture until soft and smooth. Whip remaining cream, mix into beaten cream cheese. Arrange cheese in smooth mound in centre of platter; chill until firm.

In electric blender puree the raspberries, strain out seeds through fine sieve, and sweeten the sauce to taste. Just before serving, surround cheese with the extra raspberries, dust them and the cheese lightly with sugar, decorate platter with few sprigs of fresh mint. Serve the sauce separately. Serves 6.

ALABAMA

SMOTHERED CHICKENS

Two small chickens (roasters), milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each pepper and ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, 2 cups cream, fat or oil for frying, extra salt and pepper.

Split 2 chickens in halves, cut off wing tips; soak chickens in milk 30 minutes. Mix together flour, salt, pepper, and ground ginger. Put this in clean paper bag, drain chickens well, put them in bag and shake until they are evenly coated. Brown chickens quickly in hot fat $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, but do not cook them through; drain on absorbent paper.

Saute mushrooms lightly in $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of butter, stir in 2 cups of cream, season with salt and pepper; heat just to the boiling point. Put fried chickens in ovenproof casserole, pour mushrooms and cream over them, bake them, covered, in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes, or until cream has thickened to rich sauce. Serves 4.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SWEET POTATO SOUFFLE

Two cups hot mashed sweet potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry, 4 eggs, pinch cayenne pepper and nutmeg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter.

In bowl beat together the hot mashed sweet potatoes, hot milk, butter, and sherry. Season with cayenne pepper, grated nutmeg, lemon rind, and salt. When mixture is smoothly blended, beat in well-beaten egg-yolks, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Transfer batter to buttered souffle mould, bake in moderately hot oven 25 minutes, or until souffle is nicely puffed and just beginning to brown; serve immediately. Serves 4 to 6.

LOUISIANA . . . from previous page

CALAS

"Belle Calas, Tout Chaud" (Beautiful Calas, very hot). This was the street cry of the ancient Negro women in the French Quarter of New Orleans selling a delicious rice cake, which was eaten with the morning cup of cafe au lait. The Calas woman was a daily figure in the streets until the past few years. She went her round in quaint bandanna, blue dress, and white apron, and carried on her head a covered bowl in which were the dainty and hot Calas.

Half cup rice, 3 cups water (boiling), 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. compressed yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg, icing-sugar, heated shortening.

Put 3 cups water in saucepan, let it boil hard. Wash rice thoroughly, drain and put in the boiling water. Let boil until very soft and mushy. Take it out; cool. When cold, mash well and mix with the yeast, which has been dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water. Set rice to rise overnight. In morning beat eggs thoroughly, add to rice, mixing and beating well. Add the sugar and flour to make rice adhere. Mix well, beat thoroughly, bringing it to thick batter. Set to rise 15 minutes longer. Then add the grated nutmeg and mix well. Have ready frying-pan in which there is sufficient quantity of heated shortening for the rice cakes to swim in. Test by dropping in a small piece of bread. If it becomes a golden brown the shortening is ready, but if it burns or browns instantly it is too hot.

With large, deep spoon, drop spoonful of mixture at a time into the shortening, remembering always that the cakes must not touch bottom of pan. Let fry to a nice brown. Take the Calas out of pan, drain off shortening by laying them in colander or on heated pieces of brown paper. Place them in a hot dish, sprinkle over with powdered sugar.

CHICKEN SAUTE A LA CREOLE

Two chickens, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons shortening, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 6 large, fresh tomatoes or 1 pint canned, 6 fresh green peppers, 2 cloves garlic, 3 large onions, 3 sprigs each of thyme, parsley, 2 bayleaves, 1 pint consommé or boiling water, salt, pepper to taste.

Clean chickens and cut into pieces at joints. Season well with salt and pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons of shortening in stew-pan, add the chicken. Brown slowly for a good 5 minutes. Add the sliced onions and let them brown. Add flour, let it brown. Stir in tomatoes (chopped) and half the consommé. Cook very slowly, allowing the mixture to simmer. Add chopped parsley, thyme, bayleaf, and the garlic (finely minced). Let all brown without burning. Cover and let cook slowly. Add green peppers (take out seeds and slice peppers very fine); stir well.

Cook steadily stirring 20 minutes, keeping well covered and stirring occasionally. Add 1 cup of consommé or boiling water. Let it cook again for a full $\frac{1}{2}$ hour very, very slowly; season again to taste. Cook 10 minutes more and serve hot.

HAWAII



FRANGO ICE, a specialty in Honolulu hotels. The surf beach (right) is on Maui, an island of Hawaii.



WASHINGTON, D.C.

FILBERT PUDDING

Half cup ground filberts (or walnuts or pecans), 1 envelope gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold milk and 2 cups scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Soak gelatine in cold milk. In top of double boiler beat together sugar and egg-yolks until mixture is light. Scald 2 cups of milk, stir in gelatine, and add this to yolk-sugar mixture gradually, stirring constantly. Stir custard over barely simmering water until it thickens; let it cool. Grind coarsely enough filberts (or walnuts or pecans) to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup and whip cream. Stir nuts into cooled custard, add brandy, and fold in whipped cream. Pour pudding into glass serving-dish, chill until set. Serve it with the following hot apricot sauce:

In electric blender puree $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of stewed apricots; strain puree, heat it with 1 tablespoon of butter just to boiling point, add 1 tablespoon brandy. Serves 6.

NEW JERSEY

CHOCOLATE ICEBOX MOUSSE

Quarter pound unsalted butter, 1 cup castor sugar, 4 eggs, 1oz. unsweetened chocolate, 2 teaspoons brandy, 1 tablespoon water, lady-fingers.

With wooden spoon, cream butter thoroughly and beat in gradually the sugar. When mixture is fluffy, beat in egg-yolks, one at a time. Then add the unsweetened chocolate, first melted with hot water, and brandy. Blend mixture well, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Spoon mousse into 4 individual glass dessert cups; chill at least 8 hours or overnight. Serve with lady-fingers.

This mousse can also be put in a mould, lined first with waxed paper, then with split lady-fingers. Cover mousse with more lady-fingers, and serve turned out on chilled platter. Serves 4.

TENNESSEE

MINCED VEAL IN CREAM

Two shallots, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 1 cup each milk and cream, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped celery and parsley, 2 cups minced cooked veal, salt, white pepper, pinch mace,

boiled rice, extra chopped parsley, lemon slices.

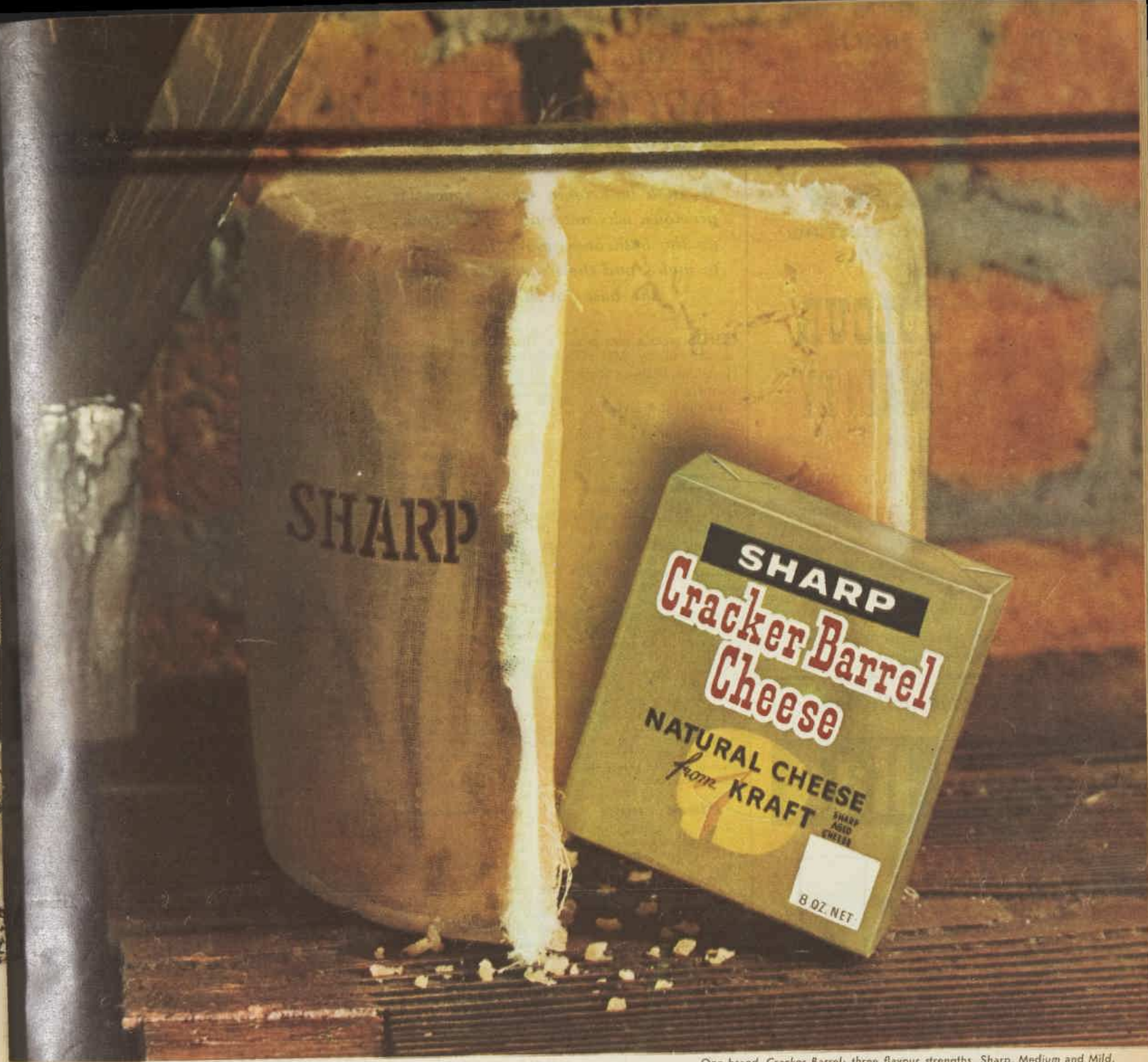
In frying-pan saute white parts shallots, chopped, in butter until soft but not brown. Blend in flour, slowly add milk and cream. Let sauce thicken slightly, add mashed yolk and finely chopped white of hard-boiled egg, celery, and parsley. Add veal, and season with salt, white pepper, and a pinch of mace. Heat creamed veal just to boiling point. Serve it over boiled rice, garnished with chopped parsley and paper-thin quartered slices of lemon. Serves 4.

GEORGIA

COUNTRY CAPTAIN

One 3lb. chicken, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons each butter and oil, 2 small onions, 1 green pepper, 1 clove garlic, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch thyme, 2 cups coarsely chopped tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, almonds (blanched, split, and toasted), cooked rice.

Cut chicken into serving-pieces, shake them in paper bag with flour, salt, and pepper. In large frying-pan saute chicken in hot butter and oil until well browned on all sides. Remove chicken, keep it warm. In fat remaining in pan saute minced onions until golden. Add a little butter if necessary. Add minced green pepper and crushed garlic; simmer vegetables together 3 or 4 minutes. Then stir in 2 teaspoons curry powder (or more to taste), chopped parsley, thyme, and tomatoes. Simmer sauce 15 minutes, then return chicken to pan and cook it, covered, another 20 minutes, or until tender. Add currants 5 minutes before chicken is done. Serve Country Captain with fluffy white rice and sprinkled with almonds. Serves 4.



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BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

DECORATIVE TOWEL-RACK

● In a bathroom, where space is precious, why not build a towel-rack on the bathroom door? It's simple to make, and there's even a shelf at the base for slippers.

THIS week's idea was sent in by Mrs. G. Hodgkins, of Black Rock, Victoria.

To make the rack you will need:

Frame — 10ft. of 12in. x 1in. Pacific maple.

Battens — 6ft. of 2in. x 1in. Oregon.

Rungs — 8ft. of 1in. dowelling.

Shelf — 2ft. of 3in. x 1in. Oregon.

Six 14in. screws, No. 10.

To begin the towel-rack, first cut three battens 2ft. long, from the 6ft. length of 2in. x 1in. Oregon.

Then drill a 1-16th in. hole at both ends of the battens, three inches from each edge.

Next, cut out the two side pieces, from 10ft. of 12in. x 1in. Pacific maple. As you will see in the diagram it is shaped, measuring 11in. on the top edge, 3in. at the base. Draw the shape on the piece of timber before you begin cutting out.

Place rungs

With a pencil, mark position on the outside pieces for 1in. dowel holes (see diagram). The first hole will be drilled 2in. from the top edge, the next three holes are 1ft. 2in. apart, and the lowest hole is 1ft. 4in. from the bottom.

Then cut a shelf 3in. wide from 3in. x 1in. Oregon and nail so that it rests on the bottom batten.

There are two ways of attaching the side pieces to the battens. The strongest method is to mortise (cut a section from one piece of timber to receive end of another) the side pieces to the battens (see diagram), then glue and nail together.

Or nail side pieces on to edges of the battens.

The rack is now ready to attach to the bathroom door.

If it is a panel door (one which has a centre cavity) the method of attaching the rack is different from the one used if the door is solid.

To attach

If you do have a solid door simply drill six 1/4in. holes in it (making sure the rack is 4in. in from the door edge) to correspond with batten screws. Then screw rack in place.

If the door is the panel type this is how the rack is attached. First place the rack front downwards on the floor. Work No. 10 screws into the holes already drilled at each end of the battens, with the head of the screw to face the door. Leave them protruding about 1/2in.

Then drill a 1/4in. hole in the door to correspond with screws in battens and drill an 1/4in. hole one quarter of an inch below 1/4in. hole. Join the two holes by drilling a slot, so the finished shape resembles a keyhole. This enables the protruding screws on the back of the rack to first enter the large hole, and slide down to the 1/4in. hole.

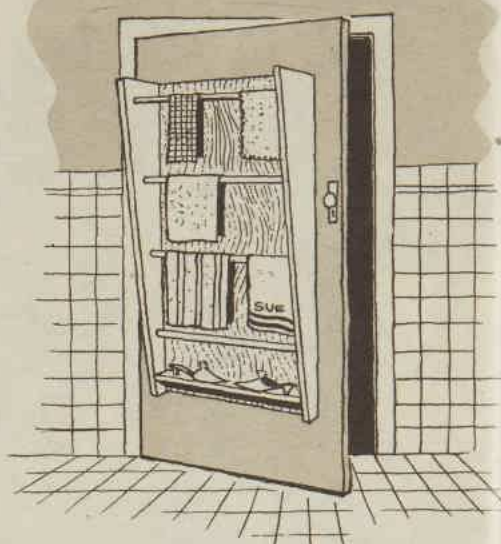
Great care must be taken when making these holes, and make sure all measurements are plumb.

You can leave the rack with battens exposed as in our diagram — they could be highlighted to give a decorative effect. Or you could cover the battens as shown in our sketch. Use a sheet of wallboard or peg-board cut to fit.

The backing is nailed to the battens before the side pieces are fixed into position.

Next week:

A small family home



TOWEL-RACK is easy to make and saves valuable space. Dowelling can be placed in any position to suit your own family's needs.

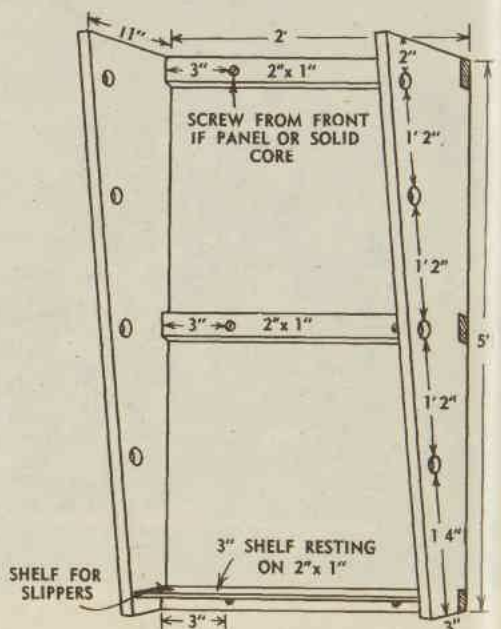


DIAGRAM 1 shows battens screwed to door, side pieces drilled for dowelling. Shaded rectangles indicate mortised joints for battens and sides.

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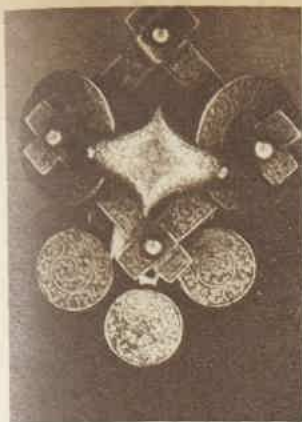
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● Indian brooch.

My brooch is metal, engraved with an intricate pattern. — Mrs. L. W. Ballard, Foxton Beach, N.Z. Your brass brooch (above) is Indian, late-19th century.

I would be grateful if you could give me some information about the original willow pattern design. — Miss T. Edmonston, Murrumbidgee, Vic.

The willow pattern was invented in England. The pattern, which is oriental, is a composite design and owes its inspiration to various sources. In England, from about 1745 until about 1780, blue and white porcelain, including tea bowls and saucers, was imported from China in large quantities. Also, architects like the Adam brothers were responsible for employing the chinoiserie motif.

This prevailing fashion inspired the English potter of the day, and with the advent of transfer printing (first used on porcelain in 1756) standardised patterns became essential.

The simplest and most expedient designs to copy and use were the oriental ones. Nearly all the underglaze blue and white transfer designs used by factories such as Worcester and Lowestoft were Chinese in conception. The English potter soon learnt to vary them by borrowing portions of one design and adding them to another fashionable pattern.

OUR TRANSFER AND PATTERN



The cute jumbos, above, in red and blue are from Iron-on Transfer No. 1000. Price 2/6.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies readers' antiques and gives information about the willow pattern.

This metal object was given to me as a Roman coin many years ago. It seems to be pewter or lead. — Mrs. V. Monk, Mosman, N.S.W.

It is a plaque (shown right), made of pewter and almost 100 years old. The head represents Titus, son of Vespasian, a Roman Emperor, and Flavia Domitilla. He was born in A.D. 41, obtained the title of Caesar in A.D. 69.



● Pewter plaque.

I have a vase ornately decorated with a picture, leaves, and gold edgings. There are no markings on it. I also have a small table which is supposed to have been an Indian work table. — Mrs. M. A. Lindeman, Coff's Harbour, N.S.W.

Your fine vase (right) is French and is Jacob Petit porcelain, made about 1840. The work table, which is English in character, was made about 1840 also.



● Vase is French.

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MARRIED TO DANGER

from page 9

that giving up a career is like giving up smoking. People who do this are quite happy, but they can never completely forget what cigarettes taste like.

And therefore Donald, knowing how I feel, has encouraged me to pick up where I left off. My first record, "The Duck," was released just before we flew to Australia, where I shall do some TV shows.

Certainly I was very lucky in my career as a singer, and enjoyed every moment of it. Possibly this was because I played with—and against—so many wonderful people.

When I was six, Maurice Chevalier—famous and successful—came for a drink in the bar of my father's hotel in Knokke-le-Zoute, the seaside town in Belgium where I spent my childhood.

I remember sitting on his knee, and then he went out of my life for many years. But he remained my hero to such an extent that many critics have said that they recognise a Chevalier quality in my singing.

I may not have a brilliant voice, but, like Maurice, I know I can hold an audience. I can sing and make people sit up and listen to me, and the greatest reward of all is their laughter and pleasure and the happiness on their faces.

As Chevalier once said to me: "You never get a bad audience. It's only the artist who is not so good."

Some years ago I was taking the part of Maurice Chevalier's girl-friend in a TV film in London, and he kept telling me that he was sure he had seen me somewhere before. I thought this was rather sweet of him and so I said: "And I've seen you somewhere before, too," and we both had a giggle.

Gallantry

Every day he returned to this theme. He became very protective and insisted that I should have a leaner—a sort of wooden contraption against which actresses can lean when dresses are so complicated that to sit in them would crease them.

Maurice also arranged that I should have a stand-in, to wait under the blinding lights while cameras and microphones are put in their places for the best effect—a job which is terribly hard on the eyes.

We used to sit together to watch the rushes, the quickly developed prints of each section of film shot that day.

He still felt sure that we'd met before, and he ran through a number of places until, suddenly, he said triumphantly: "Knokke-le-Zoute! I must have met you there."

"As a matter of fact, you did," I replied. "I was six. And I sat on your lap."

"Ah!" said Maurice with his magnificent smile, "I would offer you to repeat the performance. But I think I am not old enough for that just yet."

Maurice Chevalier has the reputation of being mean.



SLACKS are Tonia's favorite leisure wear, and here, against a Melbourne skyline, she wears a patterned pair she bought in Belgium with a pin-tucked, lace-insertion white blouse from the Bahamas.

This comes about because he has known what it is to be poor, and he cannot bear to see money wasted. He may travel on the underground instead of taking a taxi, but in the ways that matter he is immeasurably generous. He will always help people in need.

Talking about experience in show business, I remember making a film with the American actor John Ireland. This was called "The Cage," and he played a detective.

I was a young girl who had run away from home, and he was sent to find me. He was the older man giving good advice to the foolish young girl. There was nothing whatever romantic between us.

After the film was finished all the cast had to assemble for photographs for publicity purposes. To my amazement all of ours were in romantic poses.

Afterwards I asked the photographer why they had been necessary. Surely he knew from the script that in the film we did not kiss each other once? The photographer replied that Mr. Ireland had especially asked that we should be photographed in this way.

So I went up to John. "We've wasted the whole afternoon kissing," I said with some irritation.

John gave me a long slow smile.

"Honey," he said, "You call it a waste. But if you felt what I've been feeling you'd call it by another name."

Settled down

Some of my friends who are surprised that Donald and I have settled down to marriage so very happily point out all the differences between us in outlook and temperament.

As I have already said, I like the night and prefer to go to bed at dawn. Donald, on the other hand, keeps spartan hours. I like light entertainment, and, while I respect the classics and know them, I don't like classical music, Donald does.

So we have our differences of opinion, as all couples do, if they have any spirit.

But surely the secret of happy marriage is not to be

two of a kind, but two of a different kind, so that, like the halves of an orange, you can fit together perfectly in your lives.

Certainly, Donald has been a wonderful husband to me. He has given me a completely free hand in bringing up Georgina, his daughter by a previous marriage. He has given her his character and her outlook is his. But I think that I've given Georgina her elegance and her femininity, for she was like a tomboy when I first met her.

Now we are so close I don't think I could love a daughter of my own as much as I love Gina. In my own daughter I'd see all my own faults; but in Gina I see only her father's qualities.

Of course, I would dearly love to give Donald a son. Doctors assured me before I married Donald that despite the hole in my heart it would be safe to bear a child. But when I was examined recently I was told that I'd need an operation before this could be considered.

The worry of Donald's crash two years ago when he was attacking the world's land speed record in America, and the long, equally worrying months afterwards, when he fought his way back to health, also laid their shadow upon me.

I do not know whether we will ever have a child of our own or not, but I am sure that either way we couldn't be happier than we are at present, the three of us, Donald, Gina, and me.

And if my life has taught me one thing of interest or value to other women, it is surely this:

You must try to find your happiness out of giving instead of taking, for if you can make others happy, then you will find happiness in theirs. After all, a woman is born to give; we were made to serve a man and most of us, in the last analysis, find our happiness through this.

At least, this is so of me. And, win or lose, make or break the record, my life is Donald Campbell's, to help in any way I can; and in this lies my destiny, my future, and my happiness.

What is YOUR story?

● Have you a story to tell? All readers are invited to make contributions to our popular series, "A Reader's Story."

Stories may be up to 1500 words in length and should be true.

The author may choose her (or his) own subject. A personal problem solved, an unusual or difficult family situation, a strange, interesting, or dramatic incident in everyday life, or simply coping with housework and children are all practical suggestions.

Two examples of "Readers' Stories" appear below.

Address contributions to "Home and Family," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay from £5 to £20 for each one published.

"FRIENDS CAN BE A MIXED BLESSING!"

● I had read a great deal about wise home-buying, and volumes on furniture, linen, how to insure, and pest protection. But the thing I never was warned about was — FRIENDS, those kind people (and I don't use the word "kind" sarcastically) who give you a hand to settle in a newly acquired home.

BLESS 'em, they're not going to let you do all that hard work on your own. Sunday work-parties ought to put you well on the way; they tell you, and they'll all be in it.

Unfortunately, skilled or clueless, they all are.

An old house which needs repairs and redecoration, such as ours was, gives them wonderful scope.

We had lived in a flat at first, before we found our present home, well away from the city with a bit of land to it.

The house was old. Built in late Crossbred Colonial style, it was early Saxon in plumbing, bathroom, and laundry, and Neolithic in decor.

But it also had great possibilities, and it was remotely within the reach of our pockets.

We loved it, we still do, but with our kind of budget it had to be a do-it-yourself project. (You've guessed it — it still is.)

Our friends were thrilled, but also they seemed to be under the impression that a few months of spare-time pottering would put everything to rights.

Black Sunday

Thinking back, it would probably have worked out quite well if we could have organised them.

But you can't, you know. You cannot act like a factory foreman to folk who have come out of their own good hearts, some of them old enough to be your parents, and some of the most urgent jobs you simply cannot suggest that they do.

(Scrub all those board floors, for instance, or swing a pick to ascertain who has been buried in the kitchen drains.)

So those dreadful Sundays began.

Imagine the scene, if you can, a quiet summer morn, the scent of gums in the air, birds and bees doing all the usual things, and the grinding of gears as the first car crawls up our bush-track approach.

It soon has a company.

"Hello... Lovely day — Carol and I nearly went to the beach, but I said, no, we

must come up and give you folk a hand when we promised.

"Brought up some old paint we had — mix the lot together and it makes a good undercoat. Can you find me a tin big enough..."

"... baby's just due for his feed. If there's a quiet spot somewhere and could I have a glass of water — oh, and some boiled water, too..."

"... forgot to bring an overall, dear, didn't remember it till we were in the car. If I could just trouble you for some old thing..."

"... dying to get started on that big apple tree, terribly overgrown and neglected. Brought my own secateurs. Wrong time of the year? Oh no, you can prune in summer, you know..."

"... thought the children could help tidying up the garden. Where are the rakes? — no rakes. Oh, you haven't had a chance to buy them yet. Well, they'll find something to do..."

"... love a cup of tea before I get started, you know I'm no use at all without my cuppa. I always say to Bill..."

"... we'll start on undercoating this room, if you like, and the other four can help. Got another five brushes? I've brought one..."

"... all brought our own food, dear, there's no need to worry about feeding us. Brought something to cook — there's room on the stove, isn't there? Could I borrow a saucepan? Thank you, dear. Oh, and a sharp knife..."

"... always rinse the baby's napkins, never let them lie about. Could I use the laundry for a moment? No hot water? You'll put some on to heat — so kind. Where's the clothesline and could I borrow a few pegs?"

"... didn't think to bring any turpentine, old man. I've put in all you had and it's still thick..."

"... forgot to bring comfortable shoes, never thought of them till we were in the car. You haven't an old pair, by any chance..."

"... tree's higher than I thought. Could you tell me where the ladder is? Oh, and have you a tiny bit of sticking plaster? Got caught on a sharp bit..."

"... any old rags about? Mag spilt a tiny bit of paint..."

"... not much good at anything else, my dears, but I can slap on a bit of paint. I always say to Bill you're a fool if you can't paint..."

"... got some chops for lunch, can you spare some room on the stove? And could I possibly borrow your frying-pan?"

"... wish you could all be just a little quieter, the baby can't sleep..."

"... can't see the children anywhere at all — heavens, they may be in the bush. Quick, we'll have to find them..."

The day wears on. And "wears" is the correct term.

"... Tom's got the ladder, so we'll just have to paint as far as we can reach. Anyway, it will all be a help..."

"... haven't quite got the door right yet, better have it off again..."

"... could we borrow some knives and forks?"

"... can't paint over that? But I have. It won't dry? But paint always dries..."

Glad to help

"... quickly, everyone, I can't find the children..."

"SHUSH, THE BABY CAN'T SLEEP!"

"Got anything for bull-an't bites?"

Cometh eventide.

"... had a lovely day, so glad we came. Don't thank us, it was a pleasure. Undercoat was a bit lumpy, but we got it on. Some paint on the window glass, but you can get it off easily; there's a wonderful paint remover called..."

"... your things back, dear, thanks very much. Afraid they're a bit mucky, but they were old ones, anyway, weren't they?"

"... apple tree will look wonderful when you do the other half. Just follow my lead."

"... nearly right. Just take it off again and move the hinges up a tiny bit — you can fix those extra screw holes with a bit of putty..."

"... lovely day, dear, thanks for all the cups of tea you made me..."

"... where on earth are the children?"

"... don't thank us, glad to do it. All be up again next week with a bit of luck. Goodbye! We had a lovely day, a simply lovely day!"

● The author supplied her name and address, but asked to have neither published in case her friends read her story!

"Don't pity the poor stammerer"

● Having been a stammerer all my life, more or less, there is one thing I know. A stammerer does not need your pity, only your patience.

STAMMERING is only a minor thing compared with blindness or being a cripple, and, like some of the major afflictions, it has its compensations.

At school, for instance, I rarely was in trouble for not knowing my work; I so rarely was asked questions. I did feel frustrated at not being able to join the debating team, and it was no consolation to be told stuttering was attractive.

A slight hesitation might seem attractive to the non-stutterer, but no real stammerer would ever think so, particularly if he is the one delivering it.

There are many different kinds of stammerers. The puffer-and-huffer is most distressing to watch and perhaps to be, but the thing about stammering is that it never seems to be the same two days running.

Which can be a relief. One day you might get stuck up on "d," the next day "d" presents no problem, but "s" has to be avoided. Sometimes it seems to depend where a letter comes in a sentence.

In giving a grocery order, I dozen eggs and 1lb. of butter might take two minutes to get out unless you can pretend a little forgetfulness and ponder... "Eggs? A dozen please and oh, butter, a pound, I think."

Even coughs and sneezes can be worked in usefully.

Stammering can improve your vocabulary as you find yourself forever racking around for substitute words.

But it can also find you saying words you don't mean.

A pretty dress can suddenly become gorgeous if it is not your day for saying "p," to give a mild example.

Some days you can breeze along with hardly any trouble; other days you get stuck up every time you open your mouth.

It makes you a wonderful listener and also saves you from saying many an ill-considered remark. Of course, the reverse is true, too.

When you find yourself in good voice you talk your head off and completely ignore the glazed eyes of boredom around you! It's just so wonderful to hear the sound of your own clear voice.

I don't remember ever being mimicked by school-friends. In fact, the only time I do remember being mimicked was by an adult when I was twelve.

Hit on the nose

I was staying with some cousins and we were talking to the gardener, who started copying my stammer.

I was holding a large rubber chicken at the time and it suddenly sprang out of my hand and hit the man fair on the nose.

I think I was just as surprised as the gardener.

I feel sorry for listeners sometimes. I'll never forget when I was at business college and we had a new shorthand teacher. All unaware she picked me to translate a shorthand letter.

It was one of my bad days and I puffed and huffed, stopped and stammered.

I could feel the poor teacher wondering what on earth to do, but wisely

she made me stick it out to the end.

My family always ignored my stutter, so much so that at times I was hardly aware of it myself. Once I answered the telephone and a voice said: "Who's that?" "C-c-c-can you guess?" I asked.

We also had family concerts. None of us was a Melba as one candid aunt was to comment, but for all that we could aspire, not only with singing but with dramatic productions.

In a red petticoat and a dim red light, my eldest sister set me up for Shakespeare's "To be, or not to be."

Slowly and with full breath I'd start, "To be, or not to be," then off I'd race hardly to draw breath till I came to the "bare bodkin."

I couldn't dare stop for fear I'd never start again.

People usually grow out of stammering naturally or with the help of modern therapy. Another of its advantages. But I often wonder if true stammerers really grow out of it, or if they just learn to handle it.

The years have rolled on. I would not say my stammering was completely gone.

Sometimes I have my bad days. On the other hand there are people of my normal acquaintance who do not know I stutter.

Stammering has its advantages, not the least of which is that you learn to appreciate the sheer joy of clear, everyday (unimpeded) speech.

So, don't pity the stammerer; he doesn't need your pity, only your patience.

● The author supplied her name and address, but wishes to be anonymous.



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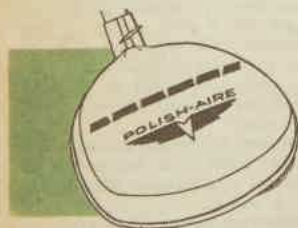
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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Recent newspaper stories that American women are going back to early Victorian days to rediscover old beauty aids has made Di and Kay feel that they are a jump ahead of the fashions — they've been on the Victorian beauty-aid racket for several months now, all of their own accord.

WE have a battered old Household Hints book written half (I think) in my grandmother's handwriting and half in somebody else's — probably one of her sisters.

I remember being told a vague story, when it was handed over to me, that in those days girls used to start a book like this, full of recipes, beauty hints, tips on doing-up linen and preserving fruit and cleaning silver and maintaining the gold leaf of their best afternoon-tea cups, as part of their preparations for marriage.

Granny certainly had plenty of time to compile her book, because she was engaged at 16½ and not allowed by her family to marry until she'd reached the ripe old age of 18.

It was Diana who first hunted out the old book and adopted Granny's oatmeal recipes as her special thing.

Oatmeal may be fine for the skin, but it sure does fly about! There has been a fine dusting of it over everything in Di's room for the past few weeks.

Di's method, borrowed from her great-grandmother, is to mix some fine oatmeal to a paste with equal parts of lukewarm milk and water and rub the paste into her skin.

Then, when the mixture has half-dried on her face, she dips her fingers into dry oatmeal and massages her face with it until all the oatmeal has rubbed off in little flakes. (This is when the dust begins to fly.)

The sight of my second daughter preparing for a night out — old jeans, a T-shirt liberally snowed with dry oatmeal on the shoulders, oatmeal mask on her face, and rollers in her hair — is one that would gladden the heart of any Boris Karloff fan.

Granny's skin

was always soft

NOT to be outdone, Kay has adopted Granny's grape-juice pack. Nobody really minds this, since the few grapes our vine has produced this year are hardly worth eating.

The recipe calls for green grapes — I suspect you might get a totally unexpected cosmetic effect if you used black ones!

You mash the grapes and press them through a wire sieve to remove the skins and pips.

Spread the pulp over your face (it's quite an idea to lie down before attempting that), put a light towel over your face to stop the pulp drying out, and meditate quietly for 20 minutes while the grape pulp does its work.

Wash it off with lukewarm water followed by a cold rinse, and, hey presto!

My grandmother had quite a lot of toilet rituals that I can remember quite clearly, though to my child's eye they were more eccentricities than beauty aids.

Though looking back (now that I'm beginning to catch up a bit on her in years!) I can see that she must have been quite a gal when she was young; even when she was old she looked after her skin and hair with the greatest care, and they were always very soft and pleasant to young fingers.

The Government's water was never good enough for Granny. Rain off her own roof was the only thing she would use for her

face and hair, and the big white jug in her bedroom had to be filled from the iron tank in the backyard every morning.

There did seem to be something special about that water, too — maybe it was the mosquito wrigglers which often appeared in it when you poured it from the jug into the washstand basin.

All her life the only soap she would use for her face and hair was plain unscented castile, but her washstand always had a delicious smell of stewed pears, coming from the bottle of witch-hazel with which she splashed her face after she'd washed it.

Hair was dry-cleaned if children had snuffles

GRANNY had some less attractive recipes she liked to use on any grandchildren she got temporarily in her grasp.

One was her dandruff cure — three parts of olive oil to one of kerosene rubbed liberally into the scalp and hair and allowed to hang and drip in grisly festoons for four hours before it was washed off.

The other was less smelly but even harder to bear. She believed that the hair needed cleaning every week, but that the most dreadful consequences would follow hair-washing if the child had the slightest suspicion of a cold.

So if we were staying with Granny and we had the snuffles our hair got dry-cleaned.

Two egg-whites, beaten stiff, were rubbed into the hair, allowed to get bone dry, and then brushed out.

It was the brushing-out we hated — a job that she would keep at patiently for half an hour or more.

"Beauty's only skin dope" — Mike

KATHERINE, realising that the grape season is fast running out, is consoled by the fact that quinces are beginning to come in and that Granny's Hints book has a Quince Seed Lotion against which someone has written VY GOOD in large letters in the margin.

The preamble to the recipe says that it will soften a very dry skin which has become worse by too much exposure to sun and wind.

You add two drachms of pure glycerine and 8oz. of witch-hazel to 2 drachms of quince seeds and allow them to stand for at least 12 hours, shaking them from time to time.

Then you strain the liquid to remove the seeds, dissolve five grains of borax in a little warm water, and add it to the lotion.

Then, drop by drop, and shaking the bottle between drops, you add ½oz. of surgical spirit.

Kay intends to make this next weekend. I've advised her to go to the local chemist in an off-peak period, or he may get a bit terse about having to measure and sell these tiny quantities.

Mike takes a lively interest in these procedures, but it's not an interest which is much appreciated by his sisters.

"Beauty is only skin dope," he says. "What you want to do is slosh on half a cup of fruit salad and fix it with hair lacquer. Then you'll look exactly what you are — a pair of positively raving ratbags."

Yes — even this kind of dirt!



* Taken from the famous Handy Andy Kindergarten Cleaning Test Commercial — now on TV

Handy Andy shifts dirt like nothing else can!

In Stafford, Brisbane, sixteen kiddies were invited — yes, *invited!* — to make a mess of their kindergarten wall. And *what* a mess they made, with grease, jam, finger-paint — even mud pies. The kiddies went home, and the dirt was allowed to dry hard. The object? To test Handy Andy with ammonia, the white liquid that shifts dirt like nothing else can! Just a little Handy Andy in water and — *whoosh!* All that dirt was wiped off in next to no time. For all your tough cleaning chores try white Handy Andy, the first liquid cleaner to combine powerful cleaning agents with ammonia. Shifts dirt like nothing else can!



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The look of Miss SPORTSCRAFT

Miss SPORTSCRAFT



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WOOL



It's the look of you, the style of you, the certain something in the very smile of you. The flair, the fun, the fashion simplicity too. And that is the look of Miss Sportscraft. And that is the look of you.

Blue and white 'Ned Kelly' check skirt, inverted front pleat and gold fob £7.7.0. Navy bow blouse £4.15.0.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

"ALPINE" GARDENS

● Strictly speaking, alpine plants are those that grew originally on mountains. But from the home gardener's angle alpiners are small creeping or tufted plants suitable for low borders and rock gardens, or steep banks.

THUS, there are "alpiners" that can be grown in warm coastal districts.

Most alpiners like good sharp drainage, a gritty soil enriched with natural humus such as old cow manure and leafy composts. A place in the sun is usually essential.

Some true alpiners are shrubby plants like *Erica carnea*, many *rhododendrons*, the biggest of the alpine *centaureas*, *valerianas*, and the more robust species of *daphne*, *veronica*, and *cerastium*.

The rest are mostly of dwarf habit, but have deep roots which delve into the rocky debris that is washed down the mountain slopes during snow-thaws.

FOR ANY CLIMATE

Ground-covering alpiners that grow virtually anywhere include pink alpine phlox, mossy thymes, *Veronica reptans* and *Veronica prostrata* (both have blue flowers), *Betonica rosea* (rose spike like a miniature salvia), pink and white thrift, blue variegated *ajuga*, dwarf pinks, and yellow trailing *hypericum*.

FOR COOLER CLIMATES

These include *Anemone pulsatilla* (purple), alpine phlox in white and lavender, yellow *alyssum*, double white *arabis* and its variegated form, blue *Gentiana acaulis*, all of the rock roses (*helianthemum*), and the showy *aubrietias*.

Combinations of alpiners and bulbs with taller perennials can create some charming groupings. Try alpine phlox with tiny hoop petticoat daffodils and an azalea or two underplanted with pink and blue polyanthus. Another planting suggestion is forget-me-nots among tulips surrounded by many kinds of low alpiners.

The combinations are endless.

City dwellers may try a miniature garden by growing in troughs some pink alpine phlox, a fairy rose, a clump of white or pink thrift, completed with perhaps a tiny dwarf conifer, surrounded at its base with one of the many prostrate thymes.

After blooming ceases, most alpiners appreciate a cutting back and a light mulch worked in among the prostrate stems. Often the gardener is rewarded with a re-blooming.

Gardening Book — page 128

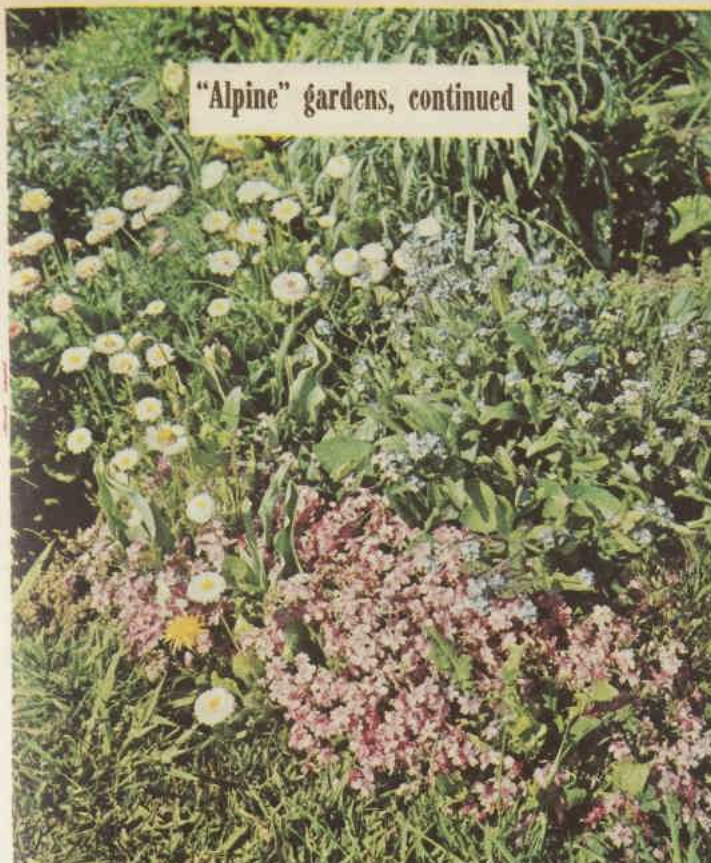


● *Aubrietia* (rock cress) is an alpine best planted in cooler areas. All these pictures were taken at Mr. Owen Fletcher's garden at Bowral, N.S.W.



● Lavender alpine phlox is a handsome edging plant. It, too, does best in cooler districts. Here it is planted with polyanthus in the background.

Gardening Book—page 129



"Alpine" gardens, continued

● This attractive grouping of English daisies (*Bellis perennis*), pink alpine phlox, and forget-me-nots shows the effect that can be got from close planting.

Gardening Book—page 130



● Barnhaven polyanthus in rich "spice" colorings is an unusual type. This combines well with alpines in the garden for a spring showing.

● Pink Barnhaven primrose is ideal when grown with alpines. It flowers from July to October.



Gardening Book—page 131

SPORTSCRAFT THE LOOK OF SPORTSCRAFT SPORTSCRAFT



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MEAT ROLL WINS £5

● A tasty beefsteak roll with unusual sage-flavored stuffing wins this week's £5 main prize.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of £1 is awarded for a recipe for small cheese biscuits based on mashed potato. All spoon measurements are level.

BEEFSTEAK ROLL WITH SAGE

Four ounces liverwurst, 1 slice ham or bacon, 2 slices stale bread, 1 onion, sprig parsley, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon sage, 2 tablespoons grated parmesan or other cheese, 1 to 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1lb. round steak (cut in one piece and pounded thin), ¼ cup salad or olive oil, 1 cup stock or water.

Mash liverwurst, cut ham or bacon into thin pieces, crumble bread coarsely, and chop onion, parsley, carrot, and celery very finely. Mix together well. Stir in sage, egg, parmesan cheese, salt, pepper. Spread mixture over entire surface of steak, roll lengthwise into tight, neat roll, tie in several places. Heat oil

in saucepan or electric fry-pan, add beef roll; brown all over. Pour in stock or water, cover tightly. Cook slowly about 1 hour or until tender or bake in slow oven about 2 hours. Cover during roasting. Serve hot or cold.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Bradley, 29 East Terrace, Sunnyside, Wallaroo, S.A.

POTATO CHEESE BISCUITS

Half cup seasoned cooked mashed potato, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 5 tablespoons rolled oats, ¼ cup tasty cheese (shredded).

Combine all ingredients in bowl, mix to stiff dough, turn out on lightly floured board, knead a little. Roll out thinly, cut into shapes, place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Watts, 16 Queens Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These tips sent in by readers help make household chores easier and more interesting. Each one wins a £1/1/- prize.

COVER the tops of hanging cupboards with waxed paper. It's much easier to renew the paper than scrub greasy paintwork. — Mrs. P. Vella, 1 East Street, Yallourn North, Vic.

To make bath essence from your own garden, take two good handfuls each of sage leaves and lavender heads, or rosemary and full-blown roses. Cover with water, add a pinch of salt and bring to boil. Strain, and use the liquid to scent the bath water. — Mrs. Lucy Butler, 38

Princes' St., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

Screw a plastic towel rail to the end of baby's cot. It's handy for holding nappies, towel, and sponge-bag for quick night changes. — Mrs. H. Smith, 57 Farmborough Rd., Unamuderra, N.S.W.

Dried summer grasses make a good filling for outdoor chair cushions. — Mrs. Williams, Box 27, P.O., Ettalong Beach, N.S.W.

To fill a layer cake or sponge with jelly or other soft filling, spread a mixture of icing sugar and hot milk over the bottom half of the cake. Let the mixture harden before putting in the filling. — Mrs. S. Blake, Toolondo, Vic.

Useful gift for an elderly woman: a needle-case containing a dozen or so needles, each one threaded with sewing cotton. Thread four with white, four with black, and the remainder with different colors. If you live close to her, follow up the gift by calling in at intervals and re-threading the needles. — Mrs. M. J. Perring, Seelands, via Grafton, N.S.W.

Don't discard the bread crusts when making asparagus rolls, etc. Dip crusts in melted butter or substitute, roll in finely grated cheese and dash of cayenne. Bake in hot oven until lightly browned and crisp. They make a tasty addition to the savory tray. — Mrs. J. McCallum, 7 Spensley St., Clifton Hills, Vic.

Wait for a dull, rainy day to wash stubborn fly spots off the kitchen ceiling. The damp air softens them and they wash off easily with warm water and detergent. — Mrs. E. Waldron, 11 Dethridge St., Northgate, Brisbane.

To keep out winter draughts under a door, roll up two old copies of The Australian Women's Weekly tightly, side by side, and cover with a strip of colored plastic. It can be discarded in summer. — Mrs. M. J. Croft, Coorow, W.A.

Dip your pressing cloth into cold tea instead of water when pressing dark skirts or trousers. The pleats will stay in much longer. — Mrs. J. Cross, 129 York St., Bedford, W.A.

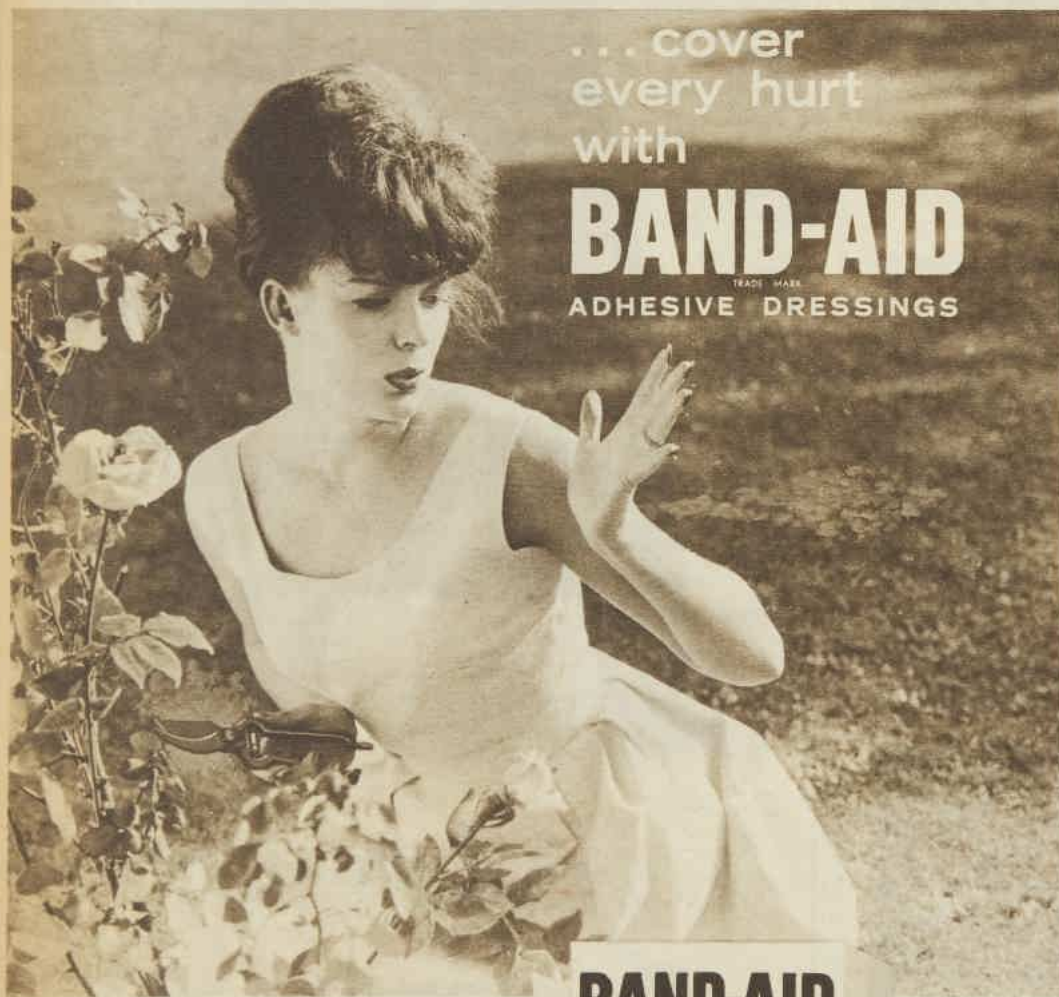
Choose kitchen china to match or harmonise with your best dinner service. You will then have extra plates to fit in unobtrusively when they are needed for a party. — Mrs. E. M. Watson, 1 Duncan Road, Beaumont, S.A.

To entertain children on wet days give them the key to a "treasure chest" — an old but strong box into which you've thrown empty matchboxes, cotton-reels, cardboard boxes, scraps of material, and anything else labelled "junk." At the end of the day, after tidying up is completed, give a small prize for the best "something" made from items in the chest. — Mrs. R. Atkin, State School, Budgee, via Boolarra, Vic.

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* AUSTRALIA'S STYLE LEADER IN DECORATIVE LAMINATES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 10, 1963

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"I know what sort of life I want," Anne said. "I just want to be married and have my own home. Honestly, Mother, men don't marry de-grees!"

"It's not the degree, Anne; it's the people you meet, the jobs that will be available to you, the associations."

"What's so tragic about getting married?" Anne bent her lovely but flushed face over her toast. "Aren't you and Daddy happy being married?"

"Of course we are," Violet said. She and Howard were happy; but it wasn't an airy, insubstantial kind of happiness. Their marriage was filled with give and take; that is what made it solid and satisfying. How could she explain that to a child like Anne? "Marriage isn't tragic," she said. "Of course we want you to marry. When you meet the right man."

"I've already met him," Anne said. Her tone was defiant.

Continuing . . . BIRTH OF A MARRIAGE

from page 30

"David's very nice," Violet said quietly. "But he's not the kind who will make a good husband, and when you are older you will see that."

"What's wrong with him?" Anne asked, and her eyes were dark with concern.

Violet felt that Anne was trying to see straight into her and she thought in dismay, what is wrong with David? He's dependable and he's courtious. He's just got his degree and is going to work in a respectable business.

Then it came to her with clarity that all those things she had thought of as faults. He was average. Just a young man with nothing extra, as far as she could see. No special background, no money, no brilliance of any kind: just a nice ordinary person. Perhaps she had no right to want more for Anne.

"Nothing is wrong with

him," Violet said slowly. "You are just too young to tie yourself down, Anne. There are hundreds of nice, ordinary men in the world. We want you to grow up and find a special man, someone who will make you happy."

"David will make me happy," Anne said softly. She picked up her coffee cup and gulped quickly and nervously, and Violet suddenly noticed a difference in her. That blatant self-assurance was missing. She was suddenly both younger and older at the same time, and Violet had a terrible premonition of what her daughter was trying to say.

"Are you and David engaged?" Violet asked.

Anne looked up at her mother and slowly shook her head back and forth. Suddenly tears welled up in her eyes. She began to sob very softly. Violet cried, "What are you trying to tell me?"

Anne just shook her head and wept.

"Are you and David already married? Is that it?" Even as the words came, she was saying to herself: Let her tell me I am wrong.

But Anne could not speak. She nodded her head, and Violet knew that life had changed, abruptly and completely.

For a long time they sat at the table, not saying anything. Violet's mind flew from one thing to another. How can I tell Howard? Perhaps it isn't true. Anne is only a baby. No wedding, no presents, no white dress, no parties.

Then Violet stood up and went quickly round the table. She put her arms round her daughter and pulled Anne's face against her. Rocking her gently back and forth, she began to comfort her.

"Darling, it's all right," she said. "Everything will be all right. We'll work it out. Don't cry any more. Just tell me about it. Daddy can fix it."

She felt Anne stiffen. "What do you mean, Daddy can fix it?"

Violet stroked Anne's back gently. "Darling, Daddy's a lawyer. His business is straightening out bad situations. We can go away for a while and in the autumn you can go to the university. No one need ever know."

As Violet listened to her she thought, she's just like Howard. There's no stopping her. "But, darling," she said, "how can you be a wife? You won't even boil your own egg and you can't put up your hems. I can't get you up in the mornings. I have to beg you to set the table."

"I used to try, Mother.



"Just who do you think you are?"

Anne jerked away from her mother. "You don't understand at all, do you? I knew you wouldn't. I told David you wouldn't. We've been married since January, and as soon as he's back we're going to get a flat."

"I was going to tell you before then. I've wanted to tell you and Daddy for weeks, but I'm glad I didn't. I won't go to the university. I want to be a wife. I want to go on being David's wife and I'm going to."

You know I did. You always say my eggs don't look fit to eat, and if I ever do alter a dress or press anything you just grab it away and say, 'For heaven's sake, can't you do any better than that?' I don't even try and more."

Anne's mouth trembled and tears ran down her cheeks, but she did not look less determined.

Violet opened her mouth to protest, but she could hear herself criticising Anne, making things too easy for her.

It was so simple and she wondered how she could have been so blind.

"I want to do things myself," Anne said. "We know what we're in for. I'm not a baby any more."

When Violet was in her room those were the words she remembered: She went into the bathroom, turned on the bath and started to cry. Her baby—already married for five months.

Then she dressed and began to think what she must do. There was only one thing now that mattered: they must not lose Anne entirely. They had to love her and help her and accept what was done.

How can I tell Howard? she thought. In the twenty years they had been married she had felt his quick, un-reasonable temper more times than she could remember. Long ago Violet had learned to surrender the little battles and to avoid the big ones. There had never been anything like this before; but she knew him well and she knew that this was something she would have to carry alone.

As she went through the routine of an ordinary day she tried to think of a way to tell him.

When she heard the car in the drive she went to the door as she always did. She lifted her face to be kissed. She noticed with pride that he was big and handsome, and that his case must have gone well. It was all there in his face for her to see.

Violet waited in agonies through dinner, suffering the senseless small talk, searching out his mood in the hope that she would find an opening for her news. They carried their coffee into the living-room, lit cigarettes, and then she decided she had chosen the cruelest time of all. Now he was off guard. When he had come in he had said, "How are my girls?" For all he knew, everything was well with his girls and his world.

Violet put her cup and saucer on the table and moved over on to the sofa.

"Darling," she said, "do

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you realise that Anne is really grown-up?"

"One good look is all you need to know that. Where's the sugar?"

He started to stand up, but Violet reached out and stopped him. "Please listen to me, Howard."

"I am listening." He smiled tolerantly at her as if to say, "What little problem has my little wife got tonight?"

"I want to talk about Anne."

"All right, let's talk. Has she made up her mind about the university?"

"She's not going to the university."

VIOLET saw the familiar redness creeping up above his white collar, and he said abruptly, "She'll have to change her mind."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, Howard. This time she is not going to change her mind. She won't go."

"I'll make her go. She'll like it well enough once she's there. She's too young to make decisions like that."

"She's eighteen," Violet said. "She's old enough to make up her own mind. She's old enough to be married. Don't you realise that?"

"What are you trying to tell me?" he said. His face was set in anger.

"Darling, don't be angry. Anne is not a child, Howard. She is serious about David. We should have seen just how serious she was. She told me this morning that they are married, and have been since January."

For a moment she thought he must not have heard; then the signs she knew so well began to appear; the angry pacing, the fist pounding, the savage way he moved his arms and shoulders, the terrible, cutting things he said.

She was thankful Anne was out of the house and Johnny was only twelve and safely at school. She was thankful she had experienced this kind of anger many times before and could withstand it.

"They cannot be married," he said. "I'll have it annulled. You can take her away. We'll get her so deep into that university he'll never see her again. I'll ruin his chances of holding a job anywhere near here."

"Darling, you can't. Anne is eighteen."

"She was eighteen in March and seventeen in January. What sort of man would let her lie about her age? What sort of mother are you? Do you know what I see in court every day? Marriages just like that. Youngsters without any sense who have ruined every chance they'll ever have, coming to court with babies in their arms because one or the other has run off and left them with nothing but trouble."

"I know how you feel," Violet said. "I want to understand and help so we can avoid all that. I've been crying all day," she said. "I wanted so much for Anne." She began to cry again. "Howard, she'll never come to us for anything if we don't try to understand now."

"I do understand," he said. "I've seen a hundred cases just like this. When she comes home I'll lock her in her room and she can stay there until she comes to her senses."

"If you lock her in, I'll let her out again."

He did not believe what he had heard, perhaps because he had never heard anything like it before. Then he said with slow deadliness, "You had better not try to fight me, Vi. I know every legal trick there is. There is nothing you can do with or for Anne that I cannot stop, and I will."

Continuing . . . BIRTH OF A MARRIAGE

from page 54

"You may know every legal angle, but that is only part of it," she said. "I have never wanted to fight you before, Howard. This time it is different."

"You're behaving just like a woman. You haven't any more sense than Anne," he said. "You had better bring her round, because if you don't I'll handle things my way and neither of you will like it." He flung himself toward the door.

"Don't go, Howard. Of all times, we ought to stand together now. You don't know how determined she is. You can't shut her in her room for ever. All you will do is to make her hate us."

"Since when did I lose control of my children?"

"Anne is not a child any more. We've been out of touch with her for months, you know."

He did not bother to answer her. The door closed with a bang, and she heard the car spitting gravel as he backed it out of the drive. She felt a twist of anxiety; but all she could do was wait.

It was late when Howard came in. Violet had lain awake a long time. Anne had been in her room asleep for hours, but Violet heard every car that passed the house.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

— John 15.11.

She was wide awake when she heard the front door open, but she closed her eyes and lay rigid in bed. Howard came slowly up the stairs, went down the passage past their room and into Johnny's. For a few minutes she heard him fumbling about; then the house grew still again.

She knew he was waiting for her to come to him. She had done it so often, she almost doubted her conviction that this time she could not. Violet thought sleep would never come, but when it did she slept so soundly she did not wake at the usual time. Howard had already left when she got downstairs.

The morning lacked the tranquillity of the day before, but as Violet put on the coffee and cut a grapefruit she had the feeling of a free person. For the first time in her married life she was not trying to adjust herself to a decision that did not quite suit her. Even her own marriage, contented as she was with it, could still grow, and she was glad.

She set the grapefruit on the table and switched on the coffee percolator, then went upstairs to Anne's room. As she bent over her daughter she felt a great wave of love, a terrible longing to shelter her first child.

"Wake up," she said. "Breakfast is ready."

Anne moaned. "For heaven's sake, Mother, what's the fuss?"

"I want you up — now." Violet jerked the pillow out from under her head and smiled as Anne blinked in amazement.

"Are you married or aren't you?" Violet asked.

Anne sat up and stared

defiantly at her mother. "Yes, I am."

"Well, get up and behave as if you were married, then."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"It's time you learnt. Come downstairs at once and have breakfast. We are going out to find you a flat."

Violet poured them each a cup of coffee, and when Anne had swallowed some she started to talk to her. This was no longer mother-daughter talk, it was woman to woman.

"Your father is set on your going to the university," she said. "He wants to do everything he can to prevent you from seeing David again."

"He can't," Anne said.

"Have you any idea what being a wife really means?"

Violet asked. "Are you prepared to become a mother? I'm talking about the nights without sleep, the months when you won't have new clothes, the parties you'll miss, the money you'll need and not have, the ear-aches and coughs and grocery bills and quarrels."

"I wasn't born yesterday, Mother."

"That is no answer."

"How can I know what all that is like?" Anne cried. "I am not blind. I know marriage is not all fun. I can tell when things aren't right with you and Daddy, but they turn out all right in the end. David and I think alike, and we want the same things, the same kind of life. I never did want to go to the university. I want to be married. I am eighteen. You have never even tried to know David and I've been going out with him for eighteen months."

"Eat your grapefruit," Violet said mildly.

Anne began to eat. She glanced now and again at Violet, but she kept silent.

At last Violet said, "Well, now, here's what we've got to do." She went to her desk and came back with a pencil and paper, the telephone book and the newspaper. "You look in the paper for flats and I'll make a list of estate agents."

"We are going to find you a place to live, and you are going to keep house and learn to cook and in general behave like a wife."

"Is this a game?" Anne said brightly.

"No, it is definitely not a game. The games are all over. This is for good, and I want you to realise it now. Marriage is not playing at houses and dressing dolls. Marriage is final. It is separation from your parents. It is dependence on your husband. Do you understand that?"

ANNE poured herself some more coffee. "Mother, I have understood that for a long time. I just wasn't sure you did."

Violet felt an hysterical impulse to laugh. How absurd, how true! They had convinced Anne they would never be able to think of her as anything but a child: it was an idea Anne herself had abandoned long ago. With a sigh she opened the telephone book.

By the afternoon they found a flat, and Anne's life as Mrs. David Williamson began. Violet wrote her telephone number on a scrap of paper, kissed her goodbye and drove home with a sinking heart. She tried not to think that the flat had looked ordinary with its dark oak furniture and green curtains. Violet

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had checked the locks on the doors and found them secure, and the neighborhood was pleasant. That was all she could do.

Howard's car was in the drive, and when she came in she found that he had made them each a cocktail. His face was untroubled, as if he would not acknowledge their dispute and thus nullify it.

"Well, well," he said, "busy day? What's for supper?"

"Very busy," Violet stripped off her hat and gloves and took her drink. She hoped it would soothe her misgivings. She dreaded telling him what she had done.

"What a nice surprise," she said. "I'm hot and thirsty and I need this. How was your day?"

"Nothing unusual."

Neither of them mentioned Anne, not yet. They were like people who have already received bad news

Continuing . . . BIRTH OF A MARRIAGE

from page 57

and are waiting, hoping to be told it was a mistake. Finally, Howard put down his glass.

"Where's Anne? Isn't it about time she came in?"

"She is not coming in."

"What do you mean, she's not coming in?" His face flamed; then, holding himself in check, he asked hopefully, "You've packed her off already?"

"No, I haven't packed her off."

"Where is she then?"

"She's in a flat. She's perfectly safe, and she's going to stay there until you feel like talking sensibly to us both."

"She's in a flat? Where?"

"I am not going to tell you where, Howard."

For a moment he looked angry enough to strike her, then he said, "Vi, please, this is your daughter's life you are playing about with. All I want to do is to help her."

"I know," she said, and her voice trembled, for she was as afraid as he was. "Oh, Howard, I know. But this has gone too far. We have lost her already. Can't you see that, darling? The child is gone. I want to hang on to the young woman."

"You are not talking sensibly."

"You don't know your daughter."

Violet said, "If you did, you would see it, too." She put her hand to her aching head.

"I'll have her traced," Howard said. "For heaven's sake, Vi, come to your senses. I'll find her in a day or two."

He hadn't found her in a week's time. Each day, Violet's resolve wavered. Nothing was the same. The house was empty. She avoided seeing her friends and put off Anne's. Whenever she had a chance she drove to Anne's flat, and she tried to be enthusiastic about what she found.

They laughed together over a chocolate cake that fell out of the tin. They talked about new curtains and Violet admired Anne's first pot of ivy. Every day Anne asked about her father, and Violet avoided answering.

It was not enough that Anne was happy. True, Violet had kept her daughter; but Anne was not only her daughter, she was their daughter.

One day, feeling defeated and unhappy, she got into the car and started to drive to Anne's. Her head was aching, and a kind of defeated numbness crept over her.

When she reached the flat she hardly noticed the car parked ahead of hers outside the building. But when she started wearily up the steps she turned back in alarm. It was Howard's car.

Suddenly Violet felt a sense of relief. Now there was nothing more she could do. He had found Anne. Violet had expended all her strength; she had done her best. She turned and went slowly up the steps into the building.

As she walked along the corridor she saw that Anne's door was open. There wasn't a sound. She decided they could not be inside, and thought wryly that she had missed the storm. She visualised Anne crumpled on her bed, her face pressed into her pillow, sobbing, while Howard paced up and down, lecturing her. Then she heard low voices coming from the kitchenette.

All at once Anne laughed. Violet did not begin to breathe until that moment. She went into the living-room and shut the door.

SHE crossed the room, feeling as if she were running straight through her own garden with lilacs nodding on one side and roses on the other, everything fresh with dew and the sun warm on her back. It was not fair for them to sit and laugh without her. She had fought the battle; they were enjoying the victory. What right had Howard to find his daughter and make amends so quickly. Even so, Violet was glad, with a bursting gladness that made her want to cry.

"Hello," Anne said, as if nothing at all had happened, although her eyes were red and puffy.

"Hello," said Violet. She looked directly at Howard and tried to smile. They had not been able to look each other squarely in the face for over a week. It was like coming home again, and Violet felt her mouth begin to tremble.

"Give your mother some coffee," Howard ordered. "What's the idea coming to this party so late?" he demanded, scowling at Violet.

"What party?" she sniffed, reaching for the coffee.

"What do you think I'm doing here?" Howard said. "My daughter rang me up and invited me to her house for dinner."

"Anne rang up?"

"Yes, I did," Anne said. "I don't intend to spend my married life hiding from my own father."

"Did you two fight it out?" Violet asked gently.

They both looked sheepish.

"I think it's a draw," Anne said softly. "Neither of us gave in. We both just gave up."

Much later in their own room, Violet found the courage to say into the darkness, "Darling, I am sorry I went against you."

Howard's arm came around her. "I have missed you,"

"I have missed you, too."

"I have thought about a lot of things this week, and I have come to two conclusions. I think, generally speaking, my judgment's better than yours," he said in his old, familiar way, but about you and Anne there are two things I must admit."

"What's that?" Violet murmured, feeling sheltered, loved and happy again.

"First of all, I decided you must think very highly of your own marriage to get so stirred up over Anne's."

Violet assented sleepily.

"And about Anne," he said. "Perhaps to understand a maturing female you have to be a maturing female. That is the only way I can work it out. One thing I know for certain, I could never completely understand these things."

Violet nestled up against him. She thought, I love you all the more for that.

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Continuing . . . OLIVER AND THE RICH, RICH GIRL

A yearning look increased the depth of her eyes, always like deep lakes, and when Oliver drifted past, on his way to the Weston roof garden for some shindig, with a diaphanous girl on his arm, Eileen exhibited a certain moodiness.

Meanwhile, Oliver's name began to be linked, in the gossip columns of the local journals, with the names of well-to-do girls. The columnists pretended archly to hear wedding bells in the offing.

"Are you really going to marry that Caroline Jansen?" I asked Oliver one Sunday morning when he was trying to recover from two evenings of strenuous playing the field. Caroline Jansen's father owned a national string of bakeries and had a blue-chip bank account; but Caroline in person did leave something to be desired.

"I don't know," Oliver said. "She is so homely—reminds me of a doughnut."

"Well, you can't have your cake and eat it, too, ha ha," I said.

"Heaven forbid," Oliver said piously.

"There's always Sandra Bird," I said. I collected Oliver's girls the way some adolescents collect movie stars.

"That's some house they've got, all right," Oliver said. "Swimming-pool and the works. But her mother is really a battle-axe."

"You're not marrying her mother," I said.

"But Sandra might take after her. There are ear-

marks. If I don't call up, she nags me."

"What about Lois Epperson?" I asked.

"She's a nice girl, but try and dance with her! She doesn't know what the music is for. I dragged that girl around last night until I'm exhausted." Oliver was hard to please. "I've really got my eye on Phyllis Ballew," he said.

Mr. Ballew was the president of the First National Bank, and Phyllis was the most stuck-up girl in town. She had come home from an Eastern school with some kind of phony accent, and you could hardly understand a word she said. I thought she was a jerk, but I didn't say anything.

IT was common knowledge that Caroline and Sandra and Lois swooned and had trouble with their blood pressure when Oliver came on the scene; but Phyllis Ballew hadn't taken any notice of him. That merely whetted Oliver's determination. I'll have to admit that in addition to being rich, rich she was also pretty, pretty.

When Oliver finally made a date with Phyllis, he was really set up. I never knew what happened, but Phyllis apparently snubbed him or stood him up. He was so depressed that he called up Eileen Delaney and asked her to go dancing at Rivercrest Lodge. Eileen, of course, broke two other dates and went,

and that's where the whole thing started.

Eileen Delaney in a sweater and skirt was one thing; but Eileen Delaney in a drift of chiffon, with sparkles in her ears and smelling of enticing perfume, was another. You could tell by looking at her that she danced like a leaf blown before the wind, and at Rivercrest Lodge, where there was a very good combo, Eileen and Oliver stopped traffic.

They could have danced all night, for sure, and they almost did. In fact, Eileen's mother gave her a stern lecture for getting in at four o'clock in the morning, and the next day, when I was cleaning up Oliver's room, I discovered that his shirt front was decorated with lipstick.

Oliver was very grouchy after that, and I don't know whether he was still smarting over Phyllis Ballew or had other problems. He didn't go to any parties for a whole week, and he kept his door shut. I couldn't find out anything, and I nearly died of suspense. Eileen, on the other hand, looked like a Christmas tree lighted from the inside.

Every night about nine o'clock, Oliver announced he was going for a walk and wandered down the block in the general direction of Eileen Delaney's house. He didn't come back for hours.

Things went on like this for several days, and then one night the phone rang during dinner, and it was Phyllis Ballew calling. I could see Oliver tighten up like a steel spring. He was pretty casual on the phone and sounded bored, but he did manage to let her persuade him to be her escort at the Wildwood Cotillion.

This was quite a plum, since she was going to lead the grand march. Her father was president of the Wildwood Club. In fact, he was president of practically everything.

Oliver refurbished his campaign clothes with a pair of patent-leather opera pumps and a real silk hat. He was a heart-stopping sight when he left for the Weston Hotel, where Phyllis' car was going to pick him up. I guess Eileen Delaney's heart nearly stopped, too.

From that time on, the Ballew-Griswold affair gained momentum like a prairie fire. They were such a good-looking couple, and Phyllis was so important that their pictures were always in the papers, and Oliver was always off on football weekends or quail shoots or tarpon fishings or other pursuits of the rich and idle gentry.

HE was never at home at night except to sleep. It seemed that even Mr. Ballew approved of him, and as the result of his new contacts with capitalists, Oliver got a better job at the real-estate office, with more money, just in time to spend it on tailor's bills.

I scarcely saw him, except occasionally on Monday night, when Phyllis went to her French lesson. Nobody else saw him, including Eileen Delaney. One of the fellows in Phyllis Ballew's crowd had put him up for the Athletic Club, so he moved his mail and his address to this more exclusive area.

"Well, when is the wedding?" I asked one Monday night. "Can I be a bridesmaid?"

"Don't be funny," Oliver said.

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Page 59

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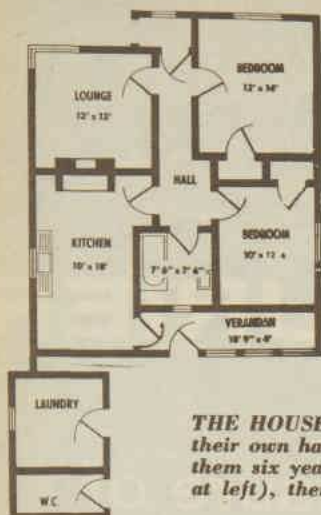
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The house

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

● When Mr. Jack Sayers, of Newcomb, Geelong, was building his own house brick by brick—and making his bricks, too — his sister-in-law said she'd eat her hat if it ever got finished. After six hard years the house was finished — but Mr. Sayers was kind enough to let her wear her hat instead of making her eat it.



THE HOUSE that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sayers designed and built with their own hands. The job, including the making of 8000 bricks, took them six years. They started by building the laundry (see floor plan at left), then verandah and bathroom, lastly the two front rooms.

ENTRANCE HALL, with bathroom at far end. In addition to making many of the bricks, Mrs. Sayers did all the painting and interior decoration. In early stages of building, the bathroom was used as bedroom.



TO most people, planning and building a house can be fun. But to Mr. and Mrs. Sayers it was a hard struggle.

Thirteen years ago they were forced to leave their rented house. With two young children, almost no money, and unable to raise a loan, they decided to buy a small block of land.

On this they lived like pioneers in a hut, caravan, and tent, until the first part of the house was habitable. There was no water, gas, or electricity — no roads, and no neighbors.

They were the first people to buy land in the Newcomb area, which is about two miles from the heart of Geelong and a few minutes from Eastern Beach.

On Easter Sunday, 1950, they moved to their 50ft. by 143ft. block — and set up house in a bush hut made of palings (they used them later for fences). They slept in the tent and caravan.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayers chose their block because it was the one with the least boxthorn. It cost them £45—today it is worth £950.

When photographer Jim Ellard and I visited Mr. and Mrs. Sayers at their colorful little house, they did not complain about their ordeal,

but they did say they would never do it again.

They estimate that their two-bedroom house cost them about £1150 without furnishings, and that its present market value would probably be double that figure.

"We could never sell the house, though," said Mrs. Sayers, a dark-haired, pleasant woman and spotless housekeeper.

"We've left it to our three grandchildren."

Mr. Sayers, who works on the wharves, had never built even a simple cupboard before he tackled his house.

Carted water

After buying the block they didn't have any money left to start building, so they saved as much as possible every week, and when they had enough they would buy cement and other building materials.

Mrs. Sayers cooked over a wood-burning stove, washed in a copper outdoors, and ironed everything with a flat iron.

They used kerosene lamps for light. Electricity didn't come for six years and gas was put on only a year ago.

They heated water in kettles and the copper to have a bath.

The nearest water sup-

ply was two miles away, so it was Mr. Sayers' job to load his old motor-bike and sidecar with drums of water to supply the family.

He carted eight gallons every day for two years until, with the help of two new neighbors, he laid 590 feet of pipes to get water from the nearest main.

Mr. Sayers did most of the daily shopping, collected the milk and mail two miles away, and carted bricks from demolished buildings to lay paths across his block.

It wasn't long before Mr. Sayers' motor-bike collapsed, so he saved £20 to buy an old truck.

He carted everything in this, including cement. This was to save the cost of delivery, which was almost as much as the cement itself.

"Cement was hard to get in those days," said Mr. Sayers.

"I went down to the store one day and they didn't have any. They told me one bag had spilt on the road, so I got to work with a shovel and took it home."

Mr. Sayers would literally knock off work to carry bricks. Every spare hour was spent on the job.

"I made my own concrete mixer from an old motor-bike frame," he said.

KITCHEN (left), showing Mrs. Sayers' new gas stove set into recess formerly occupied by wood-burning stove she used before gas was connected last year.

ENTRANCE and garden (right) of the Sayers' home. The wrought-iron beside the front door was rescued from a demolished Geelong hotel.



that Jack (and Mrs. Jack) built

They started with £45, and made 8000 bricks

"I strapped a 12-gallon drum on to the front fork, and where the handles were originally I put a handle for mixing."

It might have been a Heath-Robinson sort of mixer, but it did the job, and churned out enough concrete for 8000 bricks.

Making the bricks was a joint effort. When Mr. Sayers was at work, his wife would get the mixer and brick machine going and turn out about 100 bricks a day.

And for six months, when her husband was suffering from sciatica and couldn't work, Mrs. Sayers did all the brick-making herself.

The bricks weighed nine pounds each.

Handling the concrete was hard on her hands, but she didn't mind — the more bricks she could make the faster she and her children could move into their house.

"We went without a lot of pleasures like new clothes and entertainment," Mrs. Sayers told me, "but I was firm about one thing — we had to have our piano with us for my daughter to continue her studies."

"We put it in the old hut, and she practised there for years."

Built in stages

The first part of the house to be built was the laundry, which Mrs. Sayers used at first as a kitchen.

The back verandah was completed next, then the bathroom, which Mr. Sayers used as his bedroom until the bath was installed.

The lounge and main bedroom were the last to be completed.

Mr. Sayers built two roofs for the house — the first of wood and malthoid and the present one in fibro cement sheets.

Since their two children, a son and a daughter, have married in the past three years, Mr. and Mrs. Sayers have bought more luxuries — refrigerator, gas stove, television set, and modern furniture.

The garden is massed with old-fashioned flowers and fruit trees.

Mrs. Sayers kept her old wood-burning stove — somewhat out of sentiment — and put it in a nook outside so that she could use it for preserving the abundance of fruit she gathers from the trees.

The trees were the first

things they planted — for shade.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayers laughed when they recalled a few of the hazards they encountered while living on their virgin block.

Cows were still grazing on the block when they moved in — and one day a few strays came along and caused a stampede.

"We thought it would be the end of our tent and hut," they said, "but luckily they escaped damage."

"Then we had a flood and were nearly washed out. Our furniture was ruined, but after the water drained away we were able to carry on."

"Worth it"

Mr. and Mrs. Sayers speak rather shyly about their hard days. They feel that people might think the less of them for their struggles.

But friends and neighbors always point them out as proof that you can do anything if you try.

Mr. Sayers always encourages young people to have a go at building their own house.

"If you have no savings but want your own home you have to give up pleasures like going to the football and smoking — but in the long run it's worth it," he said.

He encouraged his son to build his own house, and helped him to complete it in four years.

Today, after 13 years, Mr. Sayers is still mixing cement and handling bricks.

He makes a hobby of collecting bricks from old buildings. He got some from Geelong's 140-year-old Wool Shed Inn when it was demolished, and from a visit to Tasmania he brought back some bricks from the convict prisons at Port Arthur.

He uses these bricks in fences and paths around the house.

In addition to bricks, he got some lacy wrought-iron from an old hotel, which made an attractive railing for the front porch.

Mr. Sayers says he can build anything now. He has just finished a wishing-well, completely covered with seashells set into cement.

His next project is to make an aboriginal figure in shells to decorate an outside wall of the laundry.



JACK SAYERS and his wife (above) beside the wishing-well he built in their back garden with shells set in cement. In the background is part of the laundry.

LIVING-ROOM, showing the brick fireplace which Mr. Sayers designed and built. This was the last room in the house to be completed.



"Haven't you proposed yet?" I persisted.

"I'm biding my time," he said. "You don't want to rush these things." He was looking rather gaunt and hollow-eyed; but it is impossible to lose so much sleep without having it show.

"Do you really like her?" I asked.

"Of course I like her," he said irascibly. "Not that it's any of your business."

I WAS fleetingly hurt by the assumption that it wasn't any of my business. I considered it my business.

"She's a terribly nice girl," Oliver said. "You couldn't ask for a nicer girl. And she's beautiful, too."

"Pretty as a speckled pup," I said, "and rich as King Midas, but are you in love with her?"

"I intend to marry Phyllis Ballew," Oliver announced, "so will you shut up and get out? In the order named."

Continuing . . .

OLIVER AND THE RICH, RICH GIRL

from page 59

"You don't have to get mad," I said. "It's no skin off my nose, either way."

"So stop blabbing," Oliver said, with true cousinly grace.

A couple of days after that, I ran into Eileen Delaney on the bus. I was on my way to the orthodontist, and Eileen was on the way to the Weston. She was always a friendly girl; but on this day she was truly compassionate about the horrors of braces and took a sympathetic interest in the patch of acne on my forehead and told me about green soap and other remedies, the way older women always do.

As we were getting off the bus, Eileen asked if I would like to have a soda. Of course, I said I would.

After considerable small talk about the neighborhood and other subtle matters, Eileen said casually, "What's Oliver up to these days?"

"Oh, running around like a madman," I told her.

"I haven't seen him in weeks," she said. "I wondered if he were mad at me."

"Oh, I don't think so," I said. "It's just that old Phyllis Ballew."

"Oh, yes," Eileen said thoughtfully. "I believe I have heard Oliver mention her."

"He's going to marry her," I burst out.

You are always reading about how somebody blanching at receiving unfortunate news. Eileen really did. She went white to the roots of her hair, and her eyes got larger, and she stared at me as if I were the white sepulchre.

"He is?" she said. "He's going to marry her? But why?"

"Because she's rich," I said. "That's the only reason."

Eileen relaxed and smiled. "Oh," she said. "I thought maybe he was in love with her."

"That hasn't got a thing to do with it," I said. "Oliver has made up his mind to marry a rich, rich girl and never do another lick of work as long as he lives."

EILEEN laughed. "That sounds just like him," she said fondly.

"He means it," I told her. "That's his ambition in life, and he's going to stick to it if it kills him."

"Maybe I ought to do something about it," Eileen said thoughtfully. "Save him from a fate worse than death."

I don't know how Eileen

waylaid Oliver or what happened when they went to the drive-in movie the next Monday night; but I suppose he must have given her an earful of his philosophy. As to what Eileen said, I can only surmise. Oliver came home at ten, in a black temper, and went seething upstairs.

From that moment on, Oliver began to push his suit with Phyllis Ballew. They were together every minute when he wasn't at work, and he never looked at another girl. Eileen, on the other hand, began to really play the field. She had a date and a late date and a late, late date every night.

It was simply on the cards that Guy Beckman, one of the older bachelors around town, with money and social connections, would take a shine to her. He was an old rake, and Eileen had always fought shy of him; but now she began to entertain Guy Beckman's advances and to turn up at the parties where Oliver was squiring Phyllis.

Eileen was a great success, at least with the masculine half of the guest list, except for Oliver, who was absolutely wild, Eileen reported to me.

"How can you possibly be seen around town with that old idiot?" Oliver demanded of her at the Bachelors' Ball, where she was queening it.

"I don't see that it's any affair of yours," Eileen said, her eyes snapping.

"You might think of your reputation," Oliver said.

"It's my reputation," Eileen said.

"He may not be as chivalrous as I am," Oliver declared piously.

"Oh, please," Eileen said. "Mind your own business. Get on with your lifework."

"You know how I feel about marriage—" Oliver began.

"I wouldn't marry you," Eileen said, "if I died an old maid. Fortunately, I don't have to."

"Are you going to marry that creep Beckman?" Oliver cried.

And about that time somebody cut in . . .

Oliver had planned to propose to Phyllis Ballew on New Year's Eve, but it never happened. Instead, he got into a fight with Guy Beckman and had to be forcibly restrained from hitting him over the head with a champagne bottle. Phyllis was so insulted by this vulgar behaviour that she swept out and went home.

Guy Beckman had to have steak put on his black eye, in the men's locker room, and Oliver grabbed Eileen Delaney and dragged her out to the cab stand. Between them, they raked up enough money to drive over the State line and get married before daylight, a relief to most people concerned.

PHYLLIS and two or three other girls took it hard, but they came of an economic class that enabled them to go to Europe and lick their wounds and meet other eligible men.

Eileen and Oliver moved into a one-room, light house-keeping arrangement in a deteriorated section of town between the main business district and the railroad station. It was all they could afford, and it was close enough for them to walk to work. In the dazzle of their connubial bliss, it didn't make much difference to either of them where they lived.

One night at dinner, when

Eileen was giving Oliver her usual detailed account of her day, she remarked that the Western Hotel was planning to build a parking garage and was looking for a location. The following morning, Oliver asked to be transferred from the mortgage department to the sales staff of the real-estate agency.

By the end of the week, he had found a suitable piece of ground, with access to an express street that ran past the hotel's doorway. Having badgered his firm into buying the land for a pittance, he approached the hotel management and sold it for a fortune, because of its obvious advantages. Oliver's commission on this transaction came to around 13,000 dollars.

When they had regretfully decided against buying a Thunderbird, Eileen put this money in the savings bank. One night, when they were walking home through the dusk, holding hands, Eileen said what a pity it was that the fine old residences in the area had been allowed to fall apart—it was such a convenient neighborhood.

The upshot of this remark was that they used their stake to purchase the fine old, but blighted, residence in which they lived and floated a loan on the property to remodel it into eight maisonnettes for business couples. These became the rave, and it was from this small beginning that Oliver's celebrated urban-renewal programme was born.

Wagner is whom
We give applause to:
He is too loud
To give our snores to.

— Ian Healy.

Emperor Tiberius,
Literally vicious,
Lived on Capri
And was capricious.
Likewise, the Nero,
Weak and despotic,
Who set alight Rome.
He was Nerotic.

— Ian Healy.

Using boldness of invention and the lion courage that had distinguished his social career, Oliver embraced the real-estate business with single-minded concentration. The rest is history. In a few years, he headed his own concern—Griswold, Inc.—and began to make forays on metropolitan centres.

He displayed an uncanny instinct for nosing out depressed areas that became likely locations for new skyscrapers. Displaying an unexpected genius for finance and the manipulation of capital through the labyrinth of tax structures, Oliver inevitably became a rich, rich man.

He is now highly regarded as an economic adviser and commutes to Washington, advising various government agencies as an authority on depressed areas, lunching with the President, and helping keep the nation's economy on an even keel.

He works a minimum of eighteen hours a day, sometimes twenty-four, and never takes a vacation. Eileen spends most of her time trying to get him to slow down.

When badgered for the secret of his success by interviewers from "Business Week" or "Fortune" magazine or the New York "Times," Oliver invariably barks: "Ambition and hard work! That's all that counts!"

Nobody ever asks Eileen.

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Our new serial, beginning next week, will be "THE DAY OF THE WEDDING," by Margaret Cousins.



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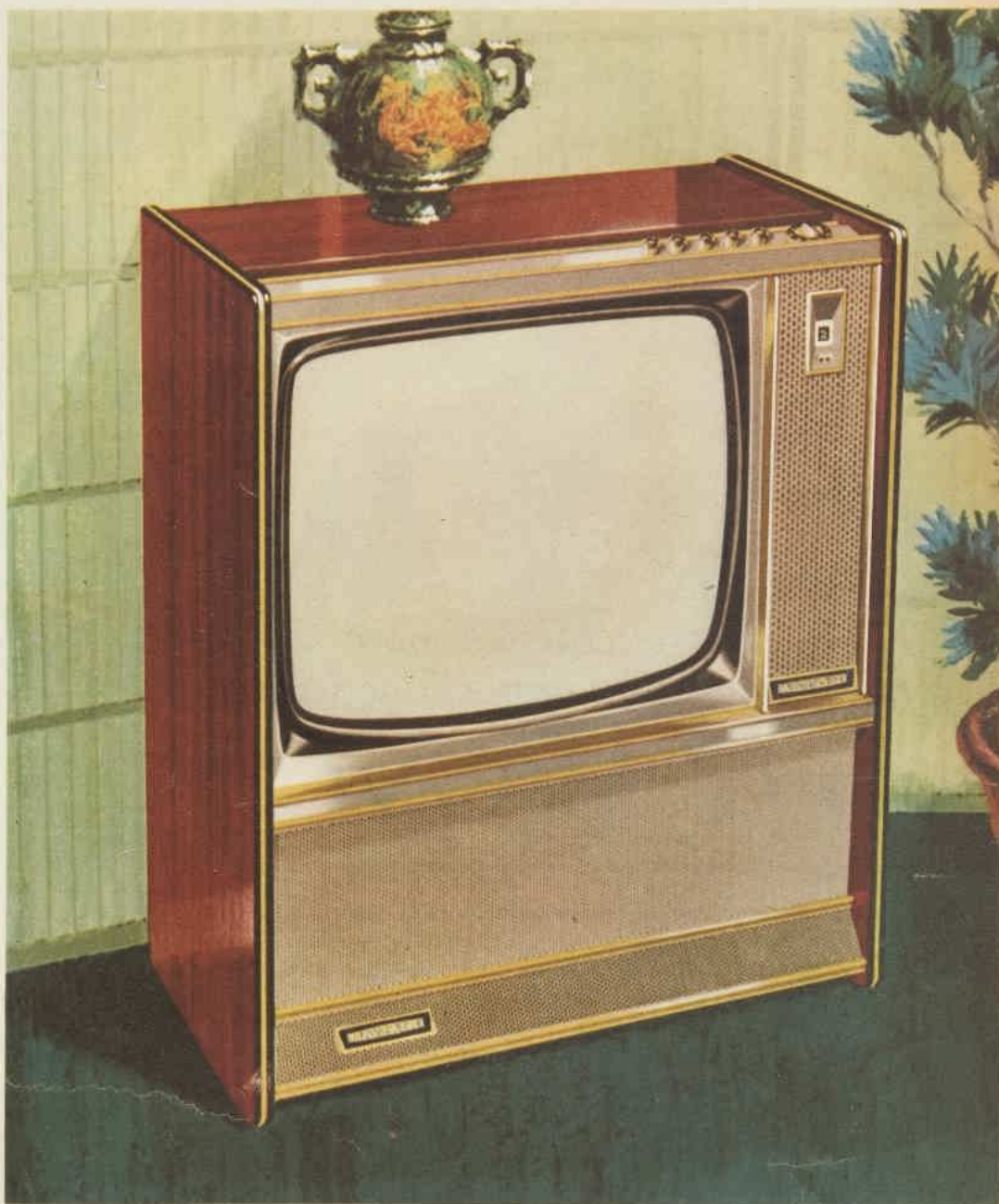
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 10, 1963

Page 63

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Continuing . . .

THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 39

"Nan? Twice as much as everything! She's balmy. But they're all she's got, so you can't blame her. I say, did you see her coat? She showed it to me just now up on the landing."

"I noticed it first. It's terrifying. I didn't realise this district was as tough as that. She wouldn't let me telephone the police."

"I know. She told me. She was still playing the whole thing down just now upstairs on the landing. That means she takes it very seriously indeed. If Nan thinks something is merely naughty she points to it and screams the place down, but once she perceives what she feels is evil, she hides."

"She's very taken with Superintendent Luke just now."

"So I gathered. How does he come into the picture? Does that mean underground assistance from your influential papa?"

"No. I'm afraid that was me. I told Councillor Cornish that if he had any idea who had started the Stalkey fire he ought to tell Mr. Luke, and I think he may have done so, but from what Mrs. Broome reports of her interview they don't seem to have talked entirely about the fire. Tim? I've been thinking about Councillor Cornish."

"So have I, sweetie. That's my true old man, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?" She turned her head quickly, her voice sibilant in the darkness. "I'm sure you belong to the same family."

"I think it's a bit more than that. It's been sort of seeping into certainty all day. The cobbler was the first person to put the thought into my head. As soon as he heard that I had been evacuated from Ebbfield as a baby he became vehement that I should go to see Cornish. He didn't commit himself, but he was extraordinarily insistent. 'Let Cornish have a look at yer' he kept saying." He hesitated. "The likeness really is phenomenal, I suppose? I saw Aich eyeing us very oddly this morning."

"It's pretty strong. It lies

in movements and personal tricks of behaviour as much as in anything else. When you're nervous you clutch your ear in the way he does."

He caught his breath. "Do you know I noticed that! He did it when I first saw him and it made me furious. This is horribly dangerous emotional ground, I feel, don't you? I don't like it very much."

"Are you going to mind if it does turn out to be him?"

"No, I don't think so. He's the sort of person I know best, anyway. He's an intellectual trying to be practical. He could easily have been a don or a boffin if his training had turned that way. As it is, a lot of that drive of his is being spent on being indignant. I feel I know him frightfully well, which is what I resent about him."

JULIA hesitated but then asked, "You're annoyed that you are like him?"

"No. Of course not. I'm very grateful. I do want to belong to someone's line."

"Why?"

"I told you. When at last I realised that I really was not a Kinnit I felt utterly lost. I felt I didn't know what was coming next and then when it did I might be entirely unable to cope. It wasn't ordinary windiness at all, but something subterranean."

"But you had me."

"Bless you! Of course I had, but this wasn't loneliness. You can see what I mean if you think of this latest business of Eustace and Alison and poor Miss Thyra. That story has taken over a hundred years already, and they aren't at the end of it yet." He was silent for a time. "I don't know how he's going to react," he said at last. "He has a new wife who is not my mum. It may be that. Julia? What's the matter?"

She had become rigid at his side and he caught her alarm and copied her so that

there was no sound at all save the thumping of their hearts.

"A light. Look."

"What?" It was a moment of superstitious alarm, for there was no through way on the side she pointed at, only the narrow passage and the cellar where the well was. As they waited, their bodies stiff, their necks craned, a clear thin angle of light, wide under the door and narrow as it slid past the ill-fitting jamb, stabbed across the floor, wavered, and vanished.

"It's a bobby who's found the broken window and is shining his torch in," he said softly. "I'll go and have a word with him or he may come round to the front and ring. You wait here."

"No: the light was too near for that. The torch was just outside the door."

"Impossible. Stay there."

He stepped softly across the room, opened the inner door a few inches, and stood looking in. She had come up beside him and together they stood staring down the short passage to the open cellar door.

Something black and sinuous was moving above a torch beam directed downwards on the stone with the iron ring in it which marked the well. The figure itself was rooted to a single spot, but the pool of light ran round the crevice busily, probing, darting, resting, moving again, while, thrown by the diffused upward glow, a writhing shadow reared across the white wall and ceiling.

As an unexpected confrontation it was shocking because the mind registered it as an impossibility, something appearing in an empty room without an entrance. Julia's little gulp deep in her throat jerked Timothy out of his

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Big chief was a
bad boy yesterday!



But today he's
HAPPY AND WELL
THE LAXETTE WAY

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. . . by Ted Key



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frozen astonishment. The light switches for the passage and the Well cellar were on the wall just outside the door and he brushed his hand over them.

The cellar was lit by a single swinging bulb which gave a hard yellow light and now the full scene sprang into sight.

There was a harsh slither of rubber on the gritty stone and a soft high whimpering noise, very thin and brief, as the figure scurried back under the high window through which he must have entered. He stood there facing them, still swinging on his strangely rooted feet. Even in full light he was horrible, and that despite his own terror, which came across to them like an odor. He was tall and phenomenally slender, but bent low, seated in the air, the whole of him swaying as if he were threaded on wires. He was dressed in black from head to foot in jacket and jeans so tight that they did not permit a wrinkle, let alone a fold. Even at a distance he appeared deeply and evenly dirty.

Timothy recovered himself first and reacted in the only way left to this century's youth, which has had its fill of terrors. He proceeded to laugh it off. He pointed to the well-head with an expressive gesture, rather as if he did not expect the newcomer to understand words.

"Are you going down or coming up?"

The figure giggled. It was a little snuffling sound, very soft and ingratiating. Also he relaxed and straightened so that the horrible bent quality induced by his sudden alarm was almost lost. He remained on wires, however, still rooted to the single spot under the window, still swinging.

"Do you know what's down there? Have you ever had it open?"

It was a soft, lisping voice, very quiet indeed and by no means ill-educated. Neither Julia nor Timothy spoke and their silence appeared to worry him. His right hand was either useless or hidden behind him.

Experimentally, his right hand still behind him, he edged forward until he reached the well-stone again and presently he touched it with a long shoe; it appeared to fascinate him.

"There could be thousands of pounds down there. Treasure and stuff like that." The soft little voice was still off-hand.

"What makes you think that?" Tim spoke cautiously, aware of Julia behind him. He could feel her shaking and guessed that the narrowness of the bars across the window above the intruder was causing most of her horror. The fact that the visitor must have squeezed between them was obtrusive and unnerving, since it underlined his reptilian quality.

"It's old, you see? The house is called after it. I mean to say, that's the address, isn't it? The Well House. That means it's old, and old wells in the City have been used for more things than water and not only for what you'd think. There's been plagues, you know, and people have been put down quickly with no time to go over them properly. Everything rots but metal. I see you don't read, yourself."

Elementary academic snobbery was the last thing his listeners expected and it almost touched off hysteria.

"Do you?" Tim asked. He had not smiled, but the newcomer took offence. His sensitivity was psychopathically acute and was almost telepathy.

"Do you mind?" he inquired, rearing backwards, but without moving his feet. "I do, as a matter of fact, and I've had access to some very remarkable books. You'd be surprised what you can find out in a library. If you've got all the time in the world." There was no mistaking his meaning or his pride in it, and again they were silent and out of their depth. He looked them over consideringly.

"You two work here I suppose, waiting on them upstairs. I should have thought in a house like this they'd make you wear uniforms, but

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that's old-fashioned, isn't it? Well, shut up and you won't come to any harm, I think. I want to see Basil and I want to see him alone."

"Who?"

"Basil. You know who I mean. I know he's here. I saw him come in. He's drunk, but that won't matter. He'll understand what I've got to say to him if he's paralysed. The girl can slip me up to his room and I shan't touch either of you two. Basil Kinnit. That's who I want."

"But there's no such person!" The words escaped Julia for the second time that day.

"You're lying, you're in love with him, you're hiding him."

"Nonsense." Tim took over. He was puzzled, curious rather than

frightened, and his tone was soothing. "Who is it exactly that you want? Let's get it quite clear. There is no Basil Kinnit. Are you sure you have the name right?"

"Well, yes. As a matter of fact, I am." The newcomer relaxed again, and the confidential lisp, soft and ingratiating, returned to his voice. "I've known his name was Kinnit for a long time, see? But I only got the Basil today. I had to wait for a telephone call. I put a friend of mine on to find out and she telephoned from outside the cemetery and left a message for me at a shop we use

for that sort of thing. 'His name is Mr. Basil and the address is The Well House.' That was the message I got. When I heard that, well, I mean to say it was waiting for me, wasn't it? There was no point in me messing about any longer. So I came round right away."

"But you must have been here some time. When did you take the glass out of the window?"

"This afternoon. I've been round here all the time."

"Why did you wait so long?"

"I always wait. I like to look round. I like to know who comes in and out. It's my business. I'm interested, see? Mr. Basil Kinnit, that's who I want to talk to."

"What do you want to say to him?"

"I want to warn him to lay off me. I want to teach him not to interfere, see? I don't like private dicks making inquiries into my birth, see? I'm not having no prying, see? And nor is Ag. I've given his bloodhounds a warning and now I'm going to warn him."

"And you two can keep your mouths shut or you'll learn the same song . . ."

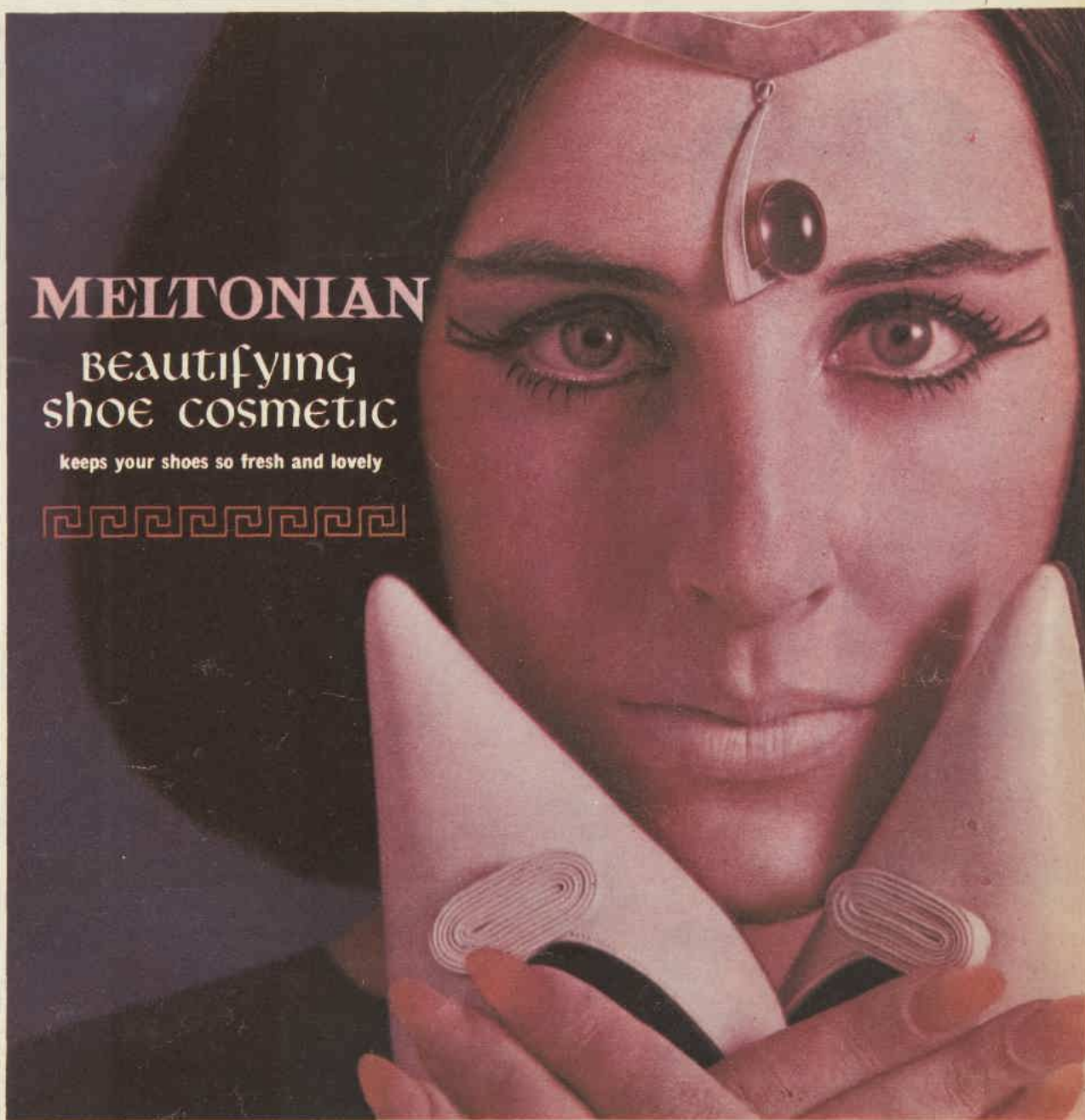
"Why should he want to know about your birth?"

"Because he wants to stop Ag getting the money, see? My dad slips her some money, see? As soon as Ag heard about this Kinnit lark it came to her what it was about, see? Ag's not a great intelligence. She's not with it, really, but she's bright

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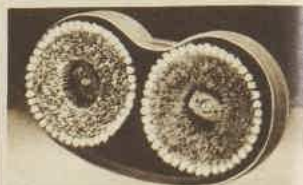
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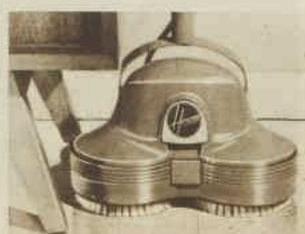
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enough over money. She knew what he was after, and so she came to me and told me and, of course, I took it up. Tonight will put a stop to his mucking about round us."

"Is Ag your mother?"
"No, she's not. You don't understand. Ag rescued me when I was born. I wasn't quite in the world when a bomb hit the hospital I was in. My mum was killed and Ag rushed in and picked me up like a kitten and carried me off to the rescue buses. Then she had to look after me, she was months going round the camps, until she found my papers and the nuns took over for her and found my dad. I've got certificates. I'm legal. I've got rights. My dad and mum were legally married."
"What is your name?" Tim asked.
"You've got a nerve! What's my name?"
"Is it Cornish?" Julia spoke as Timothy thrust her behind him.

He was just in time. The figure made a dart at her and for the first time brought out his right hand. The sight of it sent them both back on their heels and their reaction satisfied him. He paused to enjoy the sensation he was making. Up to the elbow his arm was a paw furnished with mighty bloodstained talons, a fantastic and improbable horror familiar to connoisseurs of certain comic strips and films.
Timothy began to laugh. "We had some of those last term," he said. "Did you get it from the joke shop in Tugwell Street?"
The newcomer forgot his anger and smirked himself. He sat back in the air again; but intentionally this time, and let his forearms swing

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upwards from the elbows, his hands flapping.

"Child of the Fall-out," he said and laughed. Flushed with his triumph over them, he turned his right hand in its ridiculous glove palm uppermost. The five razor-blades appearing through the rubber caught the hard light.

Tim leapt straight for him, caught his upper arm and jerked it backwards. It was a purely instinctive movement, so prompt and thorough that it came as a complete surprise. The stranger's reaction, which was equally spontaneous, almost overbalanced them both. Tim stripped off the glove. The razor-blades were stitched into a webbing bandage inside it and its removal was a major operation with the quivering, yelping creature writhing round his feet on the stones. Tim turned to Julia.

"Take these damn things out of the way and put them somewhere safe. Don't cut yourself. You'll get tetanus; they're dirty enough."

She obeyed him silently, taking both glove and bandage, and disappeared into the dark kitchen.

Left to himself, Tim stood back and wiped his hands.

"Get down and turn round."

The newcomer obeyed. His subservience was more distasteful than his arrogance. He shuffled into a corner and stood in it, letting it support him.

"What is your name?"
"Barry Leach, sixty-three, Cremorne Street, The Viaduct, E. That's the name I arrange with Ag to give. It's her name. She's Mrs. Leach. We don't give my dad's name until we have to. It's part of Ag's arrangement, see? We keep him quiet and he pays up. It's Ag's address, too. I live with her when I live anywhere, but you know my real name that's on my papers, so it's no use hiding it from you."

TIMOTHY asked another question. "Do you ever see your father? Does he talk to you?"

"Not as often as he wants. Can't take him, see?"

"I see. Have you ever lived with your father?"

"No. I never wanted to. Ag's right when she's against that. Your soul wouldn't be your own, not with him. He's very rich, but he doesn't spend it. He's a do-gooder. It's because he thinks I ought to be living with him, and he doesn't want it because he's got a new wife, that he keeps giving Ag money for me. If

you read you keep learning about men like that. Guilty, that's what he is. It suits me."

"Where do you do your reading?"

"Inside. I get a job in the library, see, because I'm educated. The screws can't read at all. They don't know half the books they've got in those libraries. It makes me laugh and it would you, too. You're about my age, aren't you? Push me out. You might lose your job if they found us together. I might say anything and you couldn't deny it."

"Something is happening upstairs," Julia's voice came in to them from the passage. "Tim! Somebody is screaming upstairs."

Tim turned and spoke to Julia.

"The house is aroused, is it? I think we'd better take him with us. He is our pigeon."

"Very nice," said Luke, settling back in Mr. Campion's most comfortable chair. A glass was in his hand, the telephone was on his knee to save him having to get up when it should ring again, and his feet were on the fender. "This is how I like waiting. We'll give them another half hour. O.K.?"

His host glanced up from the message he was reading. He had found it on his desk when they had come in to the Bottle Street flat some little time before, and his anxiety to see if it had arrived had been one of the reasons why he had asked Luke in for a night-cap instead of being persuaded to go elsewhere after they had left the dining-room of the Eagle Tavern.

It was a long dispatch, written in Mr. Lugg's school-boyish hand, and had been taken down from the telephone, which in England is now so often used for the relaying of telegrams. Mr. Campion had read it without astonishment, and now there was a curiously regretful smile on his pale face as he put it into his pocket.

Luke cocked an eye at him. "Secrets?" he suggested. "You don't tell us more than you have to, do you, you old sinner? I don't blame you. We've got no finer feelings. Lugg has gone to bed on principle, I suppose? What does he do, a forty-hour week?"

"He says it's nearer a hundred and forty, and that if he had a union he'd complain to it, ruin me, and be deprived of the little bit of comfort he has got. I could hardly help overhearing you on the telephone just now. They've got Mrs. Leach, then?"

"Do you know where she was all the time? In custody on a charge of pinching flowers and trying to sell them to the little shop opposite the main gates. The proprietor had asked Agnes to wait until he got some money and nipped out of the back door to find a policeman. While he was away she helped herself to a telephone call, and was just hanging up as he returned with a copper. That boy Timothy was lucky. That was his mum's last throw turned that number up. Some guardian angel looked after him, all right."

"It's one way of looking at it," Mr. Campion said. "There are others."

"Not if you take her viewpoint." Luke was unrepentant. "Locate the true protagonist of each story and straight away you're living in an age of miracles. That's

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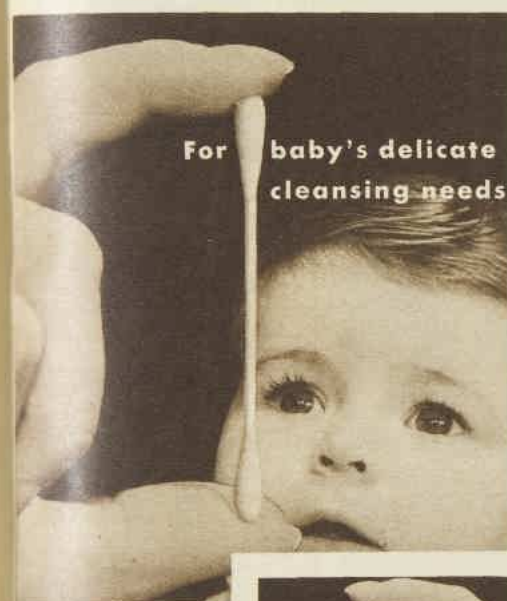
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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting April 3.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, aqua.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, purple, red.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Friday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 10.
★ Gambling colors, red, purple.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 12.
★ Gambling colors, grey, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 10.
★ Gambling colors, red, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, red, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, aqua, green.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, aqua, green.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

my serious and considered opinion. I see no other reasonable explanation for the stuff I come across." He laughed and dismissed the whole stupendous subject. "Munday is wild, I understand," he remarked. "There'll be some ruffled plumage to be soothed down there, I shouldn't wonder."

"Hadden't he realised that Barry Leach was anything to do with Cornish?"

"He didn't know Barry Leach or Barry Cornish existed. Why should he?" Luke was mildly ferocious. "One Charles Luke, Superintendent, might have recollected something about a small-time problem brat in a totally different manor when the flat-wrecking case first came up, but did he? No, of course he didn't. He had never heard of the silly twit until this

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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afternoon when he put a query through to records. It's my fault. Cornish is somebody in Munday's area. It might have helped him had he known about this skeleton in his cupboard before. Munday has a grievance."

"Will he show it?"

"I don't know. It'll be interesting to see, won't it?" As if in answer to his question the telephone upon his knee began to ring and he lifted the receiver.

"Luke," he said, and brightened visibly. "Ah, hello. Your name was on my lips, Chief. How goes it? What? Here? Why not? Mr. Campion won't mind, he may even

give you a drink. Right away, then. O.K."

He hung up and made one of his comic faces.

"He would like to have a direct word with me, if I don't mind. Very proper and correct. That'll teach me!"

Munday appeared ten minutes later and Mr. Campion let him in.

"I must apologise for intruding on your hospitality at this time of night, Mr. Campion," he said. "I've always hoped to meet you, but this is an imposition."

Luke, who listened to him with astonishment, relaxed openly.

"He won't mind," he said cheerfully. "Even if he won't tell me what's in his telegram. Now then, Chief, what's happening? Have you got the boy?"

"Not yet, Superintendent. But he was noticed by a uniformed man in Scribbsfields this afternoon before the call went out, so he's about there, as you supposed. He hasn't been seen since it got dark, but the building is being watched and I've had a word myself with the woman Leach." He shook his fair head. "A poor type," he said. "Not imbecile, you understand, but a distressingly poor type. She admits telephoning the cobbler's shop and leaving a message for Barry Leach with Miss Tray. Just the

name and address of the person she thinks was responsible for hiring the Stalkeys, that's all."

"Did she say how she got it?" "She got the surname and the address from a label on a wreath, and the first name she learned from something said by a woman she saw by the grave, and whom she thought she recognised as someone she'd met years ago in the country; she didn't know where."

"Ah," said Luke, "so Mrs. B. did speak. I thought that story of uncharacteristic silence was too good to be true. What about this watch on the Well House, Bob? We don't want any more tricks with fire-lighters; that place is full of antique curiosities."

"So I understand. Some of them human," Munday could have been joking, but his expression of complete seriousness was unchanged. "I don't think there's any fear of that. I have two good men on it and the uniformed branch is co-operating. We haven't alarmed the occupants yet." He hesitated and they realised that he was coming to the purpose of his visit. "I've taken an unusual step which I hope you will approve, Superintendent. I've informed Cornish, and he'll be present when we make the arrest."

"Carry on. It's all in your safe hands, Chief. We'll stay here and leave it to you. It's been a long



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day!" The telephone bell interrupted him once more, and he took up the receiver. "Luke here."

He sat listening while the voice at the other end chattered.

"Right," he said at last. "The Chief Inspector's here. I'll tell him and we'll come along. Good-bye."

He hung up, pushed the instrument across the table and rose to his feet.

"Come along, chaps," he said. "The balloon has gone up at the Well House. There's no fire, but they seem to have had a murder. I'm afraid, chief, you're going to get publicity after all."

When Timothy and Julia hurried up the staircase to the bedroom floor, where a considerable commotion was taking place, Tim took Barry Leach with him. He had him gripped firmly by the arm, since he felt that it was not safe to let him loose, and he had no immediate idea what to do with him.

"It's Nanny Broome," Julia said breathlessly. "Shouting out of a window, I think. What on earth is happening?"

Eustace asked the same question as he appeared suddenly at his door, the first in the passage down the right wing.

"What is all this?" he demanded. "Is someone ill? Tim, what are you doing?" He caught sight of Barry Leach. "Good heavens! What is that?"

A sudden gust of violent protest in a deep yet unexpectedly familiar voice reached them from the open doorway of a room on the opposite side of the corridor. It was Miss Acheson. She sounded frightened.

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Continuing . . .

THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 68

"Be quiet, Mrs. Broome! Hold your damned tongue, woman, and come and help me with him. He is dead, I think."

Julia was the first to reach the doorway and she turned on the light switch just inside the room. Nanny Broome, fully dressed but white faced and dishevelled, drew her head in through the window.

"They're coming. I'd been watching them, so I called. The police are coming."

Miss Aicheson was struggling to lift something in the bed, her clumsy hands plucking at it ineffectually. "Look at this! Come here, somebody! Somebody come at once."

The new arrivals swept forward in a group, and for a dizzy moment stood staring uncomprehendingly at Basil Toberman's face, flushed pinkish purple and with froth upon his lips, lying inside a plastic bag.

Miss Aicheson had been trying to tear the bag and

now, giving up the struggle suddenly, she pulled down the bedclothes and threw them aside. The heavy polythene sack designed to store a long dress had been pulled down over Toberman's head. The surplus length, bunched into folds, had been tucked tightly about his neck and shoulders and covered by the blankets.

Julia reacted instantly with Timothy a quarter second behind her.

"He's not breathing!" she said. "Quick."

He leapt forward and struggled to get an arm behind the heavy shoulders. "I'll lift him. You pull the bag."

In the emergency he forgot his captive completely, and as his grip on the leather sleeve loosened the stranger slid away like a shadow. No one noticed him go; the entire attention of everybody

present was focused on the bed. It was proving a little difficult to get Toberman out. It was several seconds before they had him freed.

"I want to get him on the floor," Tim said, exerting all his strength to lift the limp figure out on to the carpet. "If I get above him I can work on his arms. He's got to be made to breathe somehow."

His authoritative tone pulled Nanny Broome together. Her dramatics ceased and she dropped on to the floor, helping to pull the heavy body straight. Tim took off his own coat and prepared to give artificial respiration. Both she and Timothy were sitting on their heels, and the light which hung from the centre of the ceiling shone down directly on the flushed face of the man between them. Presently she bent forward to look at

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him more closely and, putting out her hand, pulled the lower eyelid down for a moment.

"He's just like she was," she said to Timothy, but speaking distinctly and clearly enough for everyone to hear. "I mean that Miss Saxon. She looked just like this, but without that froth."

"My heavens, woman, what will you say next?"

Eustace's voice rose in horror and then ceased abruptly, as from just outside the door and very close to them there was a scream, apparently of pain. At the same moment they all became aware of heavy footsteps flying up the staircase, while from somewhere far below an unfamiliar male voice was shouting instructions.

Meanwhile, Miss Aicheson had recognised the voice.

"Alison!" She scrambled round the bed and went blundering across the room to the doorway, while everyone save Tim, who was fully occupied, turned to watch her.

Alison reeled into the room and collapsed in her friend's arms.

"He hit me!" Although her voice was tearful, her tone was principally astounded.

"Tim! He's got away!" The words escaped Julia, and Eustace, who was dithering midway between both casualties, seized on them.

"Who? Who?" he demanded. "Who was that man in here? What is going on? How did you all get here fully dressed? What is all this about, and who—good heavens! Who are you, sir?"

SERGEANT STOCKWELL gave the scene a single comprehensive glance.

"I'm the police, sir," he said to Eustace. "The lady called to us out of the window. It's all right; we've got him. Somebody called out here just as we came in and he came streaking down right into our arms. It's all right; he's in custody."

"Who? Who are you talking about? A burglar?" Eustace was roaring suddenly. His smooth face was damp and he was trembling.

"His name is Leach, sir. At least that is what he's called. But it's all right. You just sit down for a minute while I see the damage." He turned toward the group on the floor, and dropped down gingerly on one knee. "That's good work, son," he said. "Carry on. I'll get you some relief first thing." He looked at Julia. "I wonder if you'd mind, miss? Slip along and tell the uniformed man that he's needed up here urgently. Is there a telephone on this floor?"

"Yes, in my bedroom, just here." Eustace seized the sergeant by the arm. "I want an explanation. This is my house, and I haven't the faintest idea what is going on."

"Yes, sir," Stockwell was experienced. His manner, though gentle, was remarkably firm. "But what you want most, you know, whether you realise it or not, is a doctor, and if I catch our police surgeon before he goes to bed he'll be here in a couple of minutes or so. He only lives round the corner. Just lead the way to the telephone, sir, please."

As soon as Julia returned with a constable, Timothy, who was on the point of exhaustion, prepared to give over to him gratefully.

"He's poisoned himself with his own breath, I think. Something like that. Keep at it for a minute or two, Constable. I'll take over when you want me to." The constable nodded and continued his exercise, forcing the air in and out of the clogged lungs. Basil Toberman had ceased to be a person. His body had a new and terrible personality of its own, filling the room with its oppressive presence.

The night air streaming through the wide window brought all the far-off street noises which they had not noticed before, and its chill was mixed with a different cold which was settling into them as the first shock passed and they began to think again.

"It's not possible," Julia was beginning and was interrupted by Miss Aicheson, who spoke with sudden petulance from the other side of the room.

"Mrs. Broome, do come here a

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moment. Why did you call out of the window instead of trying to get the wretched man out of his damned bag?"

Mrs. Broome stared at her and they could see the question presenting itself for the first time. Her answer was spontaneous and clearly perfectly true.

"I didn't know it was a bag," she said frankly. "I didn't know what it was. There wasn't a lot of light and I wasn't wearing glasses, because I don't need them except for reading. He didn't look human and I lost my head and screamed the place down. I knew there were police outside and they were real, so I called them."

Julia ceased to listen to her and

turned abruptly to Timothy. Her face was pale and her eyes enormous.

"Somebody must have done it to him," she said. "I've only just realised it. He couldn't have tucked the bedclothes round his own neck after—!" She left the rest of the sentence in the air.

"It's all right, miss. The man has been taken. We got him downstairs." The constable spoke without relaxing his steady work.

"If you mean that chap we brought up here with us, that's utterly impossible. We can alibi him."

Sergeant Stockwell returned bringing the doctor, who proved to be a slight man who was remarkably self-important.

He walked over to the group on the floor, and after a cursory glance went over to the dressing-table to find a suitable resting place for his splendid leather box.

"Very well," he said over his shoulder as he unlocked it. "Now I want everybody out of the room at once, please, except the constable. Send me up another man, Sergeant, please, and when your inspector arrives tell him where I am."

"Yes, sir," Stockwell spoke heartily, adding under his breath as they reached the passage, "I'll

take one out of the box. They come in dozens."

"Alison must have her face bathed. He hit her, you see." Miss Aicheson turned in her path to appeal to authority, and Nanny Broome, who was supporting Miss Kinnit, paused hopefully.

Stockwell was interested, and as Tim and Julia went on alone they heard him talking eagerly behind them. The drawing-room door stood open and the light streamed out into the gloom.

"Are you worrying about him?" Julia drew the boy aside for a moment and they stood close together, whispering, leaning over the heavy oak balustrade which ran round the stairwell.

"No, but they can't charge him for something he hasn't done. He's

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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broken in and he's almost certainly responsible for Nan's coat and for socking Alison, but they can't say that he's to blame for poor old Basil's condition. Whatever that may be. What did you do with that horror glove?"

"Hid it. It's in the oven at the back of the mock fireplace. Aren't you going to tell them about it?"

"I'm not going to rush at them with it."

"Tim! Oh, darling! You can't feel responsible for him."

"Why not? He's our age and I caught him."

"I see." She was silent for a moment or two and then turned to face him. "Did you hear Nanny

Broome say that Miss Saxon looked like Basil does?"

"Yes, I did."

"What are we going to do?"

"What can we do? Nothing. We're not in that at all. The Basil business appears to be entirely the older generation's headache. That's the only thing we do know about it. Come along, sweetie."

They went into the drawing-room, to find Eustace standing on the hearthrug. Councillor Cornish was in a chair on the opposite side of the room. His back was bent and his long arms were drooping.

Eustace hailed Tim with relief.

"Oh, there you are, my boy!" he said heartily. "How is Basil? It's not as bad as it looks, is it? What a frightful accident to happen! Where were you when all this was going on?"

"Julia and I were in the well-cellar catching that chap who came in through the broken window. He took the glass out this afternoon, apparently."

Eustace's kindly face became amazed. He had recovered from his initial shock and his wits were about him again.

"Be discreet, Tim," he murmured, and glanced down the room toward the Councillor, who was rising as Julia crossed over to him. "I don't think it could have occurred quite like that, you know. No human being could get through those bars, for one thing. Doubtless he was about the house before you found him."

"He wasn't." Tim was gentle but adamant. "We were in the kitchen, and he couldn't have reached the cellar from the house without disturbing us. He could get through the bars, all right. He could get through a keyhole. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have. He and a plain-clothes detective and a pleasant young man who seems to be some sort of welfare officer are all in the dining-room." Eustace hesitated and presently led the younger man into the window alcove.

"It's Cornish's boy, apparently," he said softly. "There's been trouble before, I understand." He sighed. "An extraordinary coincidence, don't you think? Just after he was able to help us this morning? I don't mind telling you I'm wondering about that fire. Let's go over. I don't know what your little Julia is telling him about the cellar. We don't want to raise his hopes, poor man."

As they came up to the two they caught the tail-end of an earnest and intimate conversation.

"I hoped so hard you'd go to Mr. Luke." Julia's young voice was as clear as a bird's. "I'm so relieved. As soon as I heard he'd sent for Nanny Broome I knew that you must have."

"My dear, be quiet," said the Councillor. He was a gaunt figure in agony. He turned to Timothy and spoke doggedly.

"You didn't hurt him," he said. "I'm most grateful you didn't hurt him. Do I understand that he is responsible for something quite terrible upstairs?"

"No, sir. He has done nothing at all since he got into the house except talk to me. Julia and I saw the light from his torch when he got into the well-cellar, and after that we didn't let him out of our sight. When we heard the commotion and came up to investigate I brought him with me. We went into Basil Toberman's room together."

"Basil Toberman? Is that the man who was murdered?"

"Is he dead?" Eustace looked up at Timothy. "It'll be the end of us if he does die and there's any sort of mystery about it," he said gravely.

Councillor Cornish spoke directly to Tim. "Do I understand that you can give Barry a complete alibi for the—the happening, whatever it is, upstairs?"

"I am not giving him anything." Tim had never looked more exactly a younger edition of the man before him. "I am simply confirming that I was with him while he was in this house tonight. He will confirm that he was with Julia and me. We alibi each other. On this occasion his word is as good as mine. He has an identity. He told me so."

The Councillor's eyes flickered under his fierce brows.

"You know about that, do you? I was wondering what I was going to say to you and this young lady about that." He hesitated. "Or if I was going to say anything at all."

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There was a pause and presently he spoke with a rush. "He takes his papers very seriously," he said.

"He takes his identity seriously," Tim said. "Naturally. It appears to be all he has."

Cornish looked at Tim anxiously.

"How about yourself, son?" Timothy's glance fell on Julia and wandered over to Eustace. At length he met the Councillor's gaze.

"I've got responsibilities," he said seriously. "I'm all right."

"Mr. Timothy Kinnit?" Sergeant Stockwell interrupted from the doorway. "I have the Superintendent and my Chief Inspector coming along. They'll be here in a moment. Meanwhile, I wonder if I could ask you to clear up a little question which has come up. I understand that you constable upstairs that you admitted in his presence that it was you who took the man Leach into Mr. Toberman's room?"

"That's right. My fiancée and I took him upstairs with us when we heard the rumour. We didn't know what else to do with him."

"I see, sir," Stockwell was approaching a conclusion, as it were, on tiptoe. "Then when you took him into Mr. Toberman's room it was the first time he'd been there, in your opinion?"

"Of course. Doesn't he say so?"

"That's exactly what he does say. You've given yourself away, young man, haven't you?" Stockwell, still a little disbelieving at such good fortune, took the plunge squarely, nevertheless. "It

was you who put Mr. Toberman to bed, wasn't it? When he was too drunk to get there himself, let alone into a bag? That's the truth, isn't it?"

There was a long moment of appalled silence, broken in the end by a voice from the doorway behind the sergeant.

"Oh, well, if you're going to be silly and imagine Mr. Tim did it," said Nanny Broome irritably, "I suppose I shall have to tell the truth."

As the sergeant turned slowly round to stare at her, Superintendent Luke's voice speaking to the constable on duty at the front door floated up to them from the hall below.

THE reading lamp on the desk in Eustace's study cast a small bright pool of light on the polished wood, and the reflected glow struck upwards on the faces of the earnest men who stood round it looking down at Mrs. Broome, who sat in the writing-chair.

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Luke was there and Cam-pion, Mundav, and Stockwell—a solid bunch of human heads, intent and silent save for the occasional murmur of assent.

For once Nanny Broome had no illusions. She was frightened and completely in the picture. She had no time to be self-conscious.

"We were nearly an hour, I should think, me and Mr. Tim, getting him off. But when he dropped off at last we tiptoed out into the passage and Mr. Tim went off downstairs to his young lady and I waited about for a bit in case Mr. Basil woke up again. I did one or two little jobs. I turned Mr. Tim's bed down and looked in on Mr. Eustace to see if he'd got everything. He was reading. Miss Alison had finished her bath; I could hear the waste running. And so I went across the hall to the other three rooms and saw Miss Julia's bed was all right."

"Mrs. Telfer wanted me to help her close her window, which was stuck, and I did that and went next door to Miss Aich, but I didn't go in."

"Did you attempt to?" Luke's tone was carefully lowered to match her own so that there was no interruption to the flow of her thought.

"Not really. I knocked and she said, 'All right, all right' in her way, so I thought: 'Very well,' and I didn't disturb her. Then I came back and listened at Mr. Basil's door. He was snoring quite regularly, so I

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went and sat down on the window-bench behind the curtains at the end of the passage and looked out into the street. I thought the plain-clothes chaps were just ordinary men hanging about for a while, but presently, when they kept speaking to the man in uniform and looking about as if they weren't doing it, I guessed who they were and I wondered if Miss Julia could have telephoned them after all."

"Why should she?"

"Because I'd had my coat cut when I came in after seeing you, Mr. Luke. I told her we'd report it in the morning."

"Very well," Luke was holding himself on a tight rein. "Then what happened?"

"Nothing for a long time. I was wondering if I dare go to bed and leave those two young monkeys up downstairs. Then I heard someone and I peeked out through the curtains and saw a woman come along and go into Mr. Basil's room. I was so angry I could have smacked her, because we'd only just got him to sleep, but there was no noise and after quite a few minutes she came out again and went back to her room, and I sat listening with my heart in my mouth because I thought, Well, if he's going to start all his tricks again it will be now that he'll begin. There was no sound, though, and presently I got up and listened at his door and he was snoring."

"Did you go in?"

"No. I only opened the door a foot and put my head in. The street lamps shine into that room. I could see him. He was all right. Sleeping like a great grampus. Poor, poor, chap."

"Don't think of that now. What did you do?"

"I went back to my seat and watched the detectives fidgeting about across the road. I might easily have gone to bed then, but I didn't. I could hardly believe it when I saw her come along again, but she went straight into Mr. Basil's room and she was there five or six minutes. Then she came out again."

"The same woman as before?"

"Oh, yes."

"Are you sure you could identify her?" Luke asked.

"Well, one never is absolutely sure, not at night, is one? But I had to satisfy myself. That was why I spoke to her. I said, 'Is he all right?' I couldn't think of anything else to say. She didn't jump; she just turned round and came up to me. 'There are lights on downstairs,' she said. I said, 'I know—it's all right. How is Mr. Basil?'"

MIRACULOUSLY,

Mrs. Broome's urgent whisper had never faltered, but now remembered indignation interfered with her clear picture. "She said, 'I never went in. The cheek of it! 'Tim put him to bed,' she said. 'I never went in. Of course, I didn't know then what she'd been up to or I'd have given her something to go on with!'"

"When she said she had not been in, what did you do?" Luke asked.

"I stared. 'I thought you had,' I said. 'Good night.' Then I sat down again and looked out of the window. She just turned round and went straight back to her room and I stayed where I was, never dreaming he was in that thing."

"How long before you looked at him?"

"Several minutes." It was an appalled whisper. "I sat behind the curtains, getting warmer and warmer. My mind was easy, you see. She hadn't wakened him the first time and I didn't expect her to do it on the second. I sat wondering why she'd gone in and why she'd been so silly as to try to pretend she hadn't, with me actually sitting there, and I almost dozed!"

"Never mind. When did you look?"

"After about ten minutes, I'd meant to go down and call the children, because they're only young and enough is enough. When I got up I listened at Mr. Basil's door and I couldn't hear him. It was as silent as the grave in there. I didn't think much about it, but it did strike me as extraordinary, and

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I wondered if he was lying awake.

"I opened the door very softly and looked in. The reading-lamp was on and there he was, shining like a great pool of water in the bed. I told one of you, didn't I? I lost my head and began to scream because I knew you were all there outside the window."

"You'll have to give us her name," Luke said gently. "Loyalty and long service and the respectability of the house, all those things are important, but not important enough at this point. Who was it, Mrs. Broome? Just the name?"

"It was that old girl who was shouting when I came into the bedroom, wasn't it?" Stockwell could contain himself no longer. "What's

her name? Aicheson? She's pretending to be absorbed by the attack on the old sister of the householder."

"Oh, no," Nanny Broome said. "Miss Aich wouldn't hurt a fly and couldn't without it getting away! No. It was Mrs. Telfer. I should have guessed that without seeing her, once I'd noticed the likeness between Mr. Basil's color and Miss Saxon's."

"Mrs. Telfer? Who's she?" Stockwell asked.

"When you first came over the road who let you in, young man?" she demanded. "I've been wonder-

ing that ever since I came in here. There wasn't anybody else. She must have been going out as you came in. She's bolted. As soon as I spoke she knew she was found out, see? Even if she had been able to get back for the bag before I found him I'd have known she was to blame in the morning when it came out he was dead!"

In the moment of silence while her meaning became clear there was an abrupt tap on the door, and the little doctor came hurrying in, brusque and important.

"He'll do. He's just spoken. I don't think the brain is impaired. The last thing he remembers is Miss Alison Kinnit bringing him a drink in bed."

"But it was Mrs. Telfer who gave him the drink. That was the first thing I noticed." Nanny Broome was so excited that she was on the verge of incoherence. "Miss Julia was with me when we saw her bring the glass upstairs and I mentioned it. I said, 'She must have half a tumbler of neat spirit there.' That was the real reason why I went to her room when she caught me to help with the window. She was taking a long woolly dress out of a plastic bag then. I wanted to see if she really had drunk all that stuff. It's not only that I'm inquisitive, but if I'm to look after the house I must know what's going on."

"And she hadn't?" Luke pounced on the thread before it got away.

"No. There it was untouched on the dressing-table. She'd put a tissue

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The Galamatic spin-dryer spins 2,850 times a minute—more than twice as fast as the dryer in any single-tub automatic washer available in Australia... yet your most delicate garments are completely safe in this smooth-sided Galamatic spin-dryer. Light fabrics come out ready to iron. Thick blankets are lighter, easier to handle, than ever before.



...and has all these time and money saving features:

saves washing time

Galamatic completes an average 12 lb. wash in 15 minutes. This is half the time that a single-tub automatic washer takes to complete the same washload. With Galamatic's twin-tubs, 6 lb. of clothes are being washed while 6 lb. are being rinsed and dried at the same time. Exclusive "no-tangle" washing action and smooth spin-drying saves ironing time, too. Clothes are drier and have no hard-to-iron creases.



easy to operate

Just set two simple automatic controls and Galamatic does the rest. It washes for the correct time, according to the type of washload.

The heater model, with thermostatic control, automatically maintains the correct water temperature throughout the wash. And Galamatic switches itself off when washing is completed.



economical with hot water

Galamatic uses less than half the water required by many single-tub automatic machines. Sudsy water is saved and quickly returned to the wash bowl for a second load. Galamatic uses much less water for rinsing than do other washers.



gives a thorough deep rinse

The spin dryer bowl has the holes at the bottom so that rinsing water is drawn right down through the clothes. Every trace of suds is rinsed out of the clothes. Galamatic's specially designed spin-dryer gives most efficient rinsing and drying.



keeps clothes free of "fluff"

It's the only twin-tub washer with Filter Clean that traps the fluff and lint other washers leave on clothes. Galamatic saves you picking fluff off clothes. Washing powder is placed in the Filter Clean and spread evenly with no risk of streaking.



built-in safety features

Individual table-top lids on the washer and dryer bowl cannot be opened by young children. The Galamatic spin-dryer will not operate until the safety, transparent "see through" lid is closed. A special safety brake stops the spin-dryer within 24 seconds of the lid being opened. Galamatic's controls are in a rear panel at top of the machine, out of reach of young children.



so convenient, and attractive, too!

Use it in your kitchen, laundry or bathroom. Galamatic moves easily on free-rolling castors. It does not have to be bolted down or have expensive special installation.

Only 18" deep and 32" high (to working surface), Galamatic takes up much less space than single-tub automatics. Galamatic's streamlined flat-top design and high quality finish adds elegance to your laundry or kitchen.



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7 gns. extra.

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GALAMATIC *plus* FILTER CLEAN

WASHES CLEANEST-SPINS DRIEST

because Gala is the specialist washer

GL201-83

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 73

over it, but you couldn't miss it; it was smelling the place out. Later on, when I saw her taking it in to Mr. Basil, I guessed what she was up to. You're going to make sure he passes right out so there won't be any more disturbances tonight, I thought."

"Can you swear on oath it was Mrs. Telpher you saw in the passage and not Miss Alison Kinnit? They're very alike."

"Of course they're alike! That's what muddled Mr. Basil in the state he was in. All the Kinnits are alike. Their natures are alike. When she tried to put the whole thing on to Mr. Tim she was exactly like any other Kinnit. I thought that at the time."

"When?" Luke leapt on the flow. "When you were speaking to Mrs. Telpher in the passage you didn't know that anything had happened to Mr. Toberman."

Nanny Broome's innate honesty shone through the clouds of wool.

"No, but as soon as I saw Mr. Basil all glistening like that I realised that whatever had happened to him, it must be Mrs. Telpher who'd done it and that she'd clearly meant to put the blame on Tim. That's why I screamed and called the police. I'm not very easily upset, you know. I don't scream for nothing. I usually know what I'm doing. Where would Tim and I be now, let me ask you, if I hadn't screamed and you weren't all here, but it had been left to the family to decide what story to tell? I knew she'd have to run, because I'd spoken to her and she knew I knew who'd been into Mr. Basil's room. She's got away. Good riddance! I've been thinking she would if I gave her time enough."

LUKE muttered, "Forget it. Stockwell, you ought to have noticed the lady at the door. You put out the call. Wait a minute. She has a child at St. Joseph's. You might try there first. I think we can take it that she's not normal. It's the old psychiatric stuff. There'll be no very definite motive, I mean, and . . ."

"I rather think there is, you know," Mr. Campion ventured to intervene a trifle apologetically.

"She was the only person who had sufficient motive, or so it seemed to me. Fear is the only adequate spur for that sort of semi-impulsive act, don't you think? Fear of loss. Fear of trouble. Fear of unbearable discovery. Especially when backed by the glimpse of definite gain."

Luke stared at him.

"Oh, my prophetic soul, your telegram!" he said. "I might have known! She is not Mrs. Telpher, I suppose?"

"Oh, but she is," Mr. Campion appeared unhappy. "That is her true name and she is the Kinnit niece. The telegram was a reply to a routine inquiry I made about her through the Petersen agency in Jo'burg."

He paused, looking awkward. "It's one of those sad, silly, and ordinary explanations which lie behind most criminal acts," he went on at last. "I suppose her secret is the most usual one in the world, and she hid it successfully from everybody except Basil Toberman, who is the kind of man who spends his life making sure he is not deceived on that particular point."

"Money?" Luke asked briefly.

Mr. Campion nodded. "I'm afraid so. She simply isn't rich. It is as easy as that. She isn't even badly off, hard up, or in straitened circumstances. She is simply not rich. She never has been rich. The deceased Telpher was an accountant but not a financier."

"But the Kinnit family must have known this?"

"Why should they? Mrs. Telpher was a distant relative. Distant in miles. The Kinnits were aware of her, but not at all curious about her. How the idea that she was extremely wealthy was implanted in their minds originally I do not

know. It may have started with some trifling mistake or be based merely on the simple fact that they are extremely wealthy and she had never let them know that she was not. At any rate, when she had to come to London she found it very easy to make use of them. Her success lay in the fact that she understood them so well. They are all alike. Cold, incurious, comfortable, and deeply respectful toward money, and yet in an odd, inhuman way hospitable and aware of the duties of hospitality."

"That woman only lives for one thing and that's cash," said Mrs.

Broome unexpectedly. "If she hasn't got a fortune already, her main reason for coming here was to make sure of an inheritance when the time came. You can be sure of that! Don't forget she's the only Kinnit relative except for Mr. Tim, and she probably thought he ought not to count, being merely adopted. Her idea was to oust him, take it from me. Meantime, here she got her living free, and Miss Saxon's."

This prosaic thought, which had been in the minds of everybody, passed entirely without comment.

Luke was still waiting for Mr. Campion, who finished his interrupted statement.

To page 76



"May I take your order?"

for girls
who haven't
a thing to wear...



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DRW12.21

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 75

"The one great risk she took never materialised," he said. "No one insisted on visiting the child. Knowing the family she did not think they would."

"I insisted and was soon told where I got off," the irrepressible Mrs. Broome put in tartly. "The poor little mite was 'far too ill to see strangers! Doctor's orders.' As if a visit from me would hurt a kiddie?"

Luke flapped a silencing hand at her and continued to watch his friend. "Isn't there a child?"

"Oh, yes, there's a child," Mr. Campion spoke sadly. "And its condition is just as she said—silent, incurable, unconscious. A heartrending sight, too terrible for anyone very close to sit and watch for long. Mrs. Telfer is not very close. She is the governess. She was driving when the accident occurred. She was sent by her employers to London with the child and her nurse, Miss Saxon, when every other hope of cure had failed. The child's name is Maria Van der Graff. She is registered under it at the hospital. Anyone could have discovered it had they thought to ask."

"Attempted murder," said Luke. "She did it to avoid discovery and the failure of her plans, and when she saw she was caught she made a definite attempt to incriminate the young man who stood between her and an inheritance. That covers the present charge."

Mrs. Broome's eyes met Luke's. "If Miss Saxon was the nurse, that was why she was so fond of the kiddie and why she tried to tell me about the diamonds."

"The diamonds?" He was as amazed as if she had attempted to introduce elephants.

"The diamonds in the Safe Deposit," said Mrs. Broome placidly. "In the beginning, when Mr. Eustace wrote in his fussy way and told Mrs. Telfer not to bring a lot of jewellery to the house, but to put it in a safe deposit, he put an idea in her head. She invented some diamonds because she saw that he expected her to have some with her, and pretended she'd put them under lock and key. When she mentioned them in front of me, Miss Saxon was on the verge of telling me the joke. We were getting far too friendly, Miss Saxon and I; that was why she had to have her head put in a bag! It was aspirin, not drink, that was used that time, I expect!"

"Quiet!" Luke's big hand thumping on the desk silenced

her. "You open your mouth once more, my girl, and it's you and no one else who'll be inside! Doctor, what would have been the finding if the man had died and the bag had been removed and hidden?"

"If I hadn't known? If I had simply been presented with the corpse and not told about the bag? I certainly shouldn't be able to tell that he had suffocated, if that's what you mean."

"You wouldn't?"

"No. There might be a slight increase in the carbon monoxide in the blood, but—no, I couldn't be expected to diagnose suffocation. There'd be no foreign matter in the mouth or windpipe, no bruising, no marks of any kind. No, I should not have thought of suffocation. Fortunately it doesn't arise."

"Exactly," said Luke and scowled at Mrs. Broome. "And it mustn't," he said, "or we'll all be in the bag! Don't you forget it! Chief Inspector, has your sergeant gone to put out that call? Where will you take Leach?"

"Ebbfield, I think," Munday said seriously. "We'll sort out the charges down there on the home ground, don't you agree?"

LUKE'S reply was forestalled by a knock on the door, and the Chief Inspector, who was nearest it, pulled it open to reveal a sleepy-eyed, yet harassed-looking young man whom he welcomed with relief. There was a hasty conference on the mat whilst the noises from the excited house swept into them from the well of the staircase. After a moment or so the Chief Inspector turned back into the room and leant across the table to Luke.

"There's a question of a glove which Leach was thought to have with him. It's missing."

The Superintendent was very interested. He turned to Mrs. Broome.

"You said you had your coat cut tonight. Run along with the gentleman at the door. He's not a policeman, he's a probation officer. Tell him everything he wants to know. He's trying to help someone before they break his heart for him, poor chap."

Mrs. Broome went out, Munday after her.

Charlie Luke turned sharply on the doctor. "Now, sir?"

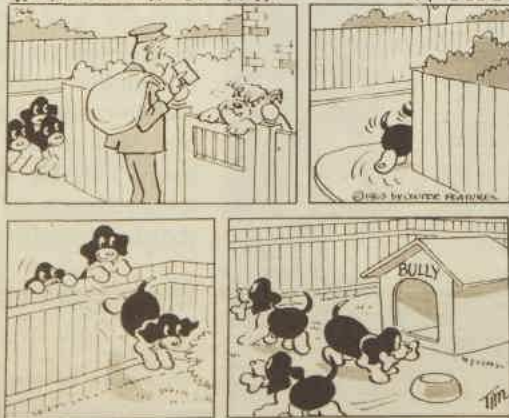
"I want to get that man into a nursing home." The statement was aggressive. "He won't die now, but he's still

To page 78

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



No, no, no, no, no.

Some women don't like the Volkswagen, to look at.

Until they drive one.

Then its looks get kind of lovable as you get to know the car.

We don't say Volkswagen is the prettiest car in the world. It just feels like it, when you're driving, or parking, or paying for petrol.

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Like noise.

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Volkswagen is so well put together it's almost airtight. Some people prefer to open a window a little so they can close a door.

Also we added more luggage space, an automatic choke, baked enamel on the outside, and synchromesh on first.

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F5725.—Two-piece maternity set with expandable slacks and pinafore top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5143.—Three-quarter-length coat with long sleeves matches **F5142**. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ to 3¾yds. 54in. material, 3 to 3½yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/-.
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F5725

F7531

F5142.—Elegantly simple dress with round neck and short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5142

A

F7108

F5143

F7837.—Collar of shift dress ties at front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7108.—Dress - gown, which can be worn with belt under bust for Empire look. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: floor-length (B), 4½yds. 54in. material or 6½yds. 36in. material; short (A), 3½yds. 54in. material or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 790. — SLIM DRESS
Wool angora dress with bloused back is cut out ready to make. Colors are black, ancient jade, beige, and red-coat. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. £3/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/11/3. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

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Luncheon cloth and table napkins cut out and traced ready to embroider with rose design on cream or white Irish linen. Cloth is 36in. square. Price 18/6, plus 2/- postage. Napkins are 11in. square. Price 1/11, plus 5d. postage each. Or set of cloth and four napkins, price 25/6, plus 2/6 postage.

No. 792. — GIRL'S DRESS
Warm dress for young girl is cut out to make in corduroy velveteen. Colors are red, pale blue, pink, and aqua. White poplin collar is included. Sizes 8 to 10 years, £1/17/6; 12 to 14 years, £1/19/6. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes. Instructions are included with all ready-to-make garments.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

790

792

791

Yes.

gear, too. (Second, third and overdrive were already synchromesh.)

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ill. He's still confused. Some of it may be alcohol, you understand. Professional nursing at this stage is essential."

"Excellent idea," Luke said briskly. "As soon as possible. You make the arrangements, and as soon as the Chief Inspector returns he will make provision for a preliminary statement. Nothing detailed. Just enough to take us through the next phase. We've got to charge the lady when we find her, you see."

"Of course." The doctor was satisfied and busy. "Fortunately there's a telephone in Mr. Eustace Kinnit's bedroom."

Luke smiled at him without irony. "Fortunate, indeed, sir," he said cheerfully and turned to Mr. Campion as the man hurried off.

"It could be a long trial, you know," he said presently. "She might get away with it on the medi-

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 76

co's evidence of Toberman's first waking words. I can just hear Sir Cunningham cross-examining Mrs. Broome about what she saw on the landing, can't you? That'll be murder, if you like!"

"The world is certainly going to hear about the Kinnit family and their governesses, alas!" said Mr. Campion. "No one on earth can prevent that now, I'm afraid. There'll be no more hushing up Miss Thyrza. She's out of the grave. She wins, after all."

"Murder doesn't hush," Luke had moved over to the doorway. "My old copy-book was dead right. Murder will out. There's something damn funny about it. The desire to pinpoint the blame gets

out of the intellect and into the blood. I've known murderers to give themselves away rather than leave it a mystery!"

Mr. Campion was thinking along other lines.

"It's very odd how the word 'governess' is a guilty one in this particular history," he remarked. "Just before we came in here I had an account from Julia of the row in the kitchen tonight. Apparently Eustace Kinnit's father tried to suppress the truth about a governess. Eustace himself went to considerable lengths to prevent the word Kinnit and the word governess ap-

pearing together. Mrs. Telfer was responsible for a fearful accident whilst acting as a governess and she came over here, deceiving her relatives and bringing an assistant whom she said, quite unnecessarily, was a governess. To the Kinnits it has become an evil word which is always accompanied by trouble. Miss Thyrza is not so much a ghost as their minds playing the goat."

Luke laughed briefly. "I know which one frightens me the most!" he said. "Mr. Eustace and Miss Alison are going to need their adopted boy's support. It's a merciful thing he has a sound young woman."

He went out into the corridor, and when Mr. Campion joined him

he was standing in the shadow by the balustrade.

From where they stood they had a foreshortened view of a knot of men below in the hall. Munday was speaking to a constable and a plainclothes man down there, while a dejected black wand, bent like a question mark, hovered between them like some spineless overgrown plant.

On the next floor, through the open doorway of the drawing-room, they could see Julia talking to Eustace. She appeared to be comforting or reassuring him, for he was leaning back in one of the sofas looking up at her while she talked, emphasising her words with little gestures. It was a very clear scene, the colors as vivid as if they were painted on glass.

On the upper floor, in the corridor to their right, Mrs. Broome was showing her coat to the probation officer. She had carried it to the baluster rail to catch the light from the candelabra, and the purple folds gleamed rich and warm out of the shadow. Miss Aicheson, wearing a plaid dressing-gown and carrying a tray with a white jug and a cup upon it, was coming up the kitchen staircase, and opposite them, across the well, the doctor, stepping out of Eustace's bedroom, paused a moment to look across at Luke and give an affirmative sign.

Mr. Campion was comforted. It was a picture of beginnings, he thought. Half a dozen startling new chapters, new ties, new associations. They were all springing out of the story he had been following, like a spray of plumes in a Renaissance pattern springs up from a complete and apparently final feather.

THE murmur of voices from the corridor directly below them caught his attention. Luke was already listening. Councillor Cornish was talking to Timothy.

"It was very good of you, and I know how you felt," he was saying earnestly. "But if you do happen to know where this glove weapon is I think we'd better go and pick it up and let the police have it. We're not the judges, you see. That's one of the very few things I've learned in the past twenty years. We're simply not omniscient. That seems to me to be the whole difficulty. We haven't got all the data, any of us. What we do gang up and make a concerted effort to try to get it, as in a trial of justice, that's the thing which becomes most apparent."

"As I see it now, anything we suppress may turn out to be the one thing absolutely vital to the lad's safety or salvation. We have absolutely no sure way of telling that I can see. Life is not predictable."

"I wasn't trying to hide anything," Timothy's young voice, which possessed so much the timbre of the other, was vehement. "I was merely not rushing at them with it. I didn't want to be the one who damned him, that was all."

"Oh, my boy, don't I know!" The older voice was heartfelt. "That state of mind has dogged me all my life! We may not see much of each other," the Councillor was saying as he and his companion began to move toward the lower floor, and his voice grew fainter and fainter.

"You're going to have your hands full with your commitments here, I can see that. But now that we have an opportunity there is just one thing I wanted to say to you. It—er—it concerns my first wife. She was just an ordinary London girl, you know. Very sweet, very brave, very gay, but when she smiled suddenly, when you caught her unawares, she was so beautiful . . ."

The sound faded into a murmur and was lost in the general noise of the busy household.

(The End)

(Copyright P. and M. Youngman Carter Ltd., 1963. The novel "The China Governess" will be published shortly by Chatto and Windus.)

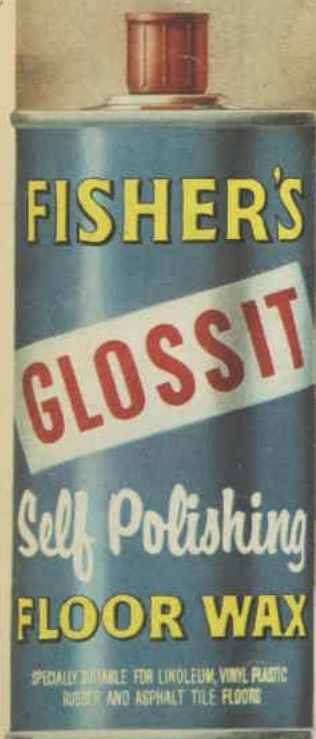
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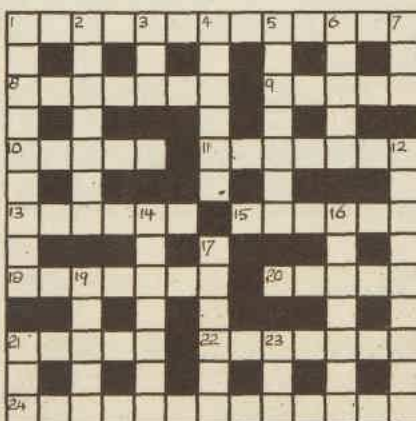
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

DISGUISED as birds the creatures from space try to sell their "suchi crystals" to a hawk. The hawk attacks the creature, who changes to an elephant to the surprise of a group of bird-watchers. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. Fitting Easter breakfast for children (9, 4).
 8. Ant pest (anagr., 7).
 9. A woman and the French make large piece of linen (5).
 10. I start holy pictures which end in studies (5).
 11. Aluminium powder mixed with iron oxide (7).
 13. Best to protest (6).
 15. Sign so for mystical knowledge (6).
 18. Divine drinks (7).
 20. One sixteenth part of an ounce with a composition for the stage (5).
 21. A vehicle to go for the goods a ship carries (5).
 22. The same vehicle to no use for a drinking bout (7).
 24. A lesser brass hat (5-8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Italian island cereal in the Zodiac (9).
2. To put so a remote settlement (7).
3. Acknowledge through a slow negotiator (3).
4. The entire property headed by a donkey (6).
5. Nets are oriental (7).
6. This ray contains ale (5).
7. Makes others drunkard (3).
12. A man must be willing to make it (9).
14. Arab water-raising contrivance has food (7).
16. Surgeon's instrument or a plasterer's tool (7).
17. He ends the soul the head of which breaks a spy (6).
19. Around and so was already in ancient Rome (5).
21. A variety of lettuce (3).
23. Piece of cloth or a bad newspaper (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 10, 1963



ICED CHERRY PARFAIT

With fresh cherries stewed with liquid Sucaryl and tangy, Sucaryl-sweet lemon whip.



FRESH PEACHES
lightly stewed,
sweetened with
Sucaryl and served
chilled.

APPLE PIE

Sucaryl-sweet pie crust filled with delicious apple--stewed with liquid Sucaryl and topped with low-calorie creamy- whip topping.



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FAMOUS
Biscuits



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WOOLWORTHS

*Hand
Knits*

40 PATTERNS

FOR ALL THE
FAMILY



The Australian
Women's Weekly

April 10, 1963

A GUIDE TO BETTER KNITTING

1—Always use the wool and needles specified in the pattern.

2—**TENSION:** Before you start knitting, check your tension carefully, as the success of the finished article depends on this. Take the wool and needles specified in the directions, cast on 20 stitches, work 20 rows in stocking-stitch. Lightly press work. Check tension by placing an inch tape across the stitches, count the exact number of stitches to one inch and compare with the tension given in the directions. If your tension is too loose, try a size finer needle. If your tension is too tight, try a size coarser needle. If more than one size of needle is recommended in the pattern and you have found it necessary to alter the needles to obtain the correct tension in the stocking-stitch test sample, corresponding alterations must be made to the needles throughout the directions.

3—**MAKING UP:** Spend plenty of time, as hand-knits look best when really well made up. The following simple rules will help to produce a well-finished garment:

(a) **Pinning out**—use plenty of pins. Lay out each piece wrong side up on a thick blanket, measure the chest and pin to mark off the right size. Do the same lengthways, measuring from the shoulder to the lower edge. Pin round all edges of the knitted fabric, pins spaced every ½ in. Don't pin the outside edge of ribbing, e.g. the basque, but place the pin inside the ribbed band.

(b) **Pressing**—for stocking-stitch, patterned and lace fabrics, use warm iron and damp cloth. For Fair Isle fabrics use a hot iron and wet cloth. Ribbed fabrics should be pressed very lightly with an almost dry cloth. Don't use a rubbing motion when pressing, dab the iron lightly straight up and down.

ABBREVIATIONS—used in pattern throughout book.

● k, knit; p, purl; dec., decrease; inc., increase; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; st-st., stocking-stitch (knit one row, purl one row); cont., continue; rep., repeat; t.b.l., through back of loop; sl., slip; tog., together; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; rem., remaining; m-st., moss-stitch (knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, repeat throughout); w.r.n., wool round needle; w.fwd., wool forward; w.o.n., wool over needle; m. 1, make 1; R.S.F., right side facing; W.S.F., wrong side facing.

SAVE on knitting accessories — Woolworths have a full range at lower prices.

DYE lots vary and can never be matched, so it's wise to ask the sales assistant to check that all your wool of the same shade is from the same dye lot (this is marked on the wool band). Woolworths recommend that you buy an extra ball or two for each garment—they will gladly refund on any wool left over.

Important—each pattern gives exact details for making up and it is advisable to follow these carefully.

(c) **Seaming**—Use a back stitch seam for fashion garments and older children's woollies. Place the two pieces of knitting evenly together, right side to right side, and pin along the portion to be seamed, matching the knitting row by row throughout. Sew with a back-stitch into the second stitch from the end of every row, taking one stitch from each side of the garment, i.e. insert the needle point into the end of the last stitch and bring it out in the next stitch.

(d) **Flat seam**—for baby clothes and underwear: Place the two pieces of knitting evenly together, right side to right side, and sewing stitch by stitch, taking care that the "stretch" is the same as the knitting, i.e. insert needle from right to left through the centre of knob (formed by knitting stitch at beginning and end of purl row) in front piece of work, then insert needles from left to right through centre of knob at back of work.

4—WASHING: USE NEW FASHION LUX FLAKES.

(a) To preserve the life of the garments, do not allow to become oversoiled. Wash frequently in gentle LUX FLAKES.

(b) Make a rich lather in luke-warm water, ensuring that all flakes are dissolved.

(c) Damp badly soiled areas before washing and work in dry LUX FLAKES with your fingertips.

(d) Do not soak. Wash quickly, at the same time gently squeeze the LUX suds through the garment. Never twist or rub, as this causes "felting."

(e) Rinse in luke-warm water, changing it until it remains completely clean.

5—DRYING: Gently squeeze water from garment and roll in towel. Knead until excess moisture is absorbed by towel and then unroll.

Place garment on towel on flat surface and gently work into shape. Place in shady, breezy place to dry, but never place in direct sunlight. When dry, press lightly on wrong side.

WOMAN'S COVER DESIGN



Warm, red, polo-necked sweater to fit sizes 34, 36, and 38 inch bust.

Materials: 28 (30, 32) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 7 needles; a set of Nos. 5 and 7 needles.
Measurements: To fit a 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 24½ (25, 25½) in.; sleeve, 17 in. (all sizes).
Tension: 9 sts. to 2 in.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 86 (90, 94) sts.
* 1st Row: * K 2 t.b.l., p 2 t.b.l., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 t.b.l.

2nd Row: * P 2 t.b.l., k 2 t.b.l., rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2 t.b.l.*

Rep. these 2 rows for 14 in., ending with 2nd row. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st.

Cont. until work measures 14½ in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans, 1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., knit to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. these 2 rows until 26 (28, 30) sts. rem. Leave sts. on a holder.

FRONT

Work as back until 42 (44, 46) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Neck: K 2, k 2 tog., k 12, turn. Cont. on these sts. only, shaping raglan as before. At the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 6 times and 3 sts. rem. K 3 tog. Fasten off. Slip centre 10 (12, 14) sts. on to holder, join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 42 (46, 46) sts. and work in rib. patt. from ** to** for 2 in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every fol. 6th row until 68 (70, 72) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Work exactly as back raglan until 8 sts. (all sizes) rem. Leave sts. on a holder.

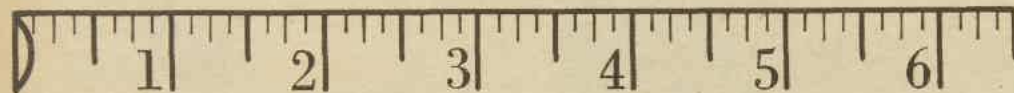
TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Sew up raglan seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press all seams.

COLLAR

With right side of work facing and using set of No. 7 needles, knit the sts. from all holders, pick up and knit 18 sts. on each side of front neck. Cont. on these 88 (92, 96) sts. in rounds as follows:

* K 2 t.b.l., p 2 t.b.l., rep. from * to end of round. Rep. this round for 2½ in. Change to set of No. 5 needles and cont. until collar measures 6½ in. Cast off loosely ribwise.



Materials: 16 (17, 19, 21, 23, 32, 34, 36) balls Woolworths Astrakhan.

Collar Style: 18 (19, 21, 23, 25, 35, 37, 39) balls; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 needles; 1 set of No. 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit loosely 28 (30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42) in. bust; length, 17 (18, 19½, 21, 22½, 24½, 25, 25½) in.; sleeves, 15 (16½, 17, 17½, 19½, 20, 20½) in.

Tension: 4 sts. to lin.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 57 (61, 65, 69, 73, 77, 81, 85) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. and cont. until work measures 11½ (12½, 13½, 14, 14½, 15½, 16½, 17) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every alt. row until 21 (21, 23, 23, 25, 25, 27, 27) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back from * to *.

To Shape Raglan and V-Neck: Cast off 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4) sts., work until there are 26 (27, 29, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38) sts. on needle, cast off 1 st., knit to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4) sts., purl until there are 26 (27, 29, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38) sts. on needle, turn. Leave rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: Knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every foll. 4th row until 9 (9, 10, 10, 11, 11, 12, 12) decs. on neck edge, at the same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. Cast off.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 44) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 (2, 2½, 2½, 3, 3, 3, 3) in. evenly, inc. 6 sts. (all sizes) on the last row. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of the 7th and every 6th row thereafter until 46 (48, 50, 54, 58, 62, 64, 68) sts. Cont. until work measures 15 (16½, 17, 17½, 17½, 19½, 20, 20½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every alt. row until 8 (8, 8, 8, 10, 10, 10, 10) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Join raglans, side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

V-NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using set of No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 29 (30, 30, 30, 31, 31, 32, 32) sts. up right side of V-neck, 8 (8, 10, 10, 12, 12, 12, 12) sts. across top of right sleeve, 21 (21, 23, 23, 25, 25, 27, 27) sts. across back, 8 (8, 10, 10, 12, 12, 12, 12) sts. across top of left sleeve, 29 (30, 30, 30, 31, 31, 32, 32) sts. down left front. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, dec. 1 st. each side of centre V on every row until band measures 1½in. Cast off ribwise.

COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 77 (81, 89, 91, 95, 97, 99, 101) sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 31 (31, 43, 41, 43, 41, 41) in. Cast off ribwise.

Attach cast-off edge of collar to inside of V-neck.

Family threesome ... in Astrakhan

Easy-fitting family sweaters in nubbly astrakhan wool come in sizes 28-42. For fathers and sons it's a classic V-neck; for mothers and daughters a collar is included in the directions on this page.



MAN'S COVER DESIGN

*Sweater has big
ribbed collar.
Directions for his
and her sizes below*



Materials: 23 (25, 26, 33, 35) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Fantasia; 1 pair each Nos. 6, 7, and 9 needles; set of Nos. 6, 7, and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit a 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length, 24 (24½, 25, 29½, 30) in.; sleeve, 17 in. for her, 19 in. for him.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 96 (102, 108, 116, 122) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in.

Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 14 in. for her, 17 in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan, 1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., knit to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 28 (30, 32, 34, 36) sts. rem. Leave sts. on a holder.

FRONT

Work as back until 56 (58, 60, 62, 64) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Neck: K 2, k 2 tog., k 17, turn. Cont. on these sts. only, shaping raglan as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 6 times. Cont. shaping raglan until 3 sts. rem., p 3 tog. Fasten off. Return to rem. sts., slip next 14 (16, 18, 20, 22) sts. on to a holder, join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 46 (50, 54, 54, 54) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in., evenly inc. 4 sts. along last row — 50 (54, 58, 58, 58) sts.

Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. 8th (8th, 8th, 6th, 6th) row until 76 (80, 84, 90, 94) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. for her, 19 in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Work as back raglan until 8 sts. (all sizes) rem. Leave sts. on a holder.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Flat-seam raglans tog. and all ribbing. Small bk-st. side and sleeve seams. Press all seams.

COLLAR

With right side of work facing and using set of No. 9 needles, knit the sts. from all holders, pick up and knit 26 sts. on each side of front neck. Cont. on these 98 (102, 106, 110, 114) sts. in rounds of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Change to set of No. 7 needles and cont. until collar measures 6 in. Change to No. 6 needles and work a further 1½ in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Cardigan Contrast

(See color picture, page 7)

Materials: 21 (22, 23) balls Woolworths Nylo crepe main color (m.c.), 1 ball contrast color (c.c.); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 11 needles; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42) in. chest; length, 27 (27½, 28) in.; sleeve, 19 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 130 (138, 146) sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

Next Row: Purl for fold of hem row. Change to No. 10 needles. Rep. 2nd and 1st rows twice. * Cont. in st-st. until 5 in. from fold of hem row. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 12th row 5 times, 140 (148, 156) sts. Cont. until work measures 16 in. from fold of hem row, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every knit row until 38 (40, 42) sts. rem. Cast off.

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 30 sts. and work in st-st. for 4 in., ending on a knit row. Leave aside.

POCKET LINING (2)

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 73 (77, 81) sts. and work as for back until 5 in. from fold of hem row, ending on a purl row.

To Make Pocket Opening: K 24 (26, 28), cast off 30 sts., k 19 (21, 23).

Next Row: P 19 (21, 23), purl pocket lining 30 sts., purl to end.

Cont. in st-st., and when work measures 5½ in. inc. 1 st. at side edge on next and every foll. 12th row 5 times, 78 (82, 86) sts. Cont. until work measures 14½ in. from fold of hem row, ending at front edge.

To Shape Front Edge: Dec. 1 st. on next and alt rows twice, then every foll. 3rd row 23 (24, 25) times, at the same time when side edge measures same as back, ending on a knit row.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at end of every knit row until 2 sts. rem. P 2 tog. and fasten off.

Mark five button positions on right front. First button 1 in. above fold of hem row, and fifth button 1 in. below beg. of V-neck shaping, evenly spacing three others between.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front, reversing all shaping to correspond, making buttonholes opposite markers.

To Make Buttonhole—1st Row: Knit to last 8 sts., cast off 3 sts., k 5. **2nd Row:** Purl 5, cast on 3 sts., purl to end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and c.c., cast on 58 (60, 62) sts. Work as for back from * to *. Change to m.c. and cont. until 1½ in. above fold of hem row. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 6th row until 100 (106, 114) sts., then every 4th row until 118 (124, 130) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 19½ in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 5 sts. rem. Cast off.

POCKET BAND (2)

Using No. 11 needles and c.c., cast on 10 sts.

1st Row: Purl. **2nd Row:** K 5, sl. 1 purlwise, k 4.

Rep. these 2 rows until 4½ in. long. Cast off.



FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 18 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: K 5, sl. 1, k 12. Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 1 in., ending on a purl row.

Make Buttonhole: K 5, sl. 1, k 4, cast off 3 sts., k 5.

Next Row: Purl and cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts. Work 4 more buttonholes to correspond with buttonholes on left front. Cont. until band is long enough to fit round right front to hem edge, slightly stretched. Cast off.

To Finish Off: Press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up the four raglan seams, side, and sleeve seams. Turn up hem on sleeve and lower edge and sl-st. down. Place pocket band ½ in. below pocket opening, widest half right side against right side of garment, small bk-st. tog. Fold band right sides tog. on the sl-st. line, stitch ends, turn to right side and fold on the sl-st. line. Sl-st. to inside of pocket opening and stitch down both ends. Pin front band ½ in. in from front edge, matching buttonholes. Sew all round, using small bk-st. Fold band on sl-st. line. Stitch round double buttonholes. Sew facing to wrong side. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Tailored Twinset

(See color picture, page 7)

Materials: Woolworths Nylo Crepe—sweater, 10 (11, 12, 12, 13) balls, cardigan with high buttoning, 15 (16, 17, 17, 18) balls, cardigan with V-neck, 14 (15, 16, 16, 17) balls; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1 set No. 12 needles; 8 buttons for high buttoning, 5 buttons for V-buttoning.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length—sweater, 21 (21½, 22, 22½, 23) in., cardigan, 21½ (22, 22½, 23½) in.; sleeves—short, 5 in. (all sizes), long, 17 in. (all sizes). **Tension:** 7 sts. to 1 in.

SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 118 (124, 132, 138, 144) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 13 in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (4, 5, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.
Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. last 2 rows until 36 (38, 36, 38, 38) sts. rem. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work as for back until 58 (58, 58, 60, 60) sts. rem., ending on a knit row.

To Shape Neck: P 19, cast off centre 20 (20, 20, 22, 22) sts., p 19. Cont. on last 19 sts. and cast off on neck edge on next and every 2nd row 2 sts. twice, 1 st. 4 times, at the same time cont. raglan shaping as before until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, work to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 76 (82, 86, 88, 92) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for lin. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row until 86 (92, 100, 104, 110) sts. and sleeve measures 5in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

Shape raglan as for back until 4 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up raglan seams, side and sleeve seams. Flat-seam ribbing.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using a set of No. 12 needles, pick up and knit 108 (108, 108, 112, 112) sts. evenly round neck edge and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Fold band in half inside, sl-st. down.

CARDIGAN

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 122 (128, 136, 142, 148) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for lin. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 14in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (4, 5, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. last 2 rows until 38 (38, 38, 40, 40) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT HIGH BUTTONING

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 72 (76, 80, 84, 86) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for lin.

Next Row: Rib 12 sts. and slip these 12 sts. on to holder for front band.

Change to No. 10 needles and purl to end, inc. 1 st. for first size only at end of row. Cont. in st-st. on these 61 (64, 68, 72, 74) sts. until work measures 14in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

Shape raglan as back, but keep front edge straight until 31 (31, 31, 32, 32) sts., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off on next and every 2nd row 2 (3, 3, 4, 4) sts. once, 3 sts. (all sizes) twice, 2 sts. (all sizes) twice, 1 st. 3 (3, 3, 4, 4) times. Cont. raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. and fasten off.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, slip 12 sts. from holder, join in yarn and cont. in rib until band fits to neck edge, slip these sts. on to holder.

Mark 5 button positions, the 1st 1in. from beg., the 8th in centre of neckband, and 6 more spaced evenly between.

RIGHT FRONT HIGH BUTTONING

Work to correspond with left front in reverse, making buttonholes in right front band opposite markers.

To Make Buttonhole—1st Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 4 sts. 2nd Row: Rib 4 sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 4 sts.

LEFT FRONT WITH V-SHAPING

Work as left front high buttoning from * to *.

To Shape Raglan and Neck: Cast off 2 (4, 5, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next row, knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Cont. shaping raglan edge as back raglan and dec. 1 st. on front edge every 4th row thereafter 17 (17, 17, 18, 18) times. Cont. raglan shaping until same length as back raglan and 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, slip 12 sts. from holder, join in yarn and cont. in rib until band fits to centre back neck. Cast off ribwise.

Mark 5 button positions, the 1st 1in. from beg., the 5th at beg. of front slope, and 3 more evenly spaced between.

RIGHT FRONT WITH V-SHAPING

Work to correspond with left front in reverse, making buttonholes in right front band opposite markers.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 (60, 60, 62, 62) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. evenly, inc. 6 sts. on last row. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th (8th, 8th, 8th, 8th) row until 92 (98, 106, 110, 116) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan as for back raglan until 8 sts. rem. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up raglan seams, side and sleeve seams. Flat-seam all ribbing, sew front bands in position.

Neckband for High Buttoning: With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, slip 12 sts. from holder, join in yarn, and pick up and knit 117 (117, 117, 121, 121) sts. evenly round neck edge and rib across 12 sts. from left front band holder. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin., making a buttonhole as before. Cont. in rib for lin., make buttonhole as before, rib 1in. Cast off ribwise.

To Finish Off: Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down. Sew on buttons.

FISHER RIB SWEATERS

Directions include
V, crew and polo
necks. See color picture on page 6.



Materials: Woolworths Nylo Sports or Fantasia. Crew-neck style: 26 (27, 28, 31) balls for her; 29 (30, 32, 34) balls for him. V-neck Style: 25 (26, 28, 31) balls for her; 28 (29, 31, 33) balls for him; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 9 needles; 1 set No. 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in. chest; length, 22in. for her, 27in. for him; sleeve, 17in. for her, 20in. for him. Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

PATTERN

1st Row (right side of work): Sl. 1, knit to end.
2nd Row: Sl. 1 purlwise, * k 1, but knit into st. below, p 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st, 2nd rows inclusive.

BACK

* Using No. 9 needles, cast on 95 (101, 107, 113) sts. and work in rib of p 1, k 1 for lin. Change to No. 7

needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 14in. for her, 16in. for him (or length required), ending on the 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (2, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and alt. rows * until 39 (41, 43, 45) sts. rem., then every 4th row until 25 (25, 27, 27) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off ribwise.

FRONT FOR V-NECK

Work as back from * to * until 69 (71, 73, 75) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

Next Row: Work 34 (35, 36, 37) sts., turn (leave rem. sts. on holder). Cont. raglan shaping on every 2nd row 15 times (all sizes), then on every 4th row, at the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 4th row 11 times (all sizes) until 2 sts. rem. Work 1 row, k 2 tog., fasten off.

Return to rem. sts., slip centre 1 st. on to holder, join in yarn at neck edge, finish as other side in reverse.

FRONT FOR CREW-NECK

Work as for back until 49 (51, 53, 55) sts. rem., ending on 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Neck: Keeping patt. and raglan shaping in order, work until 17 (18, 18, 19) sts. on needle. Cast off in patt. 13 (13, 15, 15) centre sts. Work to end.

Cont. raglan shaping on every 2nd row 4 times more, then on every 4th row, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next and every 4th row 6 times. Cont. raglan shaping on every 4th row until 2 sts. rem. Work 1 row, k 2 tog., fasten off. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to match other side in reverse.

LEFT SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 47 (49, 51, 53) sts. and work in rib of p 1, k 1 for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end inside the first and last st. (by picking up the horizontal loop between and knitting into the back of it) on the 7th and every 8th row until 75 (79, 85, 87) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. for her and 20in. for him (or length required).

Shape raglan as back until 31 (35, 37, 43) sts. rem., then every 4th row until 11 (11, 13, 13) sts. rem., ending on the 1st row of patt. Next Row: Cast off 5 (5, 6, 6) sts., patt. to end. Next Row: Work 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. Next Row: Cast off in patt. rem. sts.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Work as left sleeve until 11 (11, 13, 13) sts. rem. in raglan, ending on 2nd row of patt. Shape as left sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Neatly sew up front and back raglan seams.

V-NECK BAND

Using a set of No. 9 needles — 1st needle: Pick up 49 (51, 55, 59) sts. down left front and 1 centre st.; 2nd needle: 49 (51, 55, 59) sts. up right front; 3rd needle: 11 (11, 13, 13) sts. on each sleeve top, 23 (23, 25, 25) sts. on back neck. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin., dec. 1 st. each side of V in every row, keeping centre st. plain. Work 1 row without shaping, then inc. 1 st. each side of V in every row for lin. Cast off loosely ribwise. Fold band in half to wrong side and sl-st. down.

CREW- OR POLO-NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using a set of No. 9 needles — 1st needle: Pick up and knit 20 (22, 24, 26) sts. on left front, 13 (13, 15, 15) centre sts.; 2nd needle: 20 (22, 24, 26) sts. on right front and 11 (11, 13, 13) sts. on right sleeve top; 3rd needle: 23 (23, 25, 25) sts. on back neck and 11 (11, 13, 13) sts. on left sleeve top. Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 for 3in. or for polo neck for 7in. Cast off loosely ribwise. Crew-neck Band: Fold band in half inside, sl-st. down. Polo-neck Band: Roll band in half to right side.

To Finish Off: Sew up side and sleeve seams.



SIMPLICITY OF LINE AND STITCH

● Sweaters in fisherman's rib for young marrieds or a boy and his girl. Raglan sleeves give a smooth line, girl's is crew-necked, boy's V. Knit them in matching or contrasting colors. Directions on page 5.

● Classic-line cardigan with raglan sleeves for young student or housewife to wear over slim skirt. Complete directions are on page 11.

● Simple tailored twinset with short-sleeved jumper is teamed with man's cardigan with contrast trim, both have raglan sleeves. Directions p. 4.

● Chic and sleek, this long-line sweater features the new season's diagonal rib stitch. Neckline has a deep V and an inset panel held by small fasteners. Sleeves are three-quarter and jumper has two roomy pockets. Directions are on page 11.





GIRL'S JACKET

(See color picture at left of opposite page.)



Materials: 13 (15, 16, 17) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Fantasia; 1 pair No. 7 needles; 4 buttons.
Measurements: To fit 22 (24, 26, 28) in. chest; length, 11 (13, 14½, 16) in.; sleeve, 9 (10½, 12, 14) in.
Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side of work): Knit.
2nd Row: * K 1, knit next st., but knit into st. below, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.
3rd Row: Knit.
4th Row: K 2, * knit next st., but knit into st. below, k 1, rep. from * to end.
 These 4 rows form patt. inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 56 (62, 68, 74) sts. Work 5 rows in garter-stitch (every row knit). Cont. in patt. inclusive until back measures 6 (7½, 8½, 9½) in. (or length required), ending on a knit row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 (4, 4, 4) sts. twice, 2 sts. (all sizes) twice, and 48 (50, 56, 62) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ (5½, 6½, 6½) in., ending on a knit row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 4 (4, 6, 8) sts. twice, 6 sts. (all sizes) 4 times, 16 (18, 20, 22) sts. once.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 32 (36, 38, 42) sts. and work 5 rows in garter-stitch. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: * K 1, knit next st. into st. below, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 8.
3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: K 2, * knit next st. into st. below, k 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Cont. as established until front measures same as back to underarm, ending on a knit row.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 2 (4, 4, 4) sts. once, 2 sts. (all sizes) once. Cont. straight until armhole measures 3 (3½, 3½, 3½) in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: K 8, slip these 8 sts. on to holder, cast off 2 (3, 3, 4) sts., knit to end.

Next Row: Patt. to end.
Next and Alt. Rows: Dec. 1 st. on neck edge 2 (3, 3, 4) times and 16 (18, 18, 20) sts. rem.

Cont. in patt. until armhole measures same as back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: On next and alt. rows cast off 4 (4, 6, 8) sts. once, 6 sts. (all sizes) twice.

Mark 4 button positions on left front border, 1st being

1 in. from beg., 4th 1 in. from neck edge, and 2 others evenly spaced between.

(For Boy: Make buttonholes on left front.)

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, reversing shapings to correspond and working buttonholes where marked on left front.

To Make a Buttonhole, 1st Row: K 3, cast off 2 sts., k 1, patt. to end.

2nd Row: Knit to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 3.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 30 (32, 36, 38) sts. and work 5 rows in garter-stitch. Cont. in patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of 7th (5th, 5th, 5th) row and every 6th (8th, 8th, 8th) row thereafter until 54 (58, 62, 64) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 9 (10½, 12, 14) in. (or length required), ending on a knit row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 (4, 4, 4) sts. twice, 2 sts. (all sizes) 16 times, 18 (18, 22, 24) sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up shoulder and sleeve seams. Press seams. Flat-sew side and sleeve cuff seams. Pin sleeves into armholes, and using a small bk-st., neatly stitch round armholes. Press all seams.

COLLAR

With right side of work facing and using No. 7 needles, slip right front border 8 sts. on to needle, pick up and knit evenly round neck edge 15 (16, 17, 18) sts. to shoulder, 16 (18, 20, 22) sts. on back neck, 15 (16, 17, 18) sts. to left front border, 8 sts. from left border. Work in garter-stitch for 30 rows. Cast off loosely.

To Finish Off: Press collar lightly. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

ROMPER SUIT

See color picture on opposite page (centre left).



Materials: 7 balls Woolworths Nylo Crepe, main color (m.c.), 2 balls contrast color (c.c.); 1 pair each Nos. 10, 11, and 12 needles; crochet hook; 2 buttons; elastic for waist.

Measurements: Jersey—To fit 22 in. chest; length, 13 in.; sleeve, 3 in. Pants—Length, 10 in. Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

PANTS

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 20 sts. and work in st-st. for 4 rows. Change to c.c. and work 2 rows (rep. these 6 rows of stripe throughout). At the same time shape for leg, cast on 6 sts. at beg. of 9th and every row 12 times altog. (92 sts.). Cont. without further shaping until work measures 8 in. from beg., ending on p row.

Dec. Row: (K 2, k 2 tog.), rep. to end (68 sts.). Change to No. 12 needles and work 1 in. in rib of k 1, p 1. Then

make a row of holes for elastic as follows:

Next Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., w.fwd, k 2) rep. to last 3 sts., k 3.

Cont. in rib for further 1 in., cast off ribwise.

BACK

Work as for front.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up crotch seam.

LEG BANDS

With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles and m.c., knit up 70 sts. evenly round leg openings. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Using small bk-st., sew up side seams. Press seams. Thread elastic through holes at waist.

JERSEY

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 74 sts. and work in st-st. for 8 rows, ending on a purl row. Purl next row for fold of hem row. Change to No. 10 needles, beg. with a purl row and cont. in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 11th and foll. 8th rows twice (80 sts.). Cont. until work measures 8 in. from fold of hem row, ending on p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until 60 sts. rem. Work until armholes measure 3 in. on the straight, ending on a purl row. Change to stripe patt. (2 rows c.c., 4 rows m.c.) and rep. until armholes measure 5 in. Cont. in stripe.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 6 sts. 6 times. Work 8 rows m.c. on rem. 24 sts., inc. 1 st. each end of every row. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work exactly as back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 58 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 4th row thereafter until 66 sts. and sleeve measures 3 in. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until 34 sts. rem. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 6 times, 16 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams, and flat-sew all ribbing. Set in sleeves. Press seams. Turn up hem to wrong side and st-st. down. Using a small bk-st., sew up left shoulder seam and 1 in. of right shoulder seam. Turn neck facing to inside and st-st. down.

To Finish Off: Work 2 rows of d.c. on right shoulder opening to neck edge, making 2 loops on front for buttons. Sew on buttons.

Two-tone Twinset

See color picture on opposite page (centre right).

Materials: 15 (16, 17, 18) balls Woolworths Nylo Crepe, main color (m.c.), 1 (1, 2, 2) balls contrast color (c.c.); 1 pair each Nos. 10, 11, and 12 needles; 1 set each of Nos. 10 and 11 needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 30) in. chest; length of sweater 14 (15½, 16½, 18) in., cardigan 15 (17, 18, 19) in.; sleeves—short 3½ in. (all sizes), long 12 (13½, 15, 16) in.
Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

Continued opposite



SIX YEARS AND UNDER

● Charming small girl's honeycomb-patterned cardigan for winter warmth. Directions page 8.

● Smart boy's suit features blue-and-white-striped pants and neck trim. Girl's pretty pink twinset has short-sleeved jumper. Directions for both designs on page 8.

● Raglan-sleeved twinset features diamond-patterned crew-neck jumper with short sleeves and versatile cardigan. Directions for knitting this twinset on page 10.



SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 84 (92, 100, 108) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. until 8 (9, 10, 11) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.
Rep. last 2 rows until 24 (26, 28, 30) sts. rem. Cast off loosely.

POCKET LINING (1)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. and work in st-st. for 2½in., ending on a purl row. Leave aside.

FRONT

Work as for back until 3½in. from beg., ending on a purl row.

POCKET OPENING

Next Row: Knit to last 29 (30, 31, 32) sts., slip 24 sts.

on to holder, k 24 pocket-lining sts., k 5 (6, 7, 8) sts. Cont. in st-st. until work measures same as back to underarm.

Shape raglan as for back until 42 (44, 46, 48) sts. rem., ending on a knit row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: P 13, cast off 16 (18, 20, 22) centre sts., purl to end.

Cont. raglan shaping, at same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next and alt. rows 3 times. Keeping neck edge straight, work raglan until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and c.c., cast on 64 (70, 78, 82) sts. 1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows twice.

Next Row: Knit for fold of hem row. Change to No. 10 needles and rep. 2nd and 1st row 3 times. Change to m.c. and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th row until 72 (78, 86, 90) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 3½in.

Shape raglan as back raglan until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using flat seam, sew up the 4 raglan seams and ribbing. Using small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

NECKBAND

Using a set of No. 10 needles and c.c., with right side of work facing and beg. from back neck, pick up and knit evenly round neck edge 82 (86, 90, 94) sts. Work 5 rounds. Change to set of No. 11 needles. Purl 1 round for fold of facing row and work a further 5 rounds. Cast off loosely.

POCKET TOP

Slip 24 sts. of pocket opening from holder to No. 10 needles and using c.c. work 6 rows of st-st. Change to No. 11 needles and work purl row for fold of hem row. Work 6 rows in st-st., beg. with a purl row. Cast off on wrong side.

To Finish Off: Sew ends of contrast band tog., turn right side out, sew down each end to front and sl-st. down pocket-lining and hems on sleeves.

Continued overleaf.



RAGLAN SET FOR A BOY

Jumper features crew-neck and embroidered diamond pattern. (See color picture at right of previous page.)

TWO-TONE TWINSET

(Continued from previous page)

CARDIGAN

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 88 (96, 104, 112) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 1/2 in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. and work until back measures 8 1/2 (9 1/2, 10 1/2, 11 1/2) in., ending on a purl row. To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows until 22 (24, 26, 28) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 44 (48, 52, 56) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 1/2 in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Cont. until side edge measures same as back to armholes, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next row, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Cont. raglan shaping as back, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every 4th row 10 (11, 12, 13) times. Work raglan until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 (48, 50, 52) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 6th row until 78 (84, 90, 96) sts. and sleeve measures 12 (13 1/2, 15, 16) in. (for length required).

Shape raglan as back raglan until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 13 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1, making 6 buttonholes, 1st on 5th and 6th rows, then every foll. 15th and 16th rows for first 2 sizes (17th and 18th rows for 2 larger sizes).

To Make Buttonhole: Rib 5 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 5 sts. Next Row: Cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts. When last buttonhole is finished cont. band until long enough to fit round front. Cast off ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Using flat seam, sew up the 4 raglan seams and all ribbing. Using small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Flat-seam band round cardigan fronts. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Materials: Pullover, 5 (5, 5) balls Woolworths Super Crochet; Jacket, 5 (5, 6) balls Woolworths Super Crochet; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 11 needles; 2 stitch-holders; 1 4in. slide fastener; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit loosely 21 (23, 25) in. chest: Pullover, length from top of shoulder 13 (13 1/2, 14) in., sleeve seams 9 1/2 (9 1/2, 10) in.; Jacket, length from top of shoulder 13 1/2 (14, 14 1/2) in., sleeve seam 9 1/2 (9 1/2, 10) in., 1 1/2 in. cuff.

Tension: 8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. **Abbreviations:** Inc., increase knitting into front and back of the same stitch.

SWEATER

BACK

** Using No. 12 needles, cast on 92 (100, 108) sts. Work k 1 t.b.l., p 1 for 1 1/2 in. Change to No. 11 needles and work st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 12th row 4 times—100 (108, 116) sts. Cont. without shaping until 8 1/2 in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: K 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3. Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 65 (70, 74) sts. P 1 more row **.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st., k 33 (35, 37) sts. and leave on holder, knit to last st., inc. 1 st. Cont. inc. 1 st. at armhole edge of every foll. 4th row 5 times—39 (41, 43) sts.

Work without shaping until armhole measures 4 1/2 (5, 5 1/2) in. on the straight. To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next row and 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 alt. rows. Cast off rem. 13 (14, 15) sts. Return to sts. on holder, join wool, work to correspond, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Work front as for back from ** to **. Cont. inc. 1 st. each end of next and then foll. 4th rows twice. Work 3 more rows. Then shape neck.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st., k 32 (34, 36) sts. and leave on holder, cast off 8 sts., k to last st., inc. 1 st.

1st and Alt. Rows: Work to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

4th Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row, inc. 1 st.

6th Row: Dec. 1 st., work to end of row.

8th Row: Dec. 1 st., work to last st., inc. 1 st.

9th Row: Work to end of row. Rep. 6th and 7th rows 1 (2, 3) times (for 2nd and 3rd sizes only). Cont. without shaping until armhole measures the same as for back.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next and 5 sts. of next 4 alt. rows. Return to sts. on holder, join wool, and work to corresp., rev. shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 (48, 50) sts. and work k 1 t.b.l., p 1 rib for 1 1/2 in. Change to No. 11 needles and work st-st., inc. 10 (12, 14) sts. evenly along next row, then inc. 1 st. each end of every foll. 6th row until 68 (74, 80) sts. and every foll. 6th row until 78 (84, 90) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve seam measures 9 1/2 (9 1/2, 10) in.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. dec. as for back until 44 (46, 48) sts. Purl 1 row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Steam-press lightly. Work embroidery on front following illustration (above left). Work over 3 sts. in width and 8 rows in length, using a straight stitch and double wool. Seam shoulders. Using No. 12 needles, pick up 80 (84, 88) sts. along neck edge and work k 1 t.b.l., p 1 rib for 1 in. Cast off. Seam side and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Sew in zipper in back opening.

JACKET

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 94 (102, 110) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 1 1/2 in. Change to No. 11 needles and work st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 11th and foll. 12th rows 3 times—100 (108, 116) sts. Cont. without shaping until 8 (8 1/2, 9) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Raglan Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2. Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 28 (32, 32) sts. Cast off.

POCKET LININGS (2)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 25 sts. and work st-st. for 2 1/2 in., ending on k row. Leave on spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

** Using No. 12 needles, cast on 51 (55, 59) sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows for 1 1/2 in. ending on 2nd row.

Next Row: Rib 9 sts. and leave on holder. Change to No. 11 needles and knit row to end.

Work st-st., inc. 1 st. right side seam of 10th and foll. 12th rows 3 times until work measures 3 in. from cast-on edge, ending on p row.

Next Row: K 10 (12, 14) sts. (p 1, k 1) 12 times, p 1, k 8 (10, 12) sts.

Next Row: P 8 (10, 12) sts. (k 1, p 1) 12 times, k 1, p to end of row. Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

Next Row: K 10 (12, 14) sts., cast off 25 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Purl until cast-off sts., work in pocket lining, purl to end of row. Cont. st-st. until work measures the same as for back to underarm.

To Shape Raglan Armhole (wrong side facing) — Next Row: Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts., work to end of row.

1st Row: K to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Dec. 1 st., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

4th Row: Purl. Rep. these 4 rows until 15 sts.

Cont. dec. at armhole edge until 3 sts. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front from ** making 1st buttonhole on 7th row as follows:

Next Row: Rib to last 7 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 4 sts.

Next Row: Rib 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib to end of row.

Cont. as for right front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 (52, 54) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 3 in. Change to No. 11 needles, work st-st., inc. 6 (8, 10) sts. evenly along next row and 1 st. each end of every foll. 6th row until 68 (74, 80) sts., then every foll. 8th row until 78 (84, 90) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve seam measures 11 (11 1/2, 12) in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Shape raglan as for back until 6 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Steam-press lightly. Seam raglan sleeve seams to front and back. Seam side and sleeve seams.

Right Front Border: Using No. 12 needles, join wool to inner edge and rib 9 sts. from holder to required length to centre back. Cast off. Using flat seams, sew border to front and neck edge. Place 5 markers in border for buttons, first one 1 in. from cast-on edge and 5th 8 in. above cast-on edge.

Left Front Border: Work as for right front border, making 4 more buttonholes to match buttons.

Buttonholes: Work as for 1st buttonhole.

Sew on border. Join borders at back of neck. Slip-stitch pocket linings in position. Sew around buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Fold back 1 1/2 in. cuff of sleeve.

RELAXED CARDIGAN

For the young student
or housewife. (See color
page 7.)



Materials: 13 (14, 16) balls Woolworths Super Crochet;
1 pair No. 12 needles; 1 cable needle; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (34, 36) in. bust; sleeve
seam 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ (17, 17) in. **Tension:** 8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: Dec. 1A—Decrease 1 st. at armhole at
beg. of row; k 2, slip next 2 sts. on cable needle and leave
back of work; k next st., k 2 sts. tog. t.b.l. from cable
needle. At end of row: K to last 5 sts., leave 1 st. on
cable needle in front of work, k next 2 sts. tog., k st. from
cable needle, k 2. Dec. 2A—Decrease 2 sts. at armhole at
beg. of row; k 2, slip next 2 sts. on cable needle and leave
back of work, k 1, k st. from cable needle tog. t.b.l., k 2
tog. At end of row: K to last 7 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., sl
next st. on cable needle and leave on front of work, k
next 2 sts. tog., k st. from cable needle, k 2.

BACK

Cast on 138 (146, 154) sts. ** Work st-st. for 2 in., ending
on k row. Next Row: Knit (hemline row).

Next Row: Knit **. Cont. in st-st. until work measures
14 $\frac{1}{2}$ (15, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. or length required from hemline to
underarm, ending on a p row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg.
of next 2 rows, Dec. 1A at each end of next and then every
foll. 4th row 7 times and Dec. 2A every foll. 4th row 20
(21, 22) times. Cast off rem. 38 (40, 42) sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 61 (65, 69) sts. Work st-st. for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending on
p row.

Next Row: K to end of row, cast on 16 sts. to 77 (81, 85)
sts. Work 2 more rows. Next Row: K to mark hemline.

Next Row: K to last 17 sts., p 1, k 16, cast on 15 sts.

Next Row: P 31, k 1, p to end of row.

Next Row: K to last 32 sts., p 1, k 15, sl. 1, k 15. Rep.
last 3 rows until work measures as back to underarm.

To Shape Raglan Armhole (right side facing): Cast off
2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next row, then Dec. 1A of next alt.
and then every foll. 4th row 7 times—82 (85, 88) sts.—then
Dec. 2A every foll. 4th row 13 (14, 15) times. Work 2
more rows, then Shape Neck (wrong side facing): Cast off
31 sts. at beg. of next and 2 (3, 4) sts. of next alt. row, then
dec. 1 st. on next 9 alt. rows, still shaping armhole until
4 sts. rem. Cast off. Place 7 markers in border for buttons
equal distances apart, first 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from lower edge and last
1 in. below cast-off neck edge.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, reversing all shapings, making
buttonholes opposite markers.

To Make Buttonhole (right side facing): K 6, cast off 3
sts., k 6, sl. 1, k 6, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work row, casting on 3 sts. in place of those
cast off in previous row.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 68 (68, 70) sts. Work as for back from ** to **,
cont. st-st. for 2 in. more, ending on a p row. Then inc.
1 st. each end of next and every foll. 6th row until 112
(118, 124) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve seam
measures 17 (17, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. or length required from hemline
row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Work as for back until 12
sts. rem. Cast off firmly 4 sts. at beg. of next 3 alt. rows.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work as for right sleeve until 12 sts. rem. Cast off 4
sts. at beg. of next and next 2 alt. rows.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Work as for right sleeve.

COLLAR

Cast on 116 (120, 124) sts. (thumb method).

1st Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k to end of row.

Rep. this row 5 times.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k to end of row.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k 2, p to last 3 sts., k 3.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending on p
row. Cast off loosely 15 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 9 (10,
11) sts. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 38 (40, 42) sts.

TO MAKE UP

Steam-press lightly. Sew raglan sleeve seams to back
and fronts. Seam side and sleeve seams. Turn up 2 in. for
hem at lower edge and slip-stitch in position. Fold back
front border facings and join ends, turn inside and slip-
stitch in position. Sew round double buttonholes. Sew on
collar 1 in. from front edges. Turn in 2 in. sleeve facing and
slip-stitch in position. Sew on buttons.

CHIC & SLEEK

(See color
picture page 7.)



Materials: 21 (22, 23, 24) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports
or Woolworths Fantasia; 2 pairs each Nos. 7 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust. — Garment
will be 2 in. larger to allow for a comfortable fit; length
from top of shoulder 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ (23 $\frac{1}{2}$, 24, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$) in.; length of sleeve
seam 12 (12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 13) in. **Tension:** 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 84 (90, 96, 102) sts. Work
in g-st. for 1 in. Change to No. 7 needles.

1st Row: * K 3, p 3, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3,
k 1.

3rd Row: P 2, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3,
p 1.

4th Row: * P 3, k 3, rep. from * to end.

5th Row: K 1, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 3,
k 2.

6th Row: P 1, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3,
p 2. Rep. these 6 rows until work measures 16 (16, 16, 16)
in. or required length.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (3, 6, 6) sts. at the
beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 (6, 6,
6) rows. When armholes measure 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ (7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., shape
shoulders by casting off 4 (6, 6, 8) sts. at the beg. of
next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (6, 6, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next
6 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (make 2)

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 20 (22, 24, 24) sts. Work
in st-st. for 4 (4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., ending with a k row. Leave
on a spare needle.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 5 (5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$) in.
Insert pockets as follows:

Next Row (right side): Work 10 (10, 10, 12) sts., cast
off 20 (22, 24, 24) sts., work 24 (28, 28, 30) sts., cast off
20 (22, 24, 24) sts., work 10 (10, 10, 12) sts.

Next Row: Work 10 (10, 10, 12) sts., work the 20 (22,
24, 24) sts. of first pocket in patt., work 24 (28, 28, 30)
sts., work the 20 (22, 24, 24) sts. of second pocket in patt.,
work 10 (10, 10, 12) sts. Cont. in patt. across all sts.
until work measures 11 (11, 11, 11) in.

Next Row: Work 36 (39, 42, 45) sts., leave on a spare
needle, cast off loosely 12 (12, 12, 12) sts., work 36 (39,
42, 45) sts.

Cont. on these 36 (39, 42, 45) sts. and when work
measures 16 (16, 16, 16) in. or required length, cast off
3 (3, 6, 6) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Dec. 1 st.
at armhole edge of next 6 (6, 6, 6) rows. When armhole
measures 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ (4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 5, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on
next 3 (3, 3, 4) rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to
22 (24, 24, 26) sts. When armhole measures 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ (7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$)
in., shape shoulder by casting off 4 (6, 6, 8) sts. at armhole
edge of next row. Cast off 6 (6, 6, 6) sts. at armhole
edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge
and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 54 (54, 60, 60) sts. Work
in g-st. for 1 in. Change to No. 7 needles and work in patt.,
inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 72 (74,
78, 80) sts. When sleeve seam measures 12 (12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 13)
in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd
row until dec. to 52 (52, 52, 52) sts., then every row until
dec. to 24 (24, 24) sts. Cast off.

FACINGS AND NECKBAND

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 7 sts. Work in g-st. until
long enough to go from opening to neck edge, leave on
a spare needle. Work another piece the same. Join
shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using
No. 10 needles, k the 7 sts. of one facing, pick up and
k about 76 (78, 80, 82) sts. around neck, then k the 7 sts.
of other facing. Work in g-st. for 1 in. Cast off, knitting
every 5th and 6th sts. tog. (except on facings).

POCKET TOPS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, pick up and k 23 (25, 27, 27)
sts. across top of pockets. Work in g-st. for 1 in. Cast off.

FRONT INSERT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 18 sts. Work in patt. for
7 in. Work in g-st. for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves
around armholes, reversing one sleeve on to wrong side of
work. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch down pockets.
Stitch facings at lower edge and along opening. Sl-st. Insert
at back of opening, fasten top with press-studs.



WEEKENDS IN THE COUNTRY

● Tailored waistcoat is perfect for casual wear under a tweedy jacket. Directions are given on page 14.

● Adaptable threesome on classic lines are "His" and "Hers" identical sweaters with saddle shoulders and attractive jumper suit with V-neck. Matching sweaters have set-in sleeves, and jumper with skirt has raglan sleeves. Directions for "His" and "Hers" sweaters on page 13, jumper suit on page 14.

● Delightful weekend sweater with loose polo neck has interesting stitch pattern and double cable panels. Directions are on page 15.





"His" and "Hers" Sweaters

Materials: 22 (23, 24, 25) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in. chest; length, 24½ in. for her, 27½ in. for him; sleeve, 17 in. for her, 19½ in. for him.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

**Using No. 9 needles, cast on 93 (99, 105, 111) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 15 in. for her, 17 in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 (3, 3, 4) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until 81 (83, 89, 93) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 7½ in. for her, 8½ in. for him, on the straight, ending on a purl row. Change to No. 9 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 evenly inc. on the first row to 85 (91, 97, 103) sts. Cont. until armholes measure 8½ in. for her, 9½ in. for him, ending on the wrong side of work.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off ribwise at beg. of next and every row 4 (4, 5, 5) sts. 8 times, 6 (8, 6, 8) sts. twice — 41 (43, 45, 47) sts. remain. Cast on at the end of the next and every row 6 (8, 6, 8) sts. twice, 4 (4, 5, 5) sts. 8 times. Work 3 rows straight on these 85 (91, 97, 103) sts. Cast off loosely ribwise.*

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 48 sts. for her, 56 sts. for him, and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 5th and every 7th (8th) row thereafter until 74 (84) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. for her, 19½ in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. 4 (6) times, 1 st. 20 (24) times, 2 sts. 4 (4) times, 3 sts. 6 (6) times, 20 (22) sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Sew up shoulder seams and ribbed yokes. Press seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Slip-stitch inside yoke down.



WINTER WAISTCOAT

(See color picture
page 12)



Materials: 10 (11, 12, 13) balls Woolworths Nylo Crepe; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 5 buttons.
Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42, 44) in. chest; length, 20½ (21, 21½, 21½) in. Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 124 (130, 138, 146) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 10 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 10 rows. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every foll. 10th row until 138 (146, 154, 162) sts. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 10½ (11, 11½, 11½) in. (or length required) to underarm, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 12 (13, 14, 15) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next 6 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 98 (102, 108, 114) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 10½ in. on the straight, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 (7, 8, 8) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, then cast off 9 (10, 10, 11) sts. at the beg. of next 4 rows.

Next Row (right side of work facing): Purl (turn of neck facing).

Next Row: Cast on 8 sts., purl to end of row.

Next Row: Cast on 8 sts., knit to end of row.

Cont. in st-st. for a further 9 rows. Cast off loosely.

POCKET LINING (2)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 23 sts. and work in st-st. for 2in., ending on a knit row. Leave sts. on holder.

RIGHT FRONT BAND AND FACING

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 2 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., k 1.

Next Row: P 2, (p 1, k 1) into last st.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., k 3.

Next Row: P 4, (p 1, k 1) into last st.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., k 5.

Next Row: P 6, (p 1, k 1) into last st., leave aside (8 sts.).

Band Facing: Work as given for front band, inc. at opposite end of rows (8 sts.).

Next Row (right side of work facing): K 7, knit into front and back of last st., join in and knit across 8 sts. of front band (17 sts.).

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 8, sl. 1 purlwise, k 8 (leave aside).

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 2 sts. Knit 1 row.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., (p 1, k 1) into last st.

Next Row: Knit, inc. 1 st. each end of row.

Next Row: Purl, inc. 1 st. each end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows until 44 sts.

Next Row (wrong side of work facing): Purl to end, then join in and purl across 17 front band and facing sts. (61 sts.).

Next Row: K 8, sl. 1 purlwise, knit to end.

Next Row: Cast on 5 (6, 6, 7) sts., purl to end.

Next and Alt. Rows: K 8, sl. 1 purlwise, knit to end.

Cast on 5 (6, 8, 10) sts. at beg. of next row, then cast on 6 (7, 9, 10) sts. on foll. alt. row — 77 (80, 84, 88) sts.

Next Row: K 8, sl. 1 purlwise, knit to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows, inc. 1 st. at side edge on 11th row and every 10th row thereafter, at the same time when work measures 2in. on side edge end on a purl row.

To Make Pocket Opening, Next Row: K 8, sl. 1 purlwise, k 30, leave next 23 sts. on holder, knit to end of row.

Next Row: P 17 (20, 24, 28), p 23 sts. from pocket lining, purl to end of row.

Cont. until work measures 1in. less than back to underarms on side edge and 84 (88, 92, 96) sts.

To Shape Armhole (wrong side of work facing): Cast off 12 (13, 14, 15) sts. at beg. of next row, purl to last 19 sts., p 2 tog., purl to end. Shape armhole to correspond with back armhole, at the same time, keeping continuity of slipped stitch in border, shape neck by dec. 1 st. inside the 19 sts. from front edge every 4th row until 41 (43, 45, 47) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back armhole to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder (wrong side of work facing): Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 (7, 8, 8) sts. twice, 9 (10, 10, 11) sts. twice, 9 sts. (all sizes) once.

Mark off 5 button positions, the first 1in. from lower edge and the last one 1in. below beg. of neck shaping and evenly space 3 others between.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, reversing all shapings and leaving bands at opposite end of rows until 77 (80, 84, 88) sts. When work measures 2in., and keeping increases at side edge every 10th row, proceed as follows:

Next Row: K 17 (20, 24, 28), leave next 23 sts. on holder, k 30, sl. 1 purlwise, k 8.

Next Row: P 39, purl 23 sts. from pocket lining, purl to end of row. Cont. in st-st. until 84 (88, 92, 96) sts. and work measures same as right front, making buttonholes where marked.

To Make Buttonhole (right side facing): K to last 15 sts., cast off 4 sts., k 2, sl. 1, k 2, cast off 4 sts., k 2.

Next Row: P 2, cast on 4 sts., p 5, cast on 4 sts., p to end.

LOWER EDGING FOR RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 52 (56, 60, 64) sts. along lower edge to point, 1 st. at centre of point, 27 sts. from point to inside of front band.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) over first 26 sts., (k 1, p 1) into next st., p 1 (point stitch), (p 1, k 1) into next st., p 1, work in k 1, p 1 rib to end of row.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1 rib over 52 (56, 60, 64) sts., (k 1, p 1) into next st., k 1, (p 1, k 1) into next st., rib to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: Rib 27 sts., (k 1, p 1) into next st., p 1, (p 1, k 1) into next st., p 1, rib to end of row.

4th Row: Rib 54 (58, 62, 66) sts., (k 1, p 1) into next st., k 1, (p 1, k 1) into next st., rib to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in this way, inc. 1 st. each side of point-stitch every row and dec. 1 st. at front edge every alt. row until 10 rows have been worked altogether. Cast off ribwise.

LOWER EDGE FOR LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front edging, commencing

to pick up sts. inside front border (right side of work facing) and reversing all shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams. Press seams.

Armhole Bands: Using No. 13 needles, pick up and knit 210 sts. evenly along armhole edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off ribwise.

Pocket Tops: Slip the 23 sts. from holder on to a No. 13 needle and inc. 1 st. each end of needle:

1st Row: Sl. 1, (k 1, p 1) to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, (p 1, k 1) to end.

Cont. for 1in. and cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Using small bk-st., sew up side seams. Press seams. Fold front facing back at slipped stitch to inside and sew into position. Neatly attach facing to ribbed band on lower edge. Neatly sew around double buttonholes. Press front band. Sew on buttons. Slip-stitch down pocket linings and attach ribbed edges of pocket tops.



KNITTED TWO-PIECE

Jumper suit (above
centre) is easy to
wear. Color picture,
page 13.

Materials: Jumper, crew-neck style — 24 (25, 25) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia. V-neck style — 1 ball less for each size. Skirt — 14 (14, 15) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 needles; 1 No. 7 circular needle; 1 medium crochet hook; ¾ in. wide elastic for waist.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length of jumper, 25 (25½, 26) in.; sleeve, 17in. (all sizes); hips, 35 (37, 39) in.; length of skirt, 25in.; waist (adjusted with elastic), 24 (26, 28) in. Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

JUMPER

BACK

*Using No. 10 needles, cast on 95 (101, 107) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until 15in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, purl to last 2 sts., k 2. Rep. last 2 rows until 27 (29, 31) sts. rem. Leave sts. on spare needle.

FRONT

V-neck Style: Work as back from * to *.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit until 44 (46, 48) sts. on needle, slip rem. 46 (48, 50) sts. on to holder for other side. Cont. on the 44 (46, 48) sts. as follows:

Next Row: Purl to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. to shape raglan on every 2nd row 32 (33, 34) times altog. At the same time, dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 4th row 12 (13, 14) times. Cont. until raglan shaping is complete and same length as back raglan. Fasten off. Return to rem. sts., slip centre 1 st. on to holder, join in yarn and finish as for other side in reverse.

Crew-Neck Style: Work as back until 55 (57, 59) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a purl row. Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit until 20 sts. on needle, turn.

Cont. on these sts. only, shaping raglan as before. At the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 7 times and 6 sts. rem. Dec. on neck edge every 2nd row until 3 sts. rem. P 3 tog., fasten off.

Return to rem. sts., slip the first 13 (15, 17) sts. on to holder, join in yarn, and finish this side to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 (54, 58) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 1st and every 7th row thereafter until 76 (80, 84) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan as back until 8 sts. rem. Leave on holder.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up 3 raglan seams, leaving 1 back seam open. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

V-neck Band: With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 51 (52, 53) sts. on each side of V, and all sts. from holders. Cont. in rib of k 1, p 1 on these 146 (150, 154) sts. for 1in. and dec. 1 st. each side of centre 1 st. in every row. Cast off ribwise.

Crew-neck Band: With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, knit the sts. from all holders, pick up and knit 19 sts. on each side of front neck. Cont. on these 94 (98, 102) sts. in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 1/2in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up rem. raglan and neckband ends. Press seam. Fold crew-neck band in half to inside and st-st. down.

SKIRT

Using No. 7 circular needle cast on 180 (192, 204) sts. and knit every round. Cont. until work measures 18in. (work more, or less as required to this point for length of skirt).

Next Round: * Sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 25 (27, 29), * rep. from * to * to end of round.

Work 9 rounds straight.

Next Round: * Sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 23 (25, 27), * rep. from * to * to end of round.

Cont. to shape on every 10th round as before, working 2 sts. less between shapings until 132 (144, 156) sts. and work measures 23in. (or length required). Cont. in rib of k 1, p 1, until skirt measures 25in. (or length required). Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Attach elastic at waistline on the wrong side, using a herringbone stitch for casing. With right side of work facing, work 1 row of double crochet round lower edge, turn, and work another row from wrong side. Press edges.

WEEKEND SWEATER

(See color picture page 13)

Materials 24 (26) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 6 and 10.

Measurements: To fit 34 (38) in. bust—garment will be 2in. larger to allow for a comfortable fit; length from top of shoulder, 24 (24 1/2) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 1/2 (18) in. Tension: 5 1/2 sts. 1in., 6 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 98 (114) sts. Work 4 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Change to No. 6 needles and work as follows:

1st Row: * Sl. next st. on a spare needle and leave in front, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, k 4, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, * rep. from * to * 4 (5) more times, p 1, k 4, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 4, p 1, rep. from * to * 5 (6) times more.

2nd Row: P 1, * sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, p 1, purl st. from spare needle, p 2, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, purl st. from spare needle, p 2, * rep. from * to * 4 (5) more times, ending last rep. with p 1 instead of p 2, then k 1, p 4, k 1, p 6, k 1, p 1, rep. from * to * 5 (6) times, ending last rep. with p 1 instead of p 2.

3rd Row: K 2, * sl. next st. on spare needle and leave in front, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, k 4, * rep. from * to * 4 (5) more times, ending last rep. with k 2 instead of k 4, then p 1, sl. next 2 sts. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, knit the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 1, sl. next 2 sts. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, k 2, p 1, sl. next 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, k 2, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 1, k 2, rep. from * to * 5 (6) times, ending last rep. with k 2 instead of k 4.

4th Row: P 3, * sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, p 1, purl st. from spare needle, p 6, * rep. from * to * 4 (5) more times, ending last rep. with p 3 instead of p 6, then k 1, p 4, k 1, p 6, k 1, p 4, k 1, p 3, rep. from

* to * 5 (6) times, ending last rep. with p 3 instead of p 6.

5th Row: K 2, * sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave in front, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, k 4, * rep. from * to * 4 (5) more times, ending last rep. with k 2 instead of k 4, then p 1, k 4, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 4, p 1, k 2, rep. from * to * 5 (6) times, ending last rep. with k 2 instead of k 4.

6th Row: P 1, * sl. next st. on spare needle and leave in front, p 1, purl st. from spare needle, p 2, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, p 1, purl st. from spare needle, p 2, * rep. from * to * 4 (5) more times, ending last rep. with p 1 instead of p 2, then k 1, p 4, k 1, p 6, k 1, p 4, k 1, p 1, rep. from * to * 5 (6) times, ending last rep. with p 1 instead of p 2.

7th Row: * Sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, k 4, sl. next st. on spare needle and leave in front, k 1, knit st. from spare needle, * rep. from * to * 4 (5) more times, p 1, sl. next 2 sts. on spare needle and leave at back, k 2, knit the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 1, k 2, sl. next 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, k 2, knit the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 1, sl. next 2 sts. on spare needle and leave in front, k 2, knit the 2 sts. from spare needle, p 1, rep. from * to * 5 (6) times.

8th Row: P 7, * sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, p 1, purl st. from spare needle, p 6, * rep. from * to * 3 (4) more times, p 1, k 1, p 4, k 1, p 6, k 1, p 4, k 1, p 7, rep. from * to * 4 (5) times, p 1.

Rep. these 8 rows and when work measures 16 (16) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 4 (6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next 4 (6) rows. When armholes measure 7 (7 1/2) in., shape neck as follows: Work 37 (40) sts. leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 8 (10) sts., work 37 (40) sts. Cont. on last 37 (40) sts. and cast off 5 (5) sts. at neck edge every 2nd row until dec. to 27 (30) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8 1/2) in., shape shoulder by casting off loosely 9 (10) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 5 1/2 (6) in. Shape neck as follows: Work 37 (40) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 8 (10) sts., work 37 (40) sts.

Cont. on last 37 (40) sts. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next 6 (6) rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 27 (30) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8 1/2) in., shape shoulder by casting off loosely 9 (10) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 48 (56) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in honeycomb pattern, Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 72 (80) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 1/2 (18) in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 52 (52) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24) sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 6 needles, cast on loosely 114 (114) sts. Work 4 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Work in pattern as for back for 2nd size for 5 1/2in., then in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Join collar neatly and stitch rib part to neck edge, allowing pattern to roll back on to right side.



SNUG JACKET

● Bulky-knit jacket with wide, winged collar and long sleeves. For knitting directions see page 17.



SIMPLY ELEGANT

● Classically styled cardigan is trimmed with a buttoned pocket. Directions are on page 17.

SNUG JACKET

(See color picture opposite page)

Materials: 24 (25, 26, 27) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 2 pairs each Nos. 7 and 10 needles; 8 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust. Garment will be 2in. larger to allow for a comfortable fit. Length from top of shoulder, 23½ (23½, 24, 24½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17½, 17½, 18) in. Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.; 8 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 86 (90, 94, 102) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: P 1, * w.r.n., p 2, then pass the w.r.n. over the 2 p sts., p 2, rep. from * to last st., p 1.
3rd Row: Knit.
4th Row: P 1, * p 2, w.r.n., p 2, then pass the w.r.n. over the 2 p sts., rep. from * to last st., p 1.
Rep. these 4 rows, and when work measures 16 (16, 16, 16) in. or required length shape armholes by casting off 4 (4, 4, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next 4 (4, 6, 6) rows. When armholes measure 7½ (7½, 8, 8½) in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 (7, 7, 9) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (6, 6, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 52 (56, 60, 64) sts. Work in rib of p 1, k 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles, k to last 10 sts., leave these 10 sts. on spare needle for border.

2nd Row: Work in patt. to end of row.
Cont. in patt., and when work measures 16 (16, 16, 16) in. or required length cast off 4 (4, 4, 6) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on the next 4 (4, 6, 6) rows. When armhole measures 5 (5½, 5½, 6½) in. cast off 2 (3, 3, 5) sts. at neck edge of the next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until dec. to 24 (25, 25, 27) sts. When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 8, 8½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7, 7, 9) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 6 (6, 6, 6) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

BORDER

Using No. 10 needles, work the sts. from spare needle in rib until long enough to go up centre front to neck edge when slightly stretched. Cast off. Join neatly to centre front.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working in rib of k 1, p 1 instead of p 1, k 1, working shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes in border as follows (1st one being ½in. from lower edge and 7 more evenly spaced about 2½in. apart. Last buttonhole ½in. below neck edge):

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib 4 sts.
2nd Row: Rib 4 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 4 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 46 (50, 50, 54) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 7 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 70 (74, 76, 78) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (17½, 17½, 18) in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 52 (52, 52, 52) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24, 24, 24) sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 123 (125, 127, 129) sts.
1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.
2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. these 2 rows for 1in., then change to No. 7 needles and cont. in rib until work measures 6in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch collar neatly around neck to within ½in. of edge of each border. Sew buttons on left front.

Simply Elegant

(See color picture opposite page)

Materials: 11 (12, 13) balls Woolworths Super Crochet wool; 1 pair each Nos. 13 and 11 needles; 1 stitch-holder; 10 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 21 (21½, 22) in.; length of sleeve, 18½in. (this includes 1½in. turn-back cuff). Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.
Abbreviation: "Inc. 1"—pick up loop before next st., place it on left-hand needle, and knit into back of it.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 126 (134, 142) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 12 rows.

Next Row: K 2, inc. 1, k to last 2 sts., inc. 1, k 2.
Work 11 rows st-st. Rep. last 12 rows until there are 142 (150, 158) sts.

Cont. even in st-st. until work measures 13½in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes (right side facing): Cast off 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3. **Next Row:** Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 102 (110, 118) sts. rem.
Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 (12, 13) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts. for back of neck.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 78 (82, 86) sts.
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 10 sts., sl. 1, k 9.
2nd Row: P 10, (k 1, p 1) to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 2½in. Change to No. 11 needles.

Next Row (right side facing): K to last 10 sts., sl. 1, k 9.
Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st. with sl. 1 in border for 10 more rows.

Next Row: K 2, inc. 1, k to last 10 sts., sl. 1, k 9.
Work 11 rows as above.

Rep. last 12 rows until there are 86 (90, 94) sts. Cont., without further shaping until work measures 13½in. or length required to armhole.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 1 st. at beg. of next row. Purl next row.

Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k to last 10 sts., sl. 1, k 9.
Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows 7 times.

Next Row: Still dec. at armhole as before, work until 58 sts. rem. (p 1, k 1) 14 times, p 1, work as before to end of row.

Next Row: P 29, (k 1, p 1) 14 times, k 1, p to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next Row: Dec. at armhole, work until 58 sts. rem., p 1, k 1, cast off 25, k 1, p 1, work to end of row.

Next Row: P 29, k 1, p 1, cast on 25 sts., p 1, k 1, p to end of row.

Next Row: Dec. at armhole, work to last 58 sts. (work into back of cast-on sts.) (p 1, k 1) 14 times, p 1, work to end of row.

Next Row: P 29 (k 1, p 1) 14 times, k 1, p to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows once and leave aside.

Pocket Lining: Using No. 11 needles, cast on 29 sts. and work in st-st. for 3½in., ending on p row.

Return to left front.

Next Row: Dec. at armhole, work until 58 sts. rem. Place pocket-lining sts. behind work. With right side facing, k next 29 sts., working tog. 1 st. from front and 1 st. from pocket lining, then work as before to end of row.

Cont. in st-st. with sl-st. in border, still dec. at armhole until 68 (70, 74) sts. rem. Cont. even without shaping until armhole measures 5 (5½, 6) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck—Next Row (wrong side facing): Cast off 22 sts., work to end of row. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 8 rows and next 3 (4, 5) alt. rows—33 (36, 39) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulders—Next Row (right side facing): Cast off 11 (12, 13) sts. at beg. of next row and next 2 alt. rows. Place 9 markers in border for buttons equal distances apart, first ½in. from lower edge and top one ½in. from top.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings, omitting pocket, making buttonholes to match markers.

To Make Buttonhole—1st Row (right side facing): K 2, cast off 4, k 3, sl. 1, work 3, cast off 4, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 9 sts., cast on 4, work 7, cast on 4, work to end of row.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 62 (66, 70) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 6 rows, comm. with k row.

Next Row: K 2, inc. 1, k to last 2 sts., inc. 1, k 2.
Work 5 rows st-st.

Rep. last 6 rows until there are 104 (110, 116) sts. Cont. even without shaping until work measures 18½in. or 1½in. longer than length required. (This allows 1½in. turn up for cuff.)

To Shape Top of Sleeve (right side facing): Cast off 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows until 64 (70, 76) sts. rem. Cast off.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 92 (96, 100) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 2 rows. **Next Row:** K 2, inc. 1, k to last 2 sts., inc. 1, k 2. Work 3 rows st-st.

Rep. last 4 rows to 104 (110, 116) sts. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 6in. (1½in. turn up for cuff).

Shape top of sleeve same as for long sleeve.

COLLAR

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 146 (150, 154) sts., work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½in. Cont. in rib, cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press st-st. with warm iron and damp cloth. Seam shoulders and sides. Seam sleeves and sew into armholes. Fold back front at sl-st. and sl-st. into position. Sl-st. around buttonholes. Sew collar on neatly, shaped side to neck edge. Sl-st. pocket lining into position. Sew button on top of ribbing of pocket in centre. Work loop on bottom ribbing to correspond. Press all seams and facings. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.



FAMILY SWEATERS IN HEAVY WOOL

● Identical sweaters with V-necks for mother, dad, and son. They have raglan sleeves, are knitted in heavy wool for winter warmth and can be worn with or without shirts. Directions for making are on page 20.

● Boy's jumper and fringed beanie for really cold winter days. See page 20 for complete knitting directions.

● Sweet little girl's bolero in stocking-stitch to wear over skirt or dress. For complete directions see page 21.





BASIC FAMILY TRIO



(See color picture page 18.)

Materials: 16 (17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 30) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit 28 (30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length, 19 (20½, 22, 23½, 25½, 27, 27½, 28) in.; sleeve, 15 (16½, 17, 17½, 17½, 19½, 20, 20½) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 2 in.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 59 (63, 67, 71, 75, 79, 83, 87) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in., inc. 1 st. each end of the last row. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. Cont. until 11½ (12½, 13½, 14½, 15½, 16½, 17) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (2, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.
Rep. last 2 rows until 19 (21, 21, 21, 23, 23, 25, 25) sts. rem. Purl 1 row. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work as back until 45 (47, 47, 51, 51, 55, 55) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on wrong side of work.

To Shape V-neck: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit 19 (20, 20, 22, 22, 24, 24) sts., turn, work 1 row. Leave rem. 23 (24, 24, 24, 26, 26, 28, 28) sts. on holder. Cont. shaping raglan as before and dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 8 (7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 9, 9) times and then every 4th row twice. Work until 2 sts. rem. in raglan, k 2 tog., and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., slip centre 1 st. on to holder, join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 32 (34, 36, 36, 38, 40, 42) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in., inc. 1 st. each end of last row.

Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd and every 6th row thereafter until 50 (52, 56, 60, 62, 66, 68, 72) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 15 (16½, 17, 17½, 17½, 20, 20½) in. (or length required), ending on wrong side of work. Shape raglan as back until 10 sts. rem., ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 3 sts. once, 7 sts. once.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work as right sleeve until 10 sts. rem., ending on a knit row. Shape as top of right sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up two front and back right raglan seams.

NECK BAND

Using No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 10 sts. from left sleeve, 26 (28, 28, 28, 29, 29, 32, 32) sts. each side of front, 1 centre st. from holder, 10 sts. from right sleeve top, and 19 (21, 21, 21, 23, 23, 25, 25) sts. from back neck — 92 (98, 98, 98, 102, 102, 110, 110) sts. — and work in rib of k 1, p 1, keeping centre 1 st. plain in every row, dec. 1 st. each side of V in every row for 1½ in. Work 1 row without shaping, then inc. 1 st. each side of V for 1½ in. Cast off ribwise.

To Finish Off: Sew up rem. raglan and neckband ends. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down.

FRINGED CAP AND JUMPER

(See color picture on page 19.)



Materials: Jumper—12 (13, 15) balls Woolworths Nylo sports or Woolworths Fantasia, Cap—3 (3, 3) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports; 3 (3, 4) balls Woolworths Fantasia; 2 pairs needles Nos. 10 and 6; 2 sets of 4 needles Nos. 9 and 10; crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30) in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 14½ (16½, 19) in.; length of sleeve seam, 14 (15, 16) in. **Tension:** 10 sts., 2 in.; 13 rows, 2 in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 67 (73, 77) sts. Work in rib as follows: **1st Row:** P 1, * k into back of st., p 1, rep. from * to end. **2nd Row:** K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. these 2 rows for 1 (1½, 1½) in., ending on right side. P 1 row. Change to No. 6 needles, work as follows:

1st Row: * K into back of st., rep. from * to end. **2nd Row:** Purl. Rep. these 2 rows. When work measures 9½ (10½, 12) in. shape armholes by casting off 5 (5, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st., 2 sts. in from beg. and end of the next 2 (3, 3) rows. Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 5 (6, 7) in. shape shoulders by casting off 5 (6, 7) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Leave the rem. 19 (21, 23) sts. on a spare needle.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 2½ (3, 4) in. shape neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 21 (23, 24) sts. leave on a spare needle. Cast off 11 (11, 13) sts., work 21 (23, 24) sts. Cont. on these 21 (23, 24) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of the next 2 (3, 3)

rows, then every 2nd row 2 (2, 2) times. When armhole measures 5 (6, 7) in., shape shoulder by casting off 5 (6, 7) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 35 (39, 43) sts. Work in rib same as for basque for 1½ (1½, 1½) in., ending on right side. Purl 1 row. Change to No. 6 needles and work in patt. same as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th (8th, 7th) row until inc. to 47 (57, 67) sts. When sleeve seam measures 14 (15, 16) in. or required length, shape top by casting off 4 (5, 7) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows firmly. Cast off rem. sts. firmly.

ARMHOLE INSETS

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit about 55 (67, 77) sts. along straight edge of armholes. Work in rib as for basque for 1 (1, 1) in. Cast off loosely in ribbing. Join each end to the 5 cast-off sts. on jumper.

NECKBAND

With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 10 needles, pick up and knit about 84 (86, 88) sts. around neck, including the sts. left on spare needle. Work in rounds in rib as follows:

1st Round: * P 1, knit into back of st., rep. from * to end. **2nd Round:** * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rounds for 1 (1, 1) in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves into position and sew up side and sleeve seams.

CAP

Using 4 No. 9 needles, cast on 104 (112, 120) sts., 35 (38, 40) on two needles and 34 (36, 40) on 3rd needle. Work in rounds in rib of p 1, knit into back of st. for 5½ (6, 6) in. Shape for top as follows:

Next Round: P 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 46 (50, 54) sts., sl. 2, k into back of next st., p.s.s.o., p 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 46 (50, 54) sts., sl. 2, k into back of next st., p.s.s.o.

Next Round: Work in rib without decreasing.

Next Round: P 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 42 (46, 50) sts., sl. 2, knit into back of next st., p.s.s.o., p 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 42 (46, 50) sts., sl. 2, knit into back of next st., p.s.s.o.

Next Round: Work in rib without decreasing.

Next Round: P 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 38 (42, 46) sts., sl. 2, k into back of next st., p.s.s.o., p 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 38 (42, 46) sts., sl. 2, knit into back of next st., p.s.s.o.

Cont. to dec. 8 sts. every 2nd round until dec. to 48 (48, 48) sts. Work 1 round without shaping.

Next Round: * P 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 7 sts., p 3 tog., rib 8 sts., sl. 2, k into back of next st., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to end.

Next Round: * P 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 5 sts., p 3 tog., rib 4 sts., sl. 2, knit into back of next st., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to end.

Next Round: * P 1, sl. 2nd and 3rd sts. over 1st st., rib 3 sts., p 3 tog., sl. 2, knit into back of next st., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to end. Cast off in ribbing. Join across top.

TO MAKE UP

Flatten top when pressing. Make a fringe ½ in. up from lower edge. Using 1 strand of wool 3 in. long, fold in half and draw the loop through a stitch with a crochet hook, thread ends through the loop and tighten up. Repeat around cap. Trim neatly with scissors.

GIRL'S RAGLAN BOLERO

(See color picture
on page 19.)



Materials: 3 (4, 4, 5, 5) balls Woolworths Nylo 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles.
Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 30) in. chest; length, 54 (56, 58, 60) in.; sleeve, 24 in. (all sizes).
Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in.

BACK
Using No. 10 needles, cast on 72 (80, 88, 96, 104) sts. and work in st-st. Cont. for 1 in. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th (4th, 6th, 6th, 6th) row until 80 (88, 96, 104, 112) sts. Cont. until work measures 34 (4, 4, 5, 5) in. To Shape Raglans: Cast off 4 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows and 22 (24, 26, 28, 30) sts. rem. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT
Using No. 10 needles, cast on 15 (17, 19, 21, 23) sts. and work in st-st. Inc. 1 st. on front edge on first and every row 14 (16, 18, 20) times, then alt. row 7 (7, 9, 9, 9) times altog., at the same time when side edge measures 1 in. Inc. 1 st. on next and foll. 4th (4th, 6th, 6th, 6th) row 4 times—40 (44, 48, 52, 56) sts. Cont. straight until work measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Raglan and Front Edge, Next Row: Cast off 4 sts. knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Shape raglan exactly as back at the same time dec. 1 st. on front edge every 4th row 10 (11, 12, 13, 14) times. Cont. until 2 sts. rem. in raglan shaping. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT
Work exactly as Left Front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES
Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54 (58, 62, 66, 70) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. and inc. 1 st. each end of last row.
Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 2nd row thereafter until 64 (70, 76, 82, 88) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 24 in. (or length required). Shape raglan exactly as back until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Press work on wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up raglan, side and sleeve seams. Press seams.
To Rib Border: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 10 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib until long enough (slightly stretched) to fit all round fronts, back neck, and lower edge. Cast off ribwise.
To Finish Off: Sew rib border in position, joining with a flat seam at centre back.

CROSS-OVER JUMPER

(See color picture red sweater, back cover.)
Directions for striped cap, page 23.

Materials: 14 (15, 16, 18, 20) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 8 needles; 1 set No. 8 needles.
Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 30, 32) in. chest; length, 15½ (17, 18, 19, 20) in.; sleeves, 12 (14, 15, 16½, 17) in.
Tension: 7 sts. to 2 in.

BACK
* Using No. 8 needles, cast on 50 (54, 58, 62, 66) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in., inc. 1 st. each end of last row, 52 (56, 60, 64, 68) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and work in st-st. Cont. until work measures 9 (10½, 11½, 12½, 13½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.
To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 (2, 2, 3, 3) sts. twice, * 1 st. 10 (12, 12, 12, 14) times, and 38 (40, 44, 46, 48) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6½, 7, 7½) in. on the straight, end. on p row. To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. twice, 5 (6, 6, 6, 6) sts. twice, 18 (18, 20, 22, 24) sts. once.

FRONT
Work as for back from * to *.
Divide for Neck Shaping — Next Row: Dec. 1 st., k 18 (20, 22, 23, 25) sts., cast off centre 10 sts., knit to end.
Cont. on last set of sts., shaping armhole as for back, at the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next and every 4th row thereafter until 10 (11, 12, 12, 12) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge. Shape shoulder as for back shoulder. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES
Using No. 8 needles, cast on 30 (32, 34, 36, 36) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in., inc. 1 st. each end of last row. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 9th and every 8th row thereafter until 40 (42, 46, 50, 52) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 12 (14, 15, 16½, 17) in. (or length required). Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of next 2 rows, then every 2nd row until 18 (20, 20, 20, 20) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Press work. Using a small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams.

ROLL COLLAR
Right side facing and set of No. 8 needles, pick up and knit from right corner front opening, 1st needle 29 (31, 35, 39, 41) sts., 2nd needle 18 (18, 20, 22, 24) sts. on back neck, 3rd needle 29 (31, 35, 39, 41) sts. down left front to corner.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) rib 47 (49, 55, 61, 65) sts., ** turn (holding yarn firmly to prevent a hole, slip 1st st.), rib until 23 (23, 25, 27, 29) sts. on needle. **
Rep. from ** to **, at the same time working an extra 5 sts. at end of every row until all sts. are worked. Cont. in rib until work fits along the cast-off 10 sts. at beg. of neck opening. Cast off loosely ribwise.
To Finish Off: Sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Place left side of collar over right side for boy or right over left for girl, sew collar ends down.

POLO-NECK FOR BOYS

Directions below for four sizes. (See color picture green sweater, back cover.)

Materials: 13 (14, 15, 16) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 needles; 1 set No. 10 needles; 4 stitch-holders. **Measurements:** To fit 26 (28, 30, 32) in. chest; length, 16½ (17, 18, 19) in.; sleeve, 14 (15, 16, 17½) in. **Tension:** 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK
Using No. 10 needles, cast on 72 (78, 84, 90) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ (3, 3, 3½) in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 9½ (10, 11, 12) in. (or length required), ending on p. row.
To Shape Raglans: Cast off 4 (4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next two rows. Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 2. Next Row: P 2 tog., p 1, k 4, p 2. Rep. last 2 rows until 24 (26, 26, 28) sts. rem. leave on holder.

FRONT
Work as given for back until 35 (38, 38, 40) sts. rem., ending on a purl row.
Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 8, turn, leaving rem. sts. on holder.
Next Row: P 2 tog., p 3, k 4, p 2.
Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 6.
Next Row: P 2 tog., p 1, k 4, p 2.
Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 4.
Next Row: K 2 tog., k 3, p 2.
Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.
Next Row: K 2 tog., k 1, p 2.
Next Row: Knit.
Next Row: K 2 tog., p 2.
Next Row: Knit.
Next Row: K 2 tog., p 1, then k 2 tog. and fasten off.
Return to rem. sts., leave centre 12 (14, 14, 16) sts. on holder for polo collar, join in yarn to rem. 12 sts. at neck edge, knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2. Finish to correspond with other side in reverse, working k 2 tog. instead of sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. at armhole shapings.

SLEEVES
Using No. 10 needles, cast on 40 (44, 48, 52) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ (2½, 3, 3) in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 60 (64, 70, 74) sts. Cont. until work measures 14 (15, 16, 17½) in. (or length required), ending on p. row.
To Shape Raglans: Cast off 4 (4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.
Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2. Next Row: P 2, k 4, purl to last 6 sts., k 4, p 2. Rep. last 2 rows until 12 sts. Place rem. sts. on holder.

TO MAKE UP
Using a small bk-st., sew up raglan seams.
POLO COLLAR
Using a set of No. 10 needles and commencing at left back shoulder seam with right side of work facing, knit 12 sts. from left sleeve, pick up and knit 12 sts. down left side of neck, knit 12 (14, 14, 16) sts. across front, pick up and knit 12 sts. up right side of neck, knit 12 sts. from right sleeve, knit 24 (26, 26, 28) sts. across back—84 (88, 88, 92) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 (4, 4½, 4½) in. Cast off loosely ribwise using a larger size needle.
To Finish Off: Press work on the wrong side using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

CABLE-TRIM TWINSET



● Neat twinset has cable-stitch trim and jumper with short sleeves. See directions given below.

Materials: Jumper, 8 (8, 8, 8) balls Woolworths Nylo 4-Ply; Cardigan, 12 (12, 12, 13) balls Woolworths Nylo 4-Ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 13 needles; 1 cable needle (c.n.); 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length of jumper, 19½ (20½, 21, 22) in.; length of cardigan, 20½ (21½, 22½, 24) in.; jumper sleeve—short, 5 in. (all sizes); long, 17 in. (all sizes); cardigan sleeve—long, 17 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in.

JUMPER

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 112 (120, 128, 136) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

**** Next Row:** K 20 (22, 24, 26), * slip next 4 sts. on to c.n. to back of work, k 4, k 4 from c.n., k 24 (26, 28, 30), rep. from * twice, ending with k 20 (22, 24, 26).

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times **. Cont. in patt. from ** to ** at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row thereafter until 122 (130, 138, 146) sts. and work measures 11½ (12, 12½, 13) in. (or length required).

Omit cable on each side, cont. centre cable throughout. **To Shape Raglans:** Cast off 4 (5, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every knit row until 32 (34, 36, 38) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as for back until 52 (54, 56, 58) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Neck, Next Row: Knit until 17 sts. on needle, cast off centre 16 (18, 20, 22) sts., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work on last 17 sts. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times, at the same time cont. raglan shaping on every knit row as for back raglan. Keeping neck edge straight, work raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem. and raglan measures same as back. Work 2 tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 84 (88, 92, 96) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row thereafter until 96 (104, 110, 116) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 5 in. (or length required). Shape raglan exactly as back raglan until 8 sts. rem. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 56 (58, 60, 60) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in., evenly inc. 4 sts. in last row.

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 6th row thereafter until 90 (94, 98, 98) sts., then every 4th row until 98 (104, 110, 116) sts. and sleeve measures 17 in. (or length required). Shape raglan as for short sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up 2 front and 1 back raglan seams.

Neckband: With right side of work facing and using No. 13 needles, pick up and knit 102 (104, 106, 108) sts. evenly round neck edge and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Using a small bk-st. sew up rem. raglan, side and sleeve seams. Flat seam all ribbing. Fold neckband in half to inside and st-st. down loosely.

CARDIGAN

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 116 (124, 132, 140) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

**** Next Row:** K 22 (24, 26, 28), * slip next 4 sts. on to c.n. to back of work, k 4, k 4 from c.n., k 24 (26, 28, 30), rep. from * twice, ending with k 22 (24, 26, 28).

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times **.

Cont. in patt. from ** to **, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row thereafter until 126 (134, 142, 150) sts. and back measures 11½ (12½, 13½, 14½) in. (or length required).

Continued opposite page



(Continued from previous column)

534) in. (or length required). Cont. patt. of cable throughout.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 5 (6, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every knit row until 34 (36, 38, 40) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 82 (68, 70, 74) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles. 1st Row: Knit and cast on 9 sts. at end of row for front facing. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: Knit to last 9 sts., sl. 1 puriwise, k 8.

Rep. last 2 rows, at the same time on 5th row work cable panel as follows: k 24 (26, 28, 30), slip next 4 sts. on to c.n., k 4, k 4 from c.n., work to end. Work 7 rows. Rep. the 8 patt. rows throughout and inc. 1 st. at side edge on next and every 8th row thereafter 5 times—78 (80, 84, 88) sts. Cont. until side measures same as back, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan, Next Row: Cast off 5 (6, 7, 8) sts., knit to end of row. Next Row: Purl.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every 2nd row until 41 (42, 43, 44) sts. rem., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck, Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., work 9 sts., slip these 9 border sts. on to holder, work to end of row.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st., knit to end.

Next and Alt. Rows: Cast off 3 (4, 5, 6) sts. once, 2 sts. 3 times, 1 st. 4 times, at the same time cont. raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem. and raglan measures the same as back raglan, k 2 tog., and fasten off.

Mark 7 Button Positions: The 1st one 1in. from beg. and 7th on centre of neckband, 5 others evenly spaced between.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front in reverse, making buttonholes opposite markers.

To Make Buttonhole (in basque and neckband), 1st Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib to end. Next Row: Rib, cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts., rib 4 sts.

The 5 other buttonholes are double. On facing k 2, cast off 3 sts., k 3, slip 1 puriwise, k 3, cast off 3 sts., knit to end.

Next Row: Purl and cast on 3 sts. over each 3 cast-off sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 58 (60, 62, 64) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in., inc. evenly 6 sts. on last row.

Change to No. 10 needles. 1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: Purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

Next Row: K 28 (29, 30, 31) and cable as before, knit to end. Cont. cable panel up sleeve and inc. 1 st. each end of 7th and foll. 6th row until 98 (96, 94, 90) sts., then every 4th row until 102 (108, 114, 120) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. (or length required). Shape raglan exactly as back raglan until 10 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up the 4 raglan seams.

Neckband: With right side of work facing and No. 13 needles, knit 9 sts. from right front border 24 (25, 26, 27) sts. on each side of neck edge to raglan, 10 sts. on sleeve tops, 34 (36, 38, 40) sts. back neck, 9 sts. from left front border—120 (124, 128, 132) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 and make buttonhole on 4th and 5th row as on lower edge. Work 8 rows, rep. 4th and 5th row for buttonhole. Work 3 rows. Cast off.

To Finish Off: Turn facing to inside on the sl-st. at front edge and sl-st. down. Fold neckband to inside and sew down. Sew tog. double buttonholes. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams, but flat seam all ribbing. Press seams. Sew on buttons.

SWEATER AND CAP

(See color picture blue sweater and cap, back cover)

Roll-collar Sweater

Materials: 11 (12, 13, 14, 15) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 30, 32) in. chest; length, 14½ (15½, 16, 16½, 17½) in.; sleeve, 11 (12½, 15, 16, 17) in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 66 (72, 78, 84, 90) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 (2½, 2½, 3, 3) in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. and cont. until back measures 9 (10, 10½, 11, 11½) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (2, 3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 18 (20, 22, 24, 26) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until 56 (58, 60, 64, 68) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a purl row.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 19 (20, 21, 22, 23), cast off next 10 (10, 10, 12, 14) sts., k. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2. Next Row: Purl to cast-off sts., join in 2nd ball of wool, and p. to end of row.

Working both sides of neck at same time, cont. to shape raglans as before. At same time dec. 1 st. each side of neck edge every 4th row 3 (4, 5, 5, 5) times. Keeping neck edge straight, cont. shaping raglans until 3 sts. rem. on each side of neck. K 3 tog. and fasten off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 40 (40, 42, 44, 46) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 (2½, 2½, 3, 3) in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 60 (64, 68, 72, 76) sts. Cont. until work measures 11 (12½, 15, 16, 17) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (2, 3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 24 sts. rem.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: P 2, p 2 tog. through back of loops, purl to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., p 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 6 sts. rem. Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 2. Next Row: P 1, p 3 tog., p 1. Cast off rem. 3 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up the 4 raglan seams. Press seams.



COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and commencing at right back raglan seam, pick up and knit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) sts. across back neck to left back shoulder seam, turn. * Work in k 1, p 1 rib to end of row, then pick up and purl 8 (9, 10, 10, 11) sts. down right side of neck, turn, rib across all sts. Pick up and knit 8 (9, 10, 10, 11) sts. down left side of neck, turn. * Rep. from * to * once more. ** Rib across all sts, pick up and purl 9 (10, 10, 11, 11) sts. down right side of neck, turn, rib across all sts., pick up and knit 9 (10, 10, 11, 11) sts., turn. ** Rep. from ** to **—104 (110, 116, 122, 128) sts. (If necessary, use an extra No. 10 needle to carry sts.) Work to and fro over sts. in rib, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until collar measures 2 (2, 2, 2½, 3) in. at front edge only. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Sew up side and sleeve seams. Place left side of collar over right side at front for boy or right side over left for girl and sew collar ends down. Roll collar back. Press seams.

Jaunty Ribbed Cap

Materials: 4 balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 1 pair No. 8 needles.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

TO MAKE

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 110 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8in.

Shape as follows:

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 5 times, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., * (p 1, k 1) 4 times, p 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o. *, rep. from * to * to end.

Rep. 3 rows.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o. *, rep. from * to * to end.

Rep. 3 rows.

Cont. to dec. on every 4th row twice more, working 2 sts. less between decreases. Work 2 rows, break yarn, leaving a length 20in. long. Thread yarn through rem. sts. and draw up centre and fasten off securely. Flat seam edges tog. Make a pompon, and attach to top.

STRIPED PULL-ON

(Color picture, back cover)

Materials: 3 balls main color (m.c.) Woolworths Flash; 1 ball first contrast (f.c.); 1 ball second contrast (s.c.); 1 pair No. 7 needles. **Tension:** 13 sts. to 2in.

TO MAKE

Using m.c. and No. 7 needles, cast on 105 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Change to * f.c. Work 4 rows. Change to s.c. Work 4 rows. Change to m.c. Work 4 rows. * Rep. stripe from * to * twice (8in.).

Cont. using m.c. and shape as follows:

Rib 5 sts., * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib 3 sts., rep. from * to end. Work 3 rows.

Next Row: Rib 3 sts., * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib 3 sts., rep. from * to end. Work 4 rows.

Next Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib 1, rep. from * to end.

Break a length of yarn about 20in. long, thread through rem. sts., draw up centre. Flat-sew ribbing tog. Make 1 pompon and fasten at top.

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April 10, 1963 Page 24



Directions for these de-
signs on pp. 21 and 23.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

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1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

GOLDEN ST. TROPEZ BOLERO

● The St. Tropez bolero our cover girl is wearing is in a version for evening wear.

THE basic bodice is made of gold satin, and is covered to the waist with five tiers of gilded lace.

The bodice extends to the hipline, making it long enough to be tucked comfortably into a skirt, or worn with a skirt which has a slightly lowered waistline.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: Basic bodice, 1½ yds. of 36in. material (satin, taffeta, or silk shantung), plus 5½ yds. lace about 3in. wide, a 9in. slide fastener, and 1yd. ½in. braid to cover shoulder straps.

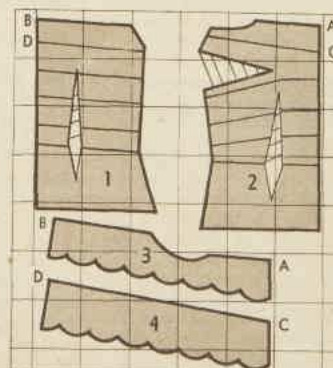
SIZE: Pattern is for a 34in. bust when diagram below is drawn on 4in. squares. For a 36in. bust, work the diagram on 4½in. squares; for 32in. bust, use 3½in. squares.

HOW TO DRAW PATTERN AND CUT OUT: Rule up a sheet of pattern paper (blank newsprint is ideal) with squares of the required size, and copy on to it the pattern pieces exactly as shown. Cut out pattern pieces, which are numbered: 1, Half back bodice. 2, Half front bodice. 3, Flounce for top of bodice. 4, Second flounce.

Cut out the pattern, allowing an extra ½in. for seams at the sides and at the top of the bodice. Allow 2in. for hem at lower edge of the bodice.

Fold the material in half lengthwise, with the selvages together. Place centre back and centre front on fold. Lay the flounce

Continued on page 2



LETTERS

Warning on teenage marriage

ANY girl thinking of becoming a teenage bride should remember that a bride lives only a day, then she becomes a wife. A teenage wife stands out in any crowd—she is the tired, testy-looking girl, too preoccupied to join in the laughter, with responsibility fast ensnaring her.

Surely a wedding ring is a steep price to pay for the freedom and frivolity of the teenage years that come but once. —Lynne Herrington, Gladesville, N.S.W.

Hairstyles

A NECESSITY in every hairdresser's salon is a book containing various hairstyles for different-shaped faces.

Usually young moderns getting their hair set for a special occasion have no idea of the particular hairstyle they want, and the result is that often they have their hair done in a style which does not suit them at all. —A. M. Anderson, Ascot Park, S.A.

Time will tell

JAZZ and rock-'n-roll may be popular enough now to cause numerous arguments regarding their respective merits, but will either of them be remembered a hundred years after they are written, like most folk-songs and classical music?

It is the time which music lasts that determines its true worth. —Nancy Morrison, Melbourne.

Drama classes

DRAMA should be taught in more schools, especially primary schools.

A great deal of experience in voice production, standing up in front of audiences, and other fundamentals of acting can be gained by every member of the class.

The few drama lessons we were given in our school were received with tremendous enthusiasm, but unfortunately these were few and far between. —"Actress," Glynde, S.A.

PUZZLE

THERE are nine balls which all weigh the same amount, except for one which weighs slightly less. Using a balanced scale and being allowed to weigh the balls only two different times, how would you find the one ball that weighs less?

Answer, page 7.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Borrowing cure

AS my mother and I are about the same size, I thought it very amusing to wear her frocks and shoes on special occasions. Mum, of course, failed to see the funny side of it.

Nevertheless, I went on my merry way, until at last Mum found a definite cure—she now wears mine. —"Tit-for-Tat," Captains Flat, N.S.W.

Teacher replies

I AM a Permanent Fixture as defined in the article "Some Apples for Your Teachers" (T.W. 13/2/63).

The children I teach come in many sizes and shapes, but they, too, surprisingly enough, conform to the same types as their parents and grandparents did.

Here are some of the types:

Little Miss Fix-it. A self-appointed finder of the chapter we're up to. Strong on gossip, but very useful when special people—inspectors or parents—come along. Best given something concrete to do, like keeping the sports roll.

The Quiet One. Often does well in tests and exams, is shy but dependable. A dead loss, though, when special people come.

The I-know-it-all-anyway. You don't, you know—and, let's face it, neither do I. You'll either grow out of it or become a bore.

The Brain. My meaning of the brain is not just someone more clever than average, but someone clever who is actually liked by the rest of the class. They regard the brain with good humor and pride, providing she is not a smug brain, and leave her to her own devices.

The Loyal One. Could belong to any other type as well, but has a special knack of popping up just when needed.

Finally, may I tell you of the greatest compliment I have ever had? I had soundly scolded a class of girls one day and it really sank in. Up spoke, of all people, Miss Know-it-all-anyway. "Goodness, Miss Fixture, you sound just like our mothers!" —"Permanent Fixture," West Tamworth, N.S.W.

Date-learning

I KNOW all about Bradman as well as Voltaire, And what keeps the crew in crew-cut hair. I know how to make nitroglycerin, And I know what one launches a missile in. I can make espresso and pizza pie; I can look a parent straight in the eye. I've learned to speak Spanish with accent French, How to open some pop with a monkey wrench. I've really become quite sophisticated From the things I have learned from the boys I have dated. —"Pupil," Toorak Gardens, S.A.

Too old at 19

WHEN I left school it took me five months to find a job, and it was by the merest chance that I found the type of job I wanted. Unfortunately, many of my friends, all successful Leaving Certificate candidates, were still seeking employment months later.

In desperation they were forced to accept jobs for which they were not suited. This meant that, besides being dissatisfied with their work, they did not have the time to seek the type of work they would have enjoyed.

A few weeks ago one of these friends, after being thoroughly ill-at-ease in her work, left her job. Now she faces a much larger problem. At 19, she is too old! The few jobs that are available, and for which she applied, have been taken by girls and boys fresh from school.

Surely in this country there should be a more secure future for students leaving school. Australia is called "the land of opportunity"—pity this doesn't apply to young people just beginning their lives. —Maria Villapilla, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Pointed comment

THEY tell us our smart needle points are out, And the new short French toe looks neat; But how can we wear these round-toed shoes Now we've achieved such long, sharp feet? —Bronwyn Bullock, Lithgow, N.S.W.

Nothing new

READING historical novels, I have discovered many interesting facts about make-up of long ago.

Catherine, the wife of Henry V, wore purple eye-shadow and removed her eyebrows. The Elizabethans used cochineal mixed with gum on their lips.

Ladies of the 18th century used red and white lead on their faces and applied the fashionable patches or beauty spots. The Empress Josephine painted her eyelids and toenails silver.

BEATNIK



"Man, have I got a problem! My boss has just put me in Men's Wear selling black leather jackets."

I used to think that mauve and silver eye-shadow were very modern, but it appears that they are tried and true. —"Modern," Mungallala, Qld.

More the merrier

WHY must people treat me to an amused "we know better" glance when I declare that it is much more fun to have several boy-friends than one steady?

I had a steady like everyone else, for about eight months, and I liked him a lot, but we grew tired of each other and parted.

Since then I have been madly in love with an average of three boys a week, and it is much more fun.

Sometimes the boy concerned knows me, but sometimes I just gaze from a distance, and my heart leaps into my throat if he even smiles in my direction.

Admittedly, I have not been out so regularly, but I do not miss the weekly trip to the local

picture theatre with the same boy to sit in the same uncomfortable seats and see the same sort of films every time.

Since I have been out with different boys I have been branded a flirt. Is it just because I live in a small town with fixed ideas about boy-friends, or do other teenagers have this trouble, too?

In the city, where I used to live, I could go out and have a good time without being automatically paired off with that boy. —R.H.P., Renmark, S.A.

Next week

• Smart little fashion touches give a new sort of look to this winter's clothes — watch for them in our next issue. They include buttons and bows, skivvies and ties, and all sorts of belts.

GOLDEN BOLERO

• Cont. from P. 1

pieces at the angle shown and cut two of each (these flounces go under the lace at top bodice line to give a soft fullness to the bust and a cascade effect to the lace).

HOW TO SEW: Pin and then machine the darts on front and back bodices. Machine the right-side seam from the armhole to just below the front under-arm dart. Insert slide-fastener in the gap. Mark up the 2in. hem and slip-stitch it in place.

Machine the centre front and back seams (B and A) on the top bodice flounce pieces. Right sides joining, machine the pieces together along the scalloped hemline edge. Turn flounce right side out and press.

Make the second flounce the same way. Pin and then machine this flounce into

place along the top broken line shown on the diagram.

Matching the armhole curves, sew the top flounce on to the top of the bodice (being careful to cover the stitching line on the second flounce with the hem of the top one).

Finish the top edge of the bodice by facing it with a 2in. strip of bias-cut fabric.

Make shoulder straps: cut two strips of fabric 18in. x 2in. Fold in half, right side facing, and machine a seam $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the raw edges along the 18in. length. Turn right side out. Press.

Cover the straps with the narrow braid. Pin the straps to the bodice, try it on, and adjust the length of the straps. Sew them in place.

Attach the lace edging to the bodice, following the broken lines on the diagram and beginning with the bottom layer.

Young traveller praises U.S. teens

By RITA DUNSTAN

● Young American car drivers are much better tempered on the roads than young Australians, and much better disciplined, according to 21-year-old Richard Fowler, of Adelaide.

RICHARD formed this opinion after spending five months of a nine-month trip abroad in the United States.

"Where the American will sound the horn the Aussie will roll down the window and give you a verbal blast as well," Richard said.

"In traffic the Americans are better drivers, because they have learned that they mustn't swing from one lane to another as Australians do so often.

"Mind you, when I say the Americans sound the horn I mean they really sound it—long and loud."

Richard said that when he left Australia he had gained a bad impression of American teenagers from some television shows. These programmes gave the impression that you were likely to run up against violence all the time in America.

"This is not so at all," he said. "As a matter of fact I never saw an American lose his temper. It's very hard to make them get angry over there. They are very agreeable and friendly."

"Another previous impression I had was that American teenagers were very spoilt. I had presumed they all had cars and plenty of money to spend."

"But I found that even among well-to-do people the cars the teenagers drove were family cars, and they were restricted to whatever pocket-money their parents allowed."

"Many Australian teenagers are earning their own money, while Americans of the same age are still at high school, college, or doing national service training."

"In spite of this the Americans marry much younger than we do, and they certainly go out on dates much younger."

"A fourteen-year-old girl expects to go out with boys and, what's more, she would expect to be kissed good night."

Richard believes this early sophistication leads to unhappy marriages, because young people lose sight of their ideals during their formative years.

In general, young Americans drink less than young Australians, but they smoke more and take little or no heed of health warnings, he said.

Beatniks were on the way out in America, but other countries, slow to catch up, still had their quota of bearded boys and funnily dressed females.

In Scotland, Richard paid a visit to his birthplace, Edinburgh.

"And there's one point I'd like to make clear," he said.

"The Scots are NOT mean. Thrifty, yes, but not mean."

"I had more spending money than my friends there did, but I hardly ever had a chance to get at it. The Scots are mighty quick on the draw when it comes to paying."

In Copenhagen, Richard was astonished to see Danish boys dating total strangers. This was not unusual and works out all right "because the Danes are such very nice people."

Although Richard has only just turned 21 his trip overseas was primarily on business. As sales representative for a South Australian fishermen's co-operative, Richard's job on tour was to inspect and report on the fishing industry in various parts of the world.

This pleasant task took him to North and South America, the British Isles, Europe, South

Africa, and Hawaii. He enjoyed it all, but says home—Australia—is best.

Richard, who is an only child, migrated to Australia from Scotland with his parents in 1951.

His father, who had run his own frozen food business in Scotland, took a job in a factory until he could find a job more to his liking.

One day he saw an advertisement for general manager of the fishing co-operative. He applied for the job and got it.

When Richard was 16 he left school and entered the fish industry, too. He started as a laborer in the fish market packing filleted fish and cooking crayfish.

Two years later he gained more experience in the Melbourne fish market doing clerical work.



RICHARD FOWLER with some of the souvenirs of his trip overseas. They include a gridiron football autographed by the Los Angeles Rams team, a Mexican mask, and a fringed Texas jacket.

EASY WAYS TO TALK WITH BOYS

THIS is a very unhappy time, but it does not mean that you are doomed to the company of your family and the telly for the rest of your life.

In fact, it will definitely come to an end by the time you are working or at the university, and you will come to be the better and more perceptive companion for your training period of soul-searching.

Girls who have attended co-educational high schools are generally spared the agonies; it is those from a small family and a sheltered school life who are hit hard.

Not difficult

Perhaps, too, the lass who loves reading and music and has a small and well-established group of friends will find it difficult to break through the wall of her own habits and interests and adapt herself to others.

You often find yourself attracted to some boy and have wonderful dreams about him, but dread meeting him for fear that you will not know what to say.

Making conversation with a boy, however, is not difficult if you tackle the problem in the right way.

Generally, when you are with a boy you should try to say things that are sensible yet not

● Are you one of the many girls in their mid-teens who, try as they may, cannot feel natural and relaxed in the company of boys?

By Jane Rowlands

too serious, entertaining yet not too frivolous, knowledgeable yet not affected.

Above all, don't be afraid that if you show interest in him he will think you are "keen on him." The hallmark of an adept and pleasant conversationalist is a warm interest in her companion.

Here are some more pointers on breaking the conversational ice:

● Don't regard him as an object to be conquered or a conversation as an ordeal to be got through. This hostile examination-like approach will make you stiff and strained.

Think all the time, "I like him. I like to talk to him," and your expression will be lively and attractive. An atmosphere of friendliness will leave a pleasant memory of you in his mind. Also, it is your face that he will remember most, so make sure it is smiling.

● Don't be afraid to start with a remark that seems terribly obvious, like "Isn't it glorious weather?" or "I do hate Monday mornings, don't you?"

Such a comment on the situa-

tion will open up wide fields of what it means to both of you and is not too personal for people not yet used to each other. Say it with assurance, not with that "I-can't-think-of-anything-else-to-say" timidity.

● Ask him about himself, and if he has any big interests that you know of it will be easy to draw him out on those. His opinion of you will rise substantially if he sees you are interested in what is important to him.

Useful topics

Topics that provide good meat for discussion include sport, TV, work or school, music, what you do in weekends, what you want to be.

● Talk about yourself. Show that you are an identity, that you have a personality which draws people around you. Here is the chance for your specialties to get some recognition.

Or you can describe a funny incident that happened to you recently, or tell what you were doing before he appeared on the

scene. This casual manner will always break the ice.

● Don't let yourself be overwhelmed by long pauses. Don't sit desperately thinking, "I've completely run out of conversation—what'll I do—he'll think I'm so dull."

Don't panic

This type of introspection will withdraw you entirely into yourself; don't waste your time with it. Nor should you feverishly rack your brains for something to say, for you'll panic and muddle yourself completely.

Retain your calm expression and keep your mind free. Something will come into it. And if you are really concerned about the break in conversation, which is common enough, you can always make a joke out of it like, "Well, who started this long silence, anyway?"

● Most important, don't be holding conversations with yourself all the time, advising, urging, worrying. It shows that you're taking the whole thing far too seriously.

This is not the time for concentration. Let your mind wander, make observations, speak what comes into your head.

Relax in the knowledge that he is only a Mere Male who is equally anxious to impress you and equally worried about how to do so.

Exciting winter fashion

● Exciting clothes with marked individuality, and a return of the "school-days" look, are among the new winter fashion ideas for Australian teenagers. The ever-popular navy-blue is having

another innings, teamed with wonderful, warm, soft camel, a fashion color in its own right in 1963, and lots and lots of grey, mostly in flannel and jersey. Among the newest fashions are crazy felt skirts.

They come in brilliant colors, boy braces and trims of leather buttons and stripes in jersey, and large tweed contrasting colors sewn on



JUMPER SUIT, heralding the return of a longer line in jackets. This one in tweed, the jacket trimmed with two buttons and buttoning with cuffs at wrists, is very adaptable, equally at home with cheeky bowler hat for luncheon dates, or minus the bowler at university lectures or office.



CAMPUS LOOK (above) in two versions. On left, scarlet-and-tartan tunic dress, belted at natural waistline, worn over jersey jumper with its hood folded into turtle-neck. On right, a variation of the Sack, worn over white blouse with long ties. Blazer is trimmed with gilt buttons.

TUNIC DRESS (at right) is same as above left, but has completely different look when worn with loose, collarless jacket in tartan bound with red, and a bowler.

Fashions from Young Outlook, Melbourne, photographed by Jonathan Evetts.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 10, 1963

ns

...s, with little-
... gilt buttons,
... frills of wool
... ches in con-
... black wool.



FELT SKIRTS, with braces crossing behind, are cheeky, off-beat, and oh so smart for teenagers—the latest in casual clothes for home or apres-ski wear. The skirt on left is trimmed with large leather buttons and matching binding on hem; the other is decorated with large patchwork pieces sewn on. Both are worn with wool jersey jumpers made with hoods which can be worn up to keep your head warm or down to form a collar. Note the snug felt boots, tied behind with a bow, for warmth and comfort indoors.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

That green eye....!

"I AM very much in love with the most wonderful girl in the world. We are to be married in about a year. However, there is one stumbling block—my jealousy. After other heart-breaking affairs I have become very jealous of my fiancée. We are both very much in love with each other and I am determined to beat my weakness, and so I am writing to you for some help in this matter."

"Jealous Joe," N.S.W.

The key word in your battle against the green-eyed gremlin is trust. (Remember the comic song, "I'll Never Be Jealous Again" in "The Pyjama Game"?)

If you believe wholeheartedly in your fiancée's love for you, you should be able to have the utmost faith in her. You should feel as secure and happy in your mutual love when you're apart as when you're with her.

A little touch of jealousy is natural and healthy in the best relationships. But don't let it grow. And—unless you can do it lightly and flatteringly—don't let it show!

Fast company

"WE are two 15-year-old girls. We have been going round with two 18-year-old boys who have an M.G. between them. They drive very fast and our parents don't think we should go out with them, but as they are very nice in other respects we think this is rather unfair. We do not want to go against our parents, but we are rather confused. Would you please help us?"

"Confused," Vic.

Your parents are naturally concerned about your safety. And they have every reason to be.

I can only suggest that you ask the boys to promise your parents that they'll keep a light foot on the accelerator when you are aboard. If they are really nice boys who want your company they'll do this.

Good drivers are always considerate of their passengers. If they want to risk their necks by fast driving when they're alone, that's their own concern—provided they observe the rules of the road.

Getting acquainted

"COULD you please help me? I know a boy down the road and I like him. I know he knows my name, but I don't know his. I am having a mixed party this year and I want to ask him. Do you think I should? Every time I walk past him he smiles and just stares at me. Also, do you think I should ask him or his boss what his name is?"

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

Try smiling back at him and saying "Hi!" If he's not too shy to smile and stare he won't be backward in telling you his name. If he doesn't tell you, ask him. Don't ask his boss. After you've chatted a few times by all means ask him to your party, if you still want to.

Would-be writer

"I AM WONDERING if you could possibly assist me. I have had a great urge lately to write books and short stories. At the moment I have had an idea and have started to write my first book. I wonder if you could possibly help me to contact any persons who could guide me in this matter? Please help me, Louise, as I can't do anything without assistance from someone. I am 18 and got my Leaving Certificate in 1961. I am now working as a clerk in a Government position. I'll be waiting anxiously for your reply."

H.N., Vic.

If you feel the urge to write, go right ahead and do just that. And keep sending your work to magazines and publishing houses. You'll have a great many disappointments, but if you really have a flair—and plenty of perseverance—the day will come when you experience the thrill of seeing something you've written in print. After all, most successful writers could paper their walls with their early rejection slips.

Your former English teacher, or a friend who has studied English at university level, may be willing to give you a little guidance in grammatical construction and other technical points.

But books and experience are your

two best teachers. Read as much good-standard literature as you can, keeping your mind alert to the "shape" of the story and development of characters. And keep writing. Good luck.

... and actress

"MY problem is my career. I am 16 years of age and I have decided I would like to become an actress. However, I know of no way I can become one other than going to a drama school. I would appreciate it if you would straighten things out for me and, if you don't believe drama school makes you artificial, would you please give me full particulars of a school I could contact."

M.Mc., Qld.

Acting is a craft to be learned like any other. You may have latent talent, but unless it is developed you won't make much progress in the theatre.

There is much more to acting than walking on stage and speaking a part. You must learn how to use your voice, how to control your body, and, most important of all, how to apply your intelligence and concentration to the character you are portraying.

You should also acquire a knowledge of costume and make-up and take your turn at the less glamorous but very necessary backstage work.

A recognised drama school can teach you these things. Whether or not your work becomes artificial depends mainly on your own sincerity and application.

You would need to move to a capital city to attend a full-time school. The nearest branch of the Arts Council should be able to give you details of schools and courses available in your State.

Meantime, how about taking lessons in voice production—and joining an amateur theatrical group? Many such groups arrange weekend drama schools tutored by visiting professionals. Attendance at one of these would give you a valuable start and would be a good test of your keenness.

A word from Debbie



THIS party is strictly for the girls. One dismal, dateless Saturday night invite four or five girl-friends to spend the night at your house.

All they need bring is pyjamas, make-up kits with plenty of hair-rollers and pins, a few records, and lots of local chatter.

Hold the party in your bedroom (less disturbance for the rest of the family), set up the radiogram, have lots of comfy cushions to sit on and, if your room is not equipped with a long mirror, collect all the mirrors you can find around the house.

Arrange with your mother where your friends will sleep. Camp stretchers and sleeping-bags are best.

Tell your guests to arrive at 8 p.m., and start by setting each other's hair. Try to invent a wonderful new hairdo for everyone.

Supper should be served about 10 o'clock. Toasted sandwiches and milk coffee would be super.

Spin some popular discs and leave it to the girls. They'll have fun with talk, talk, talk. Records, boys, clothes, dates, parties. (Oh, to be the fly on the wall!)

This Saturday night could be the gayest of the week, and it's fun on Sunday morning to review your new hairstyles.

Not a prude

"I AM an 18-year-old girl who has not been out with very many boys and would like some advice. Each Saturday night I go to a local dance from which I have been brought home by various boys. What I do not like is that the majority of these boys expect me to pay for the compliment with a petting session. I have nothing against a goodnight kiss, but I certainly think a strange boy should expect nothing more. Am I being a prude? Each of these boys has seemed very nice, well-mannered, etc., but my refusal to pet has promptly led to my never seeing them again. Am I right, or is such behaviour normal?"

"Troubled," N.S.W.

No, you are NOT being a prude. You are perfectly right in refusing to permit petting sessions in return for being escorted home.

Respect may seem an old-fashioned word, but it is still a good one. It's well worth keeping both your self-respect and the respect of your escorts—even the opportunists.

Unfortunately, many girls allow boys they don't really know to take liberties in this way because they're afraid of being branded prudish and of risking their popularity. But easy popularity isn't worth having.

Stick to your guns—and to the boys who are content with a goodnight kiss at your front gate.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty in brief

LEG GROOMING

TO make the most of shorter skirts that show your legs and part of the knees when sitting, make it a habit to "do" your legs once or twice a week.

Once you have your grooming routine set, it takes but a moment or two at a time to keep it going properly, so there's really no excuse to wait until your legs begin to look less than attractive before you get to work on them.

Try to wet-shave for a quick clean-up and satin-smooth skin. You could do this as you emerge from the shower or bath; or, with a non-slip pad under your feet, you might even do them while you are in the shower, rinsing as you go.

It's a good idea to scrub your legs and feet with a brush once a day, preferably while you're bathing. Rub them vigorously as you dry them. Use a body or hand lotion, cream or oil on the surface, or one of those cosmetic preparations that, having been smoothed on the skin and then rubbed off, help remove dead or roughened skin.

Or you might like to try a salt-and-oil rub before your bath to get rid of old scales and skin. Mix one tablespoonful of common salt



to one tablespoonful of olive oil—and smooth it gently into the skin with up-and-down movements.

One warning: Don't try this just after you have shaved (or waxed) your legs.

The cake make-up that you apply to your face with a sponge will give your legs a velvety finish. Let it dry and buff it thoroughly so it won't rub off. Or try a colored foundation lotion (one shade darker than your natural skin tone).

Wear under your sheerest and palest nylons—not in place of them—for a really translucent effect.

—Carolyn Earle

LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

The Strangers aim for their own sound

● After the quick success of their first disc, "Leavin' Town"—"Cry Of The Wild Goose," and appearances with Chubby Checker and Mark Wynter, the Melbourne group The Strangers are no longer strangers to Australian teenagers.

PUZZLE ANSWER

● Here is the answer to the puzzle on page 2:

Divide the balls into three groups of three balls each. Place two of the three groups on opposite ends of the scales. This will determine the group that is the lightest if the lightest ball is contained in one of these groups of three.

If the groups balance on the scales, then the lightest ball is in the group of three not being weighed.

Now take the group of three that contains the lightest ball, and make your second test on the scales. Place one ball on each side of the scales. If the scales do not balance, the side containing the lighter ball will rise. If the scales balance, the ball not being weighed is the one that weighs the least.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games and Puzzles" by Jack Frohlichstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

MEMBERS of the group, Laurie Arthur (lead guitar), Peter Robinson (bass), Fred Weiland (rhythm guitar), and Graham Thompson (drums), have been friends since schooldays.

They've been playing together for only a year, and all are aged 19.

Not only are they aiming for their own sound, but The Strangers intend to write all their own arrangements and a lot of their own material.

Laurie, the group's quietly-spoken leader, wrote "Leavin' Town."

The rush-release treatment that W and G gave the disc has left the boys still gasping.

"It all happened so quickly," Laurie said. "We recorded one Wednesday night, the manager heard it the next day, gave the disc release priority, and it was on sale the following week."

This is one group that believes in striking while the iron's hot. They've already recorded their next disc, and it should be out quite soon.

Local talent: It's always a bit of a gamble putting out a vocal version of a smash instrumental. However, Darryl Stewart's "I Watch The Surf" (vocal version of "Surfside") should go well in its own right.

Darryl's an exceptionally sincere singer, and his deep, mature voice gets the most out of the lyrics. The warm attractive ballad on the flipside, "Old Too Soon," is spoilt by a tricky girl chorus.

Pops: If you were attracted by the robust and manly singing style of Ned Miller's hit single, "From A Jack To A King," you might like to know that it and five other songs are sung by Ned on a W and G "compact" LP, "From A Jack To A King."

Like the title tune, "The Man Behind The Gun," "Parade Of Broken Hearts," and "One Among The Many" are the singer's own compositions.

A "compact" LP is a 7in. record which plays at 33 r.p.m.

SWEET-VOICED Irish tenors have a habit of singing the same songs sung by other sweet-voiced Irish tenors. But Leo McCaffrey is an exception, and in his "Rare Songs Of Old Ireland" (R.C.A. LP) he deals with a collection of ballads, love songs, and dances that haven't had the charm rubbed off them by constant usage.

Jazz: Not so long ago a drummer named Guy Warren introduced what he called the "Guy Warren Soundz" and "African Jazz" to New York's famous African Room nightclub, and the critics raved.

A Festival LP, "African Rhythms," gives anyone interested the chance to hear Guy's "Soundz" for themselves, and it's different and fascinating.

But don't, for the love of Pete, expect trad jazz. This is wild African stuff, based on pygmy rhythms, ancient ceremonies, and goodness knows what.

I SOMETIMES think there can be no living musician who has made as many recordings as Louis Armstrong. Tracks from four LPs have been put together by Festival on an EP, "Satchmo Showcase," to mark Armstrong's third Australian tour.

With "Blueberry Hill," "Some Of These Days," "When You're Smiling," and "This Train," it makes quite a good little moment of the Satchmo voice and trumpet.



THE STRANGERS, a new Melbourne instrumental group. From left: Laurie Arthur, Peter Robinson, Graham Thompson, and Fred Weiland.

HOW THE OTHER HALF'S LIVID!

● A girl reader recently wrote that she had decided it was time that she, on behalf of "poor defenceless females," hit back at my criticisms of lasses' walk, talk, dress, and hairstyles.

THE girl, Robyn —, of a property (it seems) near Harrisville, Queensland, found defects in boys' behaviour.

Robyn dared me to relay her attacks—on pain of sending me a white feather.

Don't bother, dear—your letter tickled me!

So here's what Robyn says, with my comments in italics (my slant on things, y'see).

● "I don't see many boys WALKING. They're generally riding on noisy motorbikes, or standing on street corners watching and criticising, or admiring, the girls' walks."

Tinkering with engines and coldly appraising passing girls reaps for us two benefits—no flat battery and no "bat" flattery!

● "They TALK about car 'injins' with wads of gum in their mouths and the words tumbling out. Then, there's their slang. I've heard boys say they met a cute chick (there's a hen with 11 cute chicks in our fowl-yard)."

If there are no human chicks, then why are boys hen-pecked?

● **DRESS:** "Boys are using materials similar to floral dress cloth for their shirts and shorts. And they actually wear shirts which seem exact replicas of our frilly Liz blouses."

Girls ought to be glad if they can frill boys! Anyway, as fashion-pinchers, lasses for years have been making great strides.

● **HAIRSTYLES:** "There were eight heads (I'm not saying anything about brains) and five had copied Elvis Presley. The other three had crew-cuts (just like a mob of sheep)."

Jackie Kennedy might be the First Lady to have her hair done that way—but she's not the last. For thousands of girls, her hair today is real gone tomorrow! So who are we to talk?

—Robin Adair

WORTH HEARING

MUSIC OF STRAVINSKY

IGOR STRAVINSKY, who had his 80th birthday last year, is without much doubt the most famous living composer. Most listeners know his early ballets, The Firebird, Petrouchka, and perhaps The Rite of Spring, all of which were written before 1914.

Since then he has been an active composer for 50 years, writing numerous works in all sorts of differing styles and forms. But few, if any, of these have yet had the general popular success of these early works.

After The Rite of Spring he turned his back on the big, colorful, theatrical style and moved toward a more "classical" style.

A group of records recently issued by C.B.S. gives an interesting summary of this revolution in Stravinsky's styles.

The first two of these are of truly historic importance, since they were conducted by Stravinsky himself; the third, conducted by Leonard Bernstein, is also exceptionally fine.

Each of these works is worth separate discussion, but I shall have to summarise:

(1) The complete Firebird ballet (Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Stravinsky conducting).

(2) The Wedding (1917), a vigorously rhythmic ballet with chorus, accompanied by pianos and percussion, depicting an old-style Russian wedding; Renard (1915), a setting of the old fable of the Fox and the Hens, for singers and small orchestra; Ragtime for 11 Instruments (1918), one of the earliest pieces of serious music inspired by jazz (which has continued to fascinate Stravinsky). (All conducted by Stravinsky.)

(3) Pulcinella (1920), a delightful ballet based on 18th-century pieces; Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra (1924), written in a hard, "black-and-white" style, often reminiscent of Bach. (Bernstein and New York Philharmonic Orchestra; pianist Seymour Lipkin.)

—Martin Long

ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman No. 14

Modern design arrives

MODERN architecture as we know it was becoming well established in Australia by the 1930s. Some fine buildings were built at that time, especially in Melbourne and Sydney and in their surrounding districts.

These were contemporary with many buildings that we now consider old-fashioned, but there were enough modern buildings to show that a new style of architecture had arrived.

Then all progress was halted at the outbreak of World War II. No buildings, except military installations, were erected for many years, and when civil building began again its development was slow at first.

But later on, as the pace began to quicken, it was obvious that modern architecture had taken over almost completely. From end to end of Australia fine buildings in the new style began to appear.

In Sydney in 1949 architect Harry



HOUSE in Turramurra, Sydney, designed by Harry Seidler in 1949, is an example of the modern trend in architecture.

Seidler built a modern house for his parents in the suburb of Turramurra. This house is as different from Victorian and Edwardian houses as it is possible to be.

The earlier houses comprised rooms grouped together with small or large windows in the external walls. In the Seidler house the whole of one wall has become a window and the other three walls have large glass areas.

This was done purposely so that the beautiful views all around would become part of the interior of the

house. At the same time the contrast of the solid walls with the glass ones provides a pattern that is the main decorative effect of the design.

Again, it was intentional that the strong horizontal lines of the design should contrast with the vertical trunks of the surrounding trees; another device for wedding house to site.

Advantage is taken of the fall in the ground to have a two-car garage under the house, with the main entrance door alongside. As the house floor overhangs the entrance it pro-

vides its own porch, so that people can go from inside the house to the car under cover all the way.

The fine-weather access from the house to the garden is by means of a long ramp instead of the more usual flight of steps. This and the screen walls on other elevations all help to bind the house firmly to the ground.

This house gained the Sir John Sulman Award for Meritorious Architecture in 1952.

NEXT WEEK: Multiple houses in Canberra.

TEENA BY Linda Terry

